

Bottom Dream

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37387366) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37387366>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , DSMP - Fandom
Relationship:	Clay Dream/Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Luke Punz , Alexis Quackity/Clay Dream , Clay Dream/Floris Fundy
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz , Floris Fundy , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Smut , Fluff and Smut , Angst , Fluff and Angst , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Violence , Revenge , Revenge Sex , Fights , Porn , Porn with Feelings , Porn With Plot , Gay Porn Hard , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Gay Sex , Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Power Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Shy Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Femboy Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bad Flirting , No Incest , LGBTQ Themes , Male Homosexuality
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-26 Updated: 2022-12-18 Chapters: 48/? Words: 79135

Bottom Dream

by [Unrully_Pinneappe](#)

Summary

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

My badddd

I am

so

so

so

so

so

so

so

so

so

so

SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

sorry I had deleted this book! Especially after all for the attention and comments and requests I had gotten. I was literally sitting in my tub with a blanket and my cat writing a DNB chapter and I didn't like it so I went to go and scratch with the manager chapters, and when I deleted it, it said BOTTOM DREAM successfully deleted.

I'm an idiot confirmed.

but I should have all of my chapters back up because I write them in the notes app in case something like this happens which it did...whoops

But all of the chapters will be back up! And I will hopefully not make this dumbass mistake again, but please continue to comment and request on these chapters! I usually get my idea's from tiktok audios (don't ask) and lately I haven't been able to really think of anything so I'm relying on you guys to tell me what you want so I can write the content.

again thank you so much for all of the love you guys gave me on my last book, I hope that me deleting it on accident hasn't turned you off of reading my chapters!

I love you guys so much and have an amazing day!

thank you! <3

Info <3

Chapter Summary

Please read this, it will tell you my boundaries and what kind of things or ships I will write.

Thank you!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello!

These are boundaries:

- Do not request NonCon, I only did the Dnf 'to much' chapter because I was paid to. And it made me really uncomfortable to write.
- Please don't request Dream x Any kind of mob- like if I get 10+ Comments requesting it I MIGHT do it. Even then it's weird-
- Please don't ask like really personal questions about me in the comments then get pissed if I don't answer them. It's happened a bunch of times with me in the past on wattpad and it makes me uncomfy.
- I am 16 and my pronouns are she/her

These are some of the ships I will NOT do:

- Dream x Tommy
- Dream x Tubbo
- Dream x Ranboo
- Dream x Purpled
- Dream x Eret
- Dream x A6D
- Dream x any other fucking minor

These are some of the ships I will do :

- Dream x George
- Dream x Sapnap
- Dream x Technoblade
- Dream x Punz
- Dream x Fundy
- Dream x Quackity
- Dream x Bad
- Dream x Skeppy
- Dream x Sam

those are all of the ships that I can really think of, if there are different ones I can do that.

The AU's I will not write:

-I'm not really comfortable with writing the alpha and omega or whatever shit that is...I just personally don't really get it. So if I am requested to do it I'll do the prompt but just change the AU.

I don't even know what to put here. If you ask for some weird shit that I don't wanna do I'll add it.

That is everything! I hope you will accept my boundaries and what I will write!

please have an amazingly wonderful day!

Chapter End Notes

If you want your idea or prompt or ship to be in one of these chapters please request in the comments of any of my up coming chapters!

You are loved!

You are amazing!

And have an amazing day!

Sleep deprived but still horny-Dnn

Chapter Summary

This was a request by someone on the book before I had deleted it! I forgot the name and I'm so sorry! If you comment down below I will write your name into the summary!

Enjoy

Dnn-DreamNotNap

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sleep Deprivation.

-

Tw: DreamNotNap - Smut - Somnophilia - CON - Double Penetration - Sleepy Dream - after care - Fluff -

-

-

“Dream...” Sapnap whined as he pulled the blonde onto his lap, his arms wrapping his waist.

“No Sap I have to finish this..” Sapnap let go and fell back on the bed, groaning as George walked in, first thing he did was scold the Texan.

“Dont bug him Sapnap. Remember he is letting us live here rent free.” Dream sighed as he got up, sitting back on his chair and typing away once more.

“But I’m horny...and Dream always looks so sexy~!” The Texan sounded like a brat. Shaking his legs around like a child who got his toy taken away.

“If your that horny than just fuck me when I go to sleep.” Dream spoke up bluntly, his eyes still glued to the screen as he raced the time.

George raised a brow and sat down beside Sapnap, crossing his arms as he looked at the blondes back.

“But wouldn’t that he rape?” Dream scoffed and typed a little faster.

“Not if I tell you ‘your allowed to fuck me this once while I’m asleep.’” Sapnap sat up, curiosity coming off of him in waves.

“So when you go to bed...we can?” Dream nodded, not wasting anymore time with conversation as he slipped two AirPods in.

With that, the conversation ended. Leaving the two brunettes to fight over which side they wanted.

[10:50]

Dream had went to bed at around 9:00, ignoring the eager stared he got from the two as he laid down between them, snuggling into the soft fabric.

Skip to now, when Sapnap was slowly getting up and spreading Dreams thighs, letting George pick the blonde’s top up and lean it against him.

“Fuck...” Sapnap groaned as he began to grind against Dreams ass. Loving the friction he was receiving, but he was forced to halt when Dream let out a small whine.

George bit his lip, soon letting a sigh of relief before kissing Dreams nap, sucking down to cause marks to appear on his sun kissed skin.

Sapnap on the other hand was very eager to get in Dreams pants. As he quickly took off his boxers and let his hands squeeze lightly on his thighs, spreading them wider.

“Such a good boy~ so pretty all laid out for me...” George knew Dream was asleep, but he still loved the small moans he made.

Sapnap spit on his fingers before slipping two into Dreams ass, maybe going a little to fast.

The blonde stirred, his brows knitting together as he whined out again, his thighs closing around Sapnap’s torso.

The brunette waited for Dream to calm, then began to work him open. Making sure it would be painless for there sleeping lover.

George on the other hand, continued leaving kisses and marks all over him. Letting his hands twist his sensitive buds, soaking up the moans he received.

“He’s ready..” Sapnap groaned out, already lining his weeping dick out.

“Go slow...don’t wanna wake him up..” Sapnap only glared at George, soon thrusting in quickly. He froze tho when Dream let out a lewd moan, his face twisting into that of pure pleasure.

‘Wonder what he’s dreaming about...’

George cut his thoughts off tho when the blonde called out both of his and Sapnap’s names, gripping onto George’s shirt and trying to make friction.

Somehow tho, the blonde was still asleep.

Sapnap grinned and began to push into him, holding on his thighs as he sped up, soaking up all of the delicious sounds Dream made.

“Mngh~!” Dream cried out, his mouth hanging open as his back arched.

George groaned as he grinded against dreams back, soon slipping his own dick out.

“L-Let me in...” George glared at Sapnap who was a complete hog by the way. Only giving him

room when George made him.

“Fine...” Sapnap panted, having to stop fucking Dream to let George position himself behind Dream. The Brit slowly began to slip into him, soon thrusting up, matching Sapnap’s speeds.

Dreams moans only got louder, more sloppy and lewd as he was double penetrated.

Soon white ribbons coating his and Sapnap’s stomach as he continued to get fucked through his high.

But it didn’t take long for Sapnap to follow, cumming inside the blonde, panting as his now sensitive dick slipped out.

Yet, he watched as George roughly fucked into Dream with a grin, slowly leaning down and kissing Dreams dick. Soon to take it into his mouth and take him down all the way.

“Ah~! Ha~!” Dreams eyes opened, crossing at the pleasure from front and back. He was being pushed into overstimulation, but it hurt so good.

Dream sat lower on George dick, his hands weaving threw Sapnap’s hair as he held him down while cumming in his mouth, George finishing up inside of Dream well.

Sapnap pulled off of the blonde’s dick and looked at Dream surprised.

‘Wasnt he asleep?’

The blonde in question could only pant and let out small whimpers as George pulled out, two loads spilling out of him.

“Your awake?” George whispered into his ear, rubbing circles in his waist.

“O-Of course I am...you two literally fucked me...TOGETHER..” Sapnap could only grin and pulled the two back down to the bed, wrapping his arms around the two of them.

“Your so pretty Dream...Such a good boy~” Dream smiled in response, preening at the praise.

But it didn’t take long for the three of them to slip into sweet sweet sleep.

In the morning tho, they wouldn’t hear the end of it from Dream.

“You two shouldn’t have fucked me at the same time!” Dream cursed at them, huffing as he limped to the fridge, throwing orange juice and other things at them.

“But you looked so good! I couldn’t help itttt!” George’s turn to whine like a child as he was sat on the floor, holding on Dreams leg whining about how sorry he was.

“Baby we didn’t mean to make you soreee!” The two whined in unison, Sapnap sitting on his other leg.

Dream scoffed but smiled. Yeah his ass and back hurt like a bitch but he was thankful to be with his lovers...

Even tho they fucked him rougher than they ever did when he was awake.

I hope that you enjoyed this chapter! It was a relief to write after having to rewrite the part two of 'To much'!

If you have any other idea's please comment!

Take it off me if you want it - Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

My favorite chapter



Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Take it off me if you want it.

-

Tw: Dreamnap - Smut - Blood - Biting - Praise kink - After Care - Fluff - Slight angst

-

-

“Sapnap give me my armor.” Dream demanded, glaring through his mask at the man in front of him, soon crossing his arms.

The Texan in question just grinned and crossed his arms behind his head, flexing his muscles, purposely stretching the medal. Dream was smaller than him, not in height but in physical weight and strength. Sapnap had literal abs..crazy.

“I kinda like it...It’s comfortable.” He ran a hand up from his neck to his torso then stopped a bit lower.

“Sapnap! Just give it to me!” Dream whined, coming towards him but stopping when Sapnap clicked his tongue. Lifting a dagger to the perfect medal.

Dreams eyes shot open and he quickly pulled out his bow and arrow and shot sapnap in the shoulder, tearing the shirt and pinning him to the wall.

“Don’t you fucking damage my armor!.” Dream yelled out, walking towards him but putting the bow away first.

Sapnap hissed at the pain but watched as Dream frowned at the wound. Pulling out a healing and regen. potion quickly for the brunette, guilt stabbing at his soft heart.

“Just give it back Sap, you don’t need it.” Dream sighed, not wanting to get violent.

“But maybe i do.” Sapnap grinned, his sharp teeth showing in that crooked smile.

Dream glared at him and got close to him, letting him drink the healing and regen. potion but began untying the tethers of the armor.

The blonde almost completed his task of getting the armor off of the younger, but soon was pinned to the wall roughly, hands pinned above his head and a knee between his legs to stop him from kicking.

Dream groaned at the pain from having his back slammed against stone. His chest raising and lowering heavily.

Dirty and erotic thoughts engraving themselves into his mind as he looked over the situation and position he was in.

The brunette's hot breath fanned against dreams throat, his lips brushing against him teasingly.

The blonde tried to struggle out of the grasp Sapnap had on his hands. In the process riding his thigh...just a little.

"Hmmf..." Dream let out a small moan, his legs growing weak at the sudden pleasure he hadn't had in years.

"Oh? Is the infamous Dream riding my thigh trying to get free of my hands~?" Dream froze, trying to push away his sexual frustration and focus on getting out.

"Let me go." He demanded, but when he only received a chuckle, he raised his mask with the edge of his shoulder, revealing his lips before biting down on Sapnap's arm.

But the brunette only groaned. Not the kind when someone would groan in pain, it was low and guttural. Just the kind of noise that would turn the blonde on to no end.

Dream flushed a bright red, pulling away immediately and trying to cover his lips back up, but his chin was picked up by Sapnap's now free hand, forcing Dream to face him.

Sapnap's eyes were trained on Dreams somehow soft and plump pink lips... The man watched them as they parted or let out a gasp whenever he was raise his knee.

Sapnap had managed to already have pitched a rather large tent in his pants.

Dreams face shot down when he felt something poke him in the thigh. His eyes widened more as his face went beet red.

"You-You! Off of me!" Dream tried to demand, not even able to command his body to move itself.

"Hm...How about...no." Sapnap's signature smirk dancing across his lips as he watched Dream huff in frustration.

But the older froze when he saw sapnap take off the bandana that held his hair out of his eyes.

'Oh...'

Dream stopped moving entirely, he had never seen Sapnap without his bandana...

And oh me oh my was he as sexy as ever.

The Texan's hair covered his eyes as that overly-attractive, yet dangerous grin grew wider at the older's reaction.

Dream didn't even notice when Sapnap put a dagger in the wall, tying dreams hands to the dagger with a spare piece of rope he conveniently had stored in his inventory.

The speed runner was going
no where.

“Now that your all tied up~” Sapnap reached for his mask, raising a brow when Dream didn’t move away. He wasn’t originally going to do it but Dream looked so tempting...

He slipped the man’s mask off, his eyes widening ever so slightly when they met those bright green eyes.

The green orbs looking up at Sapnap, pupils dilated as he zoned out on Sapnap’s face, completely lost in erotic fantasy’s of the two. His eyelashes managed to create the perfect shadow that ran down his cheeks, the golden light of the sun set shining down on the golden boy, complementing red hue that dusted of his sun-kissed freckled skin. A concentrated look inhabiting his perfect features.

It was Sapnap’s turn to blush a shade of pink. His eyebrows furrowing as he got closer to Dream, there breath fanning each other’s lips.

Dream let in a shaky breath as his head was backed to the wall, Sapnap’s following, grazing there lips together.

“Never knew you were so...fucking pretty...” That only seemed to fan Dreams flames of horny as he pressed his lips against Sapnap’s. Happy when he received a much deeper kiss in return.

“Mm..” Dream hummed into the kiss, trying to kiss back as much as he could but Sapnap held him still against the wall.

He let his hands roam dreams body, squeezing his dangerously strong thighs, his plump and perfectly shaped ass. Soon his hands had roamed to his waist. The large and rough hands fitting Dreams waist perfectly.

The Texan was becoming addicted to the feeling of Dream... Him, Quackity and Karl didn’t work out obviously.

Quackity killed Karl when he didn’t remember him, which hurt sapnap to no end but he’s become numb to the feeling.

It’s been 2 years, and he hasn’t gotten any physical touch in a while...let alone love.

But he did love Dream, always had ever since they were teens.

Sapnap was brought of his thoughts when Dream whined, wanting the armor off of Sapnap’s beautifully built body immediately.

“...How do I know you won’t take off with it...” Dream only rolled his eyes, his arms still tied above his head uncomfortably, even tho he tried to slide his hands out of the tight knot.

“Oh and you want me to untie you?” Dream nodded, his eyes watering over as his dick began to ache, already leaking precum as Sapnap managed to get the poor man all hot and bothered.

“It hurts! Wanna touch you...” Dream begged pathetically, trying to grind down on the knee that was between his thighs, yet as soon as he made his brave move, Sapnap pulled his thigh away.

Sapnap was taken aback to say the least as he watched Dream whine and beg.

‘He wants me..? Me?’

The brunette bit the inside of his bottom lip as he debated on what he was going to do. He needed a plan for when Dream would try to escape, well, if he wo-

“Please Sappy...I’ll be good..” Dream looked up at him, small tears sliding down his red cheeks as he squirmed more and more.

‘He really pulled that one on me... Damn it I’m such a push over.’

Sapnap slowly untied Dream, watching as he rubbed his wrists before running his hands up Sapnap’s arms, gently scraping his nails along the muscly biceps.

Sapnap shuddered, letting out an uneven breath as he untied the armor, letting it fall the ground with a thump. Then the pants and boots.

Sapnap was now in his regular clothes, which still didn’t satisfy dream.

“Mm!” He whined again, pulling at his shirt. Sapnap raised raised a brow and grinned. Slowly, painfully slowly began stripping his shirt off, his grin only widening at dreams reaction.

Sapnap once again, very muscular. Dream couldn’t help himself from leaning down and kissing from his collar bones down to his navel and stopping when he was on his knees looking up at Sapnap, slowly mouthing at his bulge.

‘that’s way to lewd..’

Sapnap bit his lip, his dick twitching at the seductive move.

But Dream stood up, grinning at Sapnap mischievously. The blonde began working his hands around the younger’s neck, pulling him closer.

Sapnap scoffed at the tease in front of him, none the less wrapping his arms around Dreams waist and keeping him in a tight but comfortable hold.

“Maybe next time I’ll suck your dick~” Dream whispered into his ear, Sapnap’s hopes sky rocketing at the fact that Dream would do this again.

“But for now...” Dream slipped his hoodie off, then his pants, leaving him completely naked as he turned and pressed his body against Sapnap’s.

“I want you inside of me...” The blonde softly demanded, his hips rocking against Sapnap’s clothed tent. Loving the feeling of having sexual power over the man behind him.

Sapnap shuddered before eagerly stripping off his pants, grabbing at Dreams hips.

“Fuck I missed you...” Dream groaned as held cupped Sapnap’s hands, letting him guide his hips in a more harsh rocking motion.

Sapnap could only groan in response, soon slipping two fingers into the blondes ass.

“Hng~..” Sapnap was surprised at how tight Dream was. But it only captivated him more.

It took them a bit to stretch Dream out but they finally did it.

Once they did, Sapnap wasted no time and thrustured into Dream quickly, bottoming out not to long

after.

‘So much better than jerking off..’

Sapnap kissed up Dreams nape, whispering sweet nothings into his ear as he pushed in shallowly, letting Dream get a feel for him.

“M-More..” The blonde moaned out, his thighs shaking as Sapnap slammed into him. Pulling out to the tip before pistoning back into him.

“Mngh~!” Dream moaned out loudly, his eyes rolling back a little as he grabbed at the wall for support.

“Fuck Dream...So tight~” Sapnap bit into his shoulder, thrusting up into a certain spot inside of Dream.

“Ah!~ Sh-Sho good~!” Dream couldn’t stop moaning. Drool running down his pretty lips as he was fucked into the stone wall roughly. His aching cock hitting his own stomach as Sapnap fucked him silly.

“Such a good...ngh~..Boy..” Sapnap rested his face on his neck as he stroked Dreams dick slowly, making the blonde see white.

“Pl-PleASE~! Ah~!” Dream moaned out lewdly as Sapnap squeezed dreams dick. The wall was soon covered by white ribbons of Dream’s cum.

Dream was fucked threw his orgasm, being completely turned into a moaning mess as Sapnap’s speed fastened.

Soon the Texan’s cum was fucked deep inside of Dream, making the blonde whine at the hot feeling, full feeling.

“Fuckkk...” Sapnap moaned lowly, biting dreams ear, kissing down his neck and biting his shoulder again.

“Mm...” Dream whined, panting like a bitch in heat as Sapnap slowly pulled out, his cum covered dick resting on his ass.

“If I knew...You were this sexy I would have fucked you so long ago..” Sapnap wrapped his arms around Dreams waist, rubbing circles on his hips.

“Hm...” Dreams legs gave out, letting Sapnap hold his weight up.

Sapnap turned Dream around, looking into watery blissed out eyes.

“Your so pretty Dream..” Dream smiled a little, yawning a bit and leaning into Sapnap’s touch.

Sapnap eventually let the blonde go and dressed him back up, soon setting up a bed and a small base so they could chill, then blocked the entrance with cobble, lit up the small cave with torches and laid down with Dream. Spooning him as they drifted off to sleep. Each having dreams of each other.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

If you want a certain ship please comment it!

Run away - Dundy

Chapter Summary

Ahaha-

Pineapples.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Run away

-

Tw: Dundy - angst - smut - fluff - ruined marriage - power bottom Dream - smexy underwear - after care -

-

“Dream, Do you take Fundy to be your lawfully wedded husband?” Dream smiled brightly from his mask, bright red as he was about to accept.

“I d-“

“I OBJECT!” Suddenly George charged up from the platform, grabbing Dream by the waist and kissing him.

“Mm!” Dream pushed away, his eyes wide as he looked at George. His face was hurt, confused, he was full about to start sobbing.

Fundy pulled Dream to him glaring at George and whispering sweetness into dreams ear hoping he would calm down.

The crowd was enraged.

Everyone knew the rule, once someone objected, you can't get married after that. It was ruined.

Dream began to shake a little, soon the tears started and now he was sobbing. The crowd was yelling in disappointment, George had ran away.

"Shh..Dream let's go." Fundy grabbed Dreams wrist, booking it to the door and hopping on a horse together.

Soon booking it for the small cottage they made themselves before the wedding.

Dream was still very upset when they made it, his eyes red and puffy but Fundy couldn't see it. He had never seen the blonde without his mask.

"Come on.." Fundy pulled Dream inside, locking the main door behind them and holding dreams hands as he stood in front of him.

Fundy slipped the wedding band onto his finger, disregarding what had happened earlier.

"I do." Fundy said, giving Dream the other wedding ring and holding his own hand out.

"I-I do.." Dream smiled a little from under the mask, soon slipping it off entirely and letting Fundy see his sunkissed face. Let him see his bright green eyes with a large scar covering his left eye.

Fundy could only grin and flush a bright red. Soon wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him close, closing the gap between them.

Dream whined into the kiss, the feeling of need rushing over him quickly. He wrapped his arms around Fundy's neck, completely forgetting about the past events that occurred as he just focused on the taste of his lovers tongue against the his.

They soon had to pull away for air. Resting there foreheads against each other's. Looking into each other's eyes, lovely.

“Your so pretty Dream...” Fundy breathed out. His voice eager and breathless.

He let his hands wander Dreams body. Slipping under the large white wedding dress his husband wore. Only to freeze when he felt a thin small piece of clothing.

His cheeks flushed beet red, his eyes narrowing as he raised a brow at Dream. But the blonde only gave him those lovely doe eyes as he flashed his lashes at him innocently.

“You did that on purpose...” Dream grinned at that, confidence over taking him as he watched as Fundy’s dominance crumbled as he touched him.

“You want me to take it off~?” Dream spoke teasingly, his hands slowly sliding up his chest.

Fundy nodded eagerly, trying to unzip the dress but Dream shook his head and walked past him, walking towards there room.

Fundy quickly followed him, closing there door behind him. But when he turned around, his jaw dropped.

“Like what you see~?” Dream snickered. He had his dress off and was in red lace lingerie. Laced thigh highs that squeezed his thighs, that attached to the underwear.

Fundy could only bite his bottom lip and reach out to touch him, only to have his hand smacked away.

“Ah.” Dream narrowed his eyes at him, only before turning around and slowly crawling up the bed and laying down. His back was arched into the bed, his ass up and he was looking back at Fundy with a slight grin.

“Dreeeeaaammmmm” Fundy whined and crawled onto the bed over him, his breath uneven as his dick twitched in his pants.

Oh how the tables have turned.

“Please...” Fundy whined, kissing Dreams neck and then down to his back, then to his lower, then stopped just before his ass.

“Hm...I don’t know Fundy..Maybe you’ll have to convince me~?” Dream chuckled. He knew he was a tease, but it was always worth it.

Fundy could only perk up at that, his hands sliding under his hips and pulling him up so his face was to the bed and ass up, thighs spread.

The ginger grinned eagerly as he kissed and licked around Dreams but soon settled hovering over his lovers hole.

“F-Fundy...” Dream gasped out, the loss of contact leaving him wanting as he shook his ass a little.

“You look so good like this dream...” Fundy lifted the thin fabric and let fall back down with a slap. Dream jumped a little, glaring back at him playfully.

Fundy slipped the thong to the side, spreading Dreams ass. Grinning as he closed the gap and bit at his rim. Effectively ruining the blonde underneath him.

“F-Fundy~! Mng~” Dream moaned out, biting his lip at a pathetic attempt in silence.

But it all fell down on when Fundy slipped his tongue past his rims. Letting the muscle roam his insides.

Dream was reduced to an absolute mess. His hands white knuckling the sheets, his thighs shaking, his hole tightening around the muscle.

“F-Fuck~!” Dream cried out, panting as pleasure surged through him. Fundy continued to eat him out like he was some sort of five star desert.

Fundy reached through his thighs and began to jerk him off, thumbing the slit so nicely.

“Mngh~!” Dream’s jaw hung up as he let moans of pleasure fly out of him. His thighs shaking as he released onto the sheets below.

“Sh-Shit..ha~..Why are you so good at that..?” Dream looked back at him, his eyes widening immediately.

Fundy had his dick out and resting on Dream’s ass, a smug grin on his face as he slowly grinded on him.

“Wha— I didn’t know you were that big...” Dream’s eyes slowly went down the man’s cock. Watching as it twitched every time he spoke, how it leaked with precum eagerly.

“Like what you see~?” Dream scoffed at Fundy’s smug tone, soon sitting up and flipping them. Not straddling Fundy’s waist as his hands slid up his naked chest.

“I don’t know...I think I need to test it out..” Dream grinned at him, leaning down and biting his Adam’s apple gently, sucking down and drawing a bit of blood.

“Dream...” Fundy groaned out, his middle and ring finger slipping past his wet rims. Immediately beginning the stretch process.

“Mm...” Dream whined, resting his head on his lover’s chest. Kissing the skin gently every once and a while.

It took a bit for Fundy to work Dream open. He hadn’t been sexually active in a while so it’s understandable.

But here we are now, Dream slowly sliding down on his dom’s aching cock.

“Ahh~...S-So big..” Dream’s head tilted back as his eyes began to water. The feeling of being full once again pulsing through him. It hurt like a bitch, but it also felt pretty damn good.

“So tight Dream...” Fundy groaned, biting his bottom lip as he grabbed Dream’s hips, guiding further down till he bottomed out.

The blonde could only whimper, the feeling of having his prostate pressed against driving him crazy.

“M-Move...” Fundy’s eyes narrowed as he guided Dream’s hips up, only to slam them back down. Meeting them half way, making his lover bounce on him.

“MNGH~!” Dream moaned out loudly, his eyes crossing slightly as he saw stars. Fundy continued helping him bounce, meeting him half way every time as he aggressively fucked into him.

“So pretty for me..” Fundy’s voice was low and guttural. Jumping a bit every time he helped Dream bounce.

But soon the ginger got tired of the position and flipped them. Dream was now on his back, thighs wrapped around his waist and hands balling at the sheets.

Now Fundy had access to go deeper and fuck Dream into absolute oblivion. Which he did.

“F-Fuck! So-So deep~!” Dream practically screamed out, his prostate being slammed with every thrust Fundy delivered.

The blonde clawed Fundy’s back as he tried to grab at him better, only ending up being further in the process.

After the position change, it didn’t take Dream long to get close to his finish.

“Ah~! ‘M-M so close~!’” Then it all stopped. Fundy halted quickly, raising his head as he watched Dream squirm underneath him. Whining and whimpering as he begged for release.

“N-No! Please don’t stop!” Dream cried out, reaching for Fundy’s face. But his lover only snickered and pulled away. Looking down at him sadistically.

“Beg for it...” Dream scoffed and looked to his left. Trying to ignore the want to submit to him.

Fundy raised a brow before narrowing his eyes. He grabbed Dreams thighs roughly before slamming into Dream roughly, then ceasing all movement again.

“Mngh~! No! Please! Please I’ll be good! Keep moving please I need it!” Dream broke. He needed more, it hurt to not have more.

More

More

More.

Small tears fell from his eyes as he blabbed with pathetic little begs. His hands reaching up for Fundy as he cried out more.

Fundy’s eyes softened, his facade cracking as he leaning down and wrapped his arms around Dream’s waist.

Soon continuing his rough movement from before. Somehow going deeper than before. And to make it up to his blonde, he began to jerk Dream off, squeezing his dick as he fucked into Dream harshly.

“C-Coming~! Ah~!” Dream’s eyes rolled back a little, cum covering his stomach as he was fucked threw his orgasm. He whined a bit, being pushed into overstimulation.

But, one thing about Dream. He fucking loved it. And besides, if he wanted to stop he would have said there safety word, oranges.

“Fuck Dream...” Fundy groaned, burying his face into Dreams neck. Soon biting down as he came inside of Dream. Fucking his cum deeper into him until he heard a certain whimper.

“You okay babe?” He pulled out quickly, hoping he didn’t push his newly wedded husband to far.

Dream only panted a little, small amounts of cum still leaking out of him.

“M-mhm...Just tired.” Fundy let out a sigh of relief as he slowly pulled out. Kissing Dreams cheek and sitting back. Watching as his cum slowly spilled out of his bottom.

“So hot..” Fundy shook his head. Stopping the process of his dick getting hard again.

It was time to clean up and help his husband to the shower.

“Come on love, time to wash you out..” Dream smiled softly, making grabby hands at Fundy.

Fundy chuckled and picked him up bridle style, bringing him over to the bathroom.

[Insert fluffy moments]

Dream curled into Fundy, snuggling his face into his chest and kissing him gently.

“I love you..” Fundy smiled softly at him,

“Love you to..”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Comment if you have a suggestion

All a dream - Dnf

Chapter Summary

I'm losing ideas for the summary.

Have some fruity acid.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

All a dream.

-

Tw: Dnf - Smut - Twisty - CON - Smexy Dream - A little rushed -

-

“Oh! Thanks for the dono DinoNuggetSimp.. That’s a weird name.” George chuckled as he read out more dono’s.

“Where’s your facecam? Oh I broke it last night when I fell over. Not my best moment...” George huffed at the memory but smiled at the screen when he read more Dono’s.

But suddenly my, George received a ding. The Brit only rolled his eyes and continued playing bedwars. Trying to mlg but failing miserably every time.

Then another ding

Then another

And another.

George glared at his phone and paused the game, opening his phone and looking at the contact it

came from.

Blob<3

It was Dream.

“Why is he texting me so much...” George mumbled, opening his contact but freezing when he read the texts.

-

Blob<3: George..I have a problem.

Blob<3: I kept thinking about how pretty your lips would look around my dick and got hard...

Blob<3: mind helping me George?

Blob<3: or would you rather me come and suck you off instead? I can always do that..

-

George shuttered, glaring at the phone as he felt his dick twitch in his pants.

‘He’s getting to bold...’

George grumbled, glaring as he got another message about how much the younger wanted to fuck him.

Enough.

The Brit began to plan a way he could put Dream in his place, then a thought hit him.

“G-George~!” Dream moaned out loudly, his eyes rolling back as George fucked him into the bed. The vibrator in his ass going deeper as George fucked him harder.

“Please~! Mnggh!” Dream moaned out lewdly, his tongue lolling out as George slapped his ass harshly.

“You...ha~..Like that slut?” Dream nodded quickly, starting to babble about how good it felt.

“So so so good~! More please!” George grinned, wrapping his hand around his cock and starting to jerk the blonde off.

“Oh my god~!” Dream practically screamed, his thighs shaking, his head slamming back against the bed as he came on his own stomach.

-

“...” George stared wide eyed at the tent in his pants. His face was bright red as his eyes fluttered a bit.

‘Could Dream actually look like that?...’

George was going to find out. One way, or another.

The brunette quickly ended the stream with an empty apology and raced to Dreams room. Slamming the door open, freezing when he saw the blonde face down on the bed, ass up, thighs spread as he jerked himself off.

“Mm...George..” Dream whined out pathetically. His thighs shaking as he tried to pleasure himself as much as could.

George was frozen in the door way, shocked to the bone at what he was seeing.

Dream looked better than he imagined. His eyes glazed over and dazed with lust for the Brit. His hand working as hard as it could on his own dick.

“Dream..?” George called out quietly, a lump in his throat as he croaked out his name.

Dream stopped what he was doing going into a panic as he covered himself with a blanket and looking at George with wide eyes.

“H-How long we’re you there..” The blonde’s brows furrowed in worry and anxiety as he waited for a response. When he didn’t receive one he whimpered, covering his head with the blanket and disappearing underneath it.

George shook his head before walking forward to the bed, ripping off the blanket and crawling on top of Dream.

“Wh-What are you d-“ George didn’t let Dream finish as he smashed their lips together, taking control of the kiss immediately.

Dream was surprised, shocked even. His eyes fluttered as his face heated to a deep red blush.

The blonde slowly wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him closer. Humming into the kiss as George slipped his tongue past his lips.

“Mm...” George pushed Dream down further, slowly raising his thigh and resting his leg above his shoulder.

Dream pulled away, panting and gasping a bit. His eyes lidded as he looked up at a George. His dirty blonde hair sticking to his forehead a little.

“Fuck..” George cursed lowly before kissing him again, rougher this time. But all while he made out with his blonde, he was lining himself up to his hole.

Soon slamming into him, his eyes opening to watch as Dream moaned out lewdly.

“A-Ah~! Mngh~!” Dream’s mouth hung open as he clung to George, tearing up a bit.

“Shit..” George groaned, slowly beginning to push into Dream. Gradually picking up the pace.

“G-George~!” Dream moaned out, his mouth hung open, letting the sinful noises flow out.

“Hah~.. You like it slut?” George grinned at him, thrusting harder, soon shaking the entire bed.

“Mhm~! Mngh~!” Dream’s head shot back, his eyes crossing as he felt himself slip into pure pleasure.

“You like it when I fuck you hard?” George demanded as he grabbed Dream’s thighs, bending them down against his waist.

“Fuck yes~!” Dream screamed out, tears streaming down his face as he moaned like a bitch in heat.

“Good boy~” George reached down and began to jerk the blonde off. Thumbing the tip and squeezing gently.

Dream mewled out, his eyes shutting as he came all over his chest. George continued to fuck into him, feeling himself also getting close.

“Shit I’m gonna c-“

George opened his eyes. Panting as he sat up and looked around.

“I’m in my room...?” George furrowed his brows and looked under the cover, he had a white-ish wet spot in his pants.

“..” George huffed and changed underwear, going to check for the message Dream had sent him.

They weren’t there.

So he checked his last stream, he hadn’t streamed in a week.

“It was a dream?!” George groaned and fell back into the bed, grumbling and bitching to himself.

-

Dream panted as he quickly hid outside of George’s door. Cursing at the soreness in his ass.

“Shit that was close...” Dream sighed and ran a hand threw his hair.

“I cannot let him know that he topped me..” Dream huffed and limped down the hallway. Laying down and yawning, slowly drifting off.

It was all a dream...

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Comment ur suggestions <3

I love you... - Dnb v DNN

Chapter Summary

Not me crying while writing this...

:')

Dnn: Dreamnotnap

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I love you...

-

Prompt: Dream finds Sapnap doing some unsavory shit and goes to his bestfriend for advice.

-

Tw: DreamNap vs DNB - Angst - fluff - cheating - mood swings -

-

-

“Hello my love~!” Dream grinned as he skipped into there shared home.

“Sapnap?” Dream tilted his head and looked around. Raising a brow when he heard the bed shake. He walked upstairs and knocked on the door, heard rustling and then Sapnap opened it.

He was a light shade of pink and his hair was fucked up.

“...” Dream walked past him, scanning the room then looking back at Sapnap.

“Y-Yes babe?” Sapnap looked nervous, rubbing the back of his neck as he stood in front of the

closet.

“...I’m going out. Don’t call me.” Dream huffed, walking out and slamming the door.

It was too obvious. Sappnap made it too obvious. There was no way he wasn’t cheating, but Dream had to have evidence before he could properly accuse.

But, like any other sad and heartbroken man would, he ran across L’manburg and stopped at his friend’s house. The blade.

“Hey Techno you home?” Dream knocked on the door gently, holding himself as he tried to stay calm.

“Yeah-“ Techno opened the door but paused when he saw the condition his best friend was in.

“What’s wrong...” Dream walked inside before sitting on the couch. Just staring at the coffee table.

“I think Sappnap is cheating on me.” Dream’s voice was plain. His mind was running 30 Miles an hour as the thought of his 2 year boyfriend was probably on him right then and there.

“...” Techno didn’t say anything. He didn’t have any advice for once, he was just pissed. Anger just boiled inside of him like a volcano ready to pop.

How could someone cheat on Dream? He was perfect...

Techno thought of the reasons why but none would make sense.

“It’s probably my fault...he probably got tired of me....” Dream muttered, bringing his knees to his chest as he rested his face on his hands.

“Dream.. no. You are perfect.” Techno’s voice was demanding. It demanded that Dream would not look down on himself.

Techno can be ruthless, cruel, merciless, but one thing for sure, he loved Dream.

“Techno what should I do?” Dream looked up at the hybrid, tears threatening to leave his unmasked eyes.

“Break up with him.” Dream scoffed, rolling his eyes. How could he? He fell so hard for the Texan.

“I can’t.” Techno marched over to Dream, pulling him up and wrapping an arm around his waist, his free hand grabbing his chin and making him look up at him.

“You can and you will.” Dream once again shook his head, his cheeks beating up slightly.

“I don’t want to be al-“

“You have me..” Techno pulled Dream closer, there chest’s now flush against each other as Techno rested his forehead against dreams.

“...Techno” Dream let out an uneven breath, his eyes flicking from the taller’s eyes to his lips. His cheeks flushing a deeper red.

“I..I can’t I’m still with Sapnap..” Techno growled lowly, his eyes darkening slightly. He grabbed dreams thighs and picked him up, wrapping his legs around his waist and letting his hands rest on his ass to hold him up.

Dream was forced to wrap his arms around his neck. Not that he was complaining tho..

“Your telling me you would rather be with that scum bag rather than me...?” Techno purposely grinded against dreams lower. His breath now fanning his neck as he locked eyes with blonde.

He watched as his eyebrows tilted up, his eyes fluttering at the sudden pleasure.

The blonde tightened his thighs around Techno, letting out a small whimper when Techno got closer to his lips.

“Come on now Dream...” Techno spoke lowly, grazing Dreams lips with his own. The blonde could only shudder at his voice, his thighs shaking at a sudden rough grind to his crotch.

Dreams back arched into Techno, his hands weaving into the older’s hair.

“You would rather have him...than me?” Dream knew what Techno was doing. And he fucking loved it, but he was tied to Sapnap.

“I-I will only break up with him if I find him...cheating on me..” Dream muttered, hiding his face in Techno’s neck.

“Your gonna get hurt Dream..” Dream nodded into his neck, letting out a small breath he didn’t know he was holding.

“It’ll be worth it when I get to be with you in the end...” Dream whispered, digging his face further into his neck, trying to completely sink into him.

Techno flushed red as he looked down at Dream, frowning a little. But inside his brain, pure happiness shot all around him. Bouncing off the walls and into his heart.

He was so fucking happy Dream would be with him.

But the moment was ruined when dreams phone rang.

“Mmm..” Dream groaned, his thighs squeezing Techno’s torso. But the phone kept ringing.

“Fine...” Dream hopped off of Techno and grabbed his phone.

“Ye-“

“Dream where are you? I know you said not to call you but..you’ve been out for hours now.” Dream looked at the clock on the wall shocked. Had it already been that long?

It was 10:00pm, he left at 7:30..

“Why would you care? You already have someone in your bed with you so why do you need me?” Dream glared at the phone. Skipping the ‘not to accuse him until you see him cheat’ plan.

“Dream what are you even talking about.” On the other line, Sapnap was panicking. He did actually have Karl in his bed. And they did just fuck.

But he couldn’t tell Dream that. Especially not when he fucking loved Dream so much. Yeah he cheated but that was just for fun...it wasn’t going anywhere and Dream wouldn’t find out. Or so he thought.

“Don’t think I didn’t notice. When I came into your room, your hair was messed up, your sheets were half across the room, there were small tears in the sheets, and you had a hickey on your neck. Don’t fucking treat me like I’m dumb.” Dream raised his voice a little. Getting more and more pissed by the second.

“...I-It was just a week..” Sapnap mumbled, coming clean.

“Oh so you fucked Karl or some other slut in OUR SHARED BED in MY HOUSE for a week while I was gone WORKING and TRADING SO I COULD PAY BILLS AND LET YOU LIVE HERE RENT FREE?!” Dream yelled into the phone, not having it anymore.

Sapnap felt so guilty now.

“Dream I—“

“We’re breaking up.” Dream huffed into the phone, his brows furrowed and anger fuming off of him.

“Dream no! Please don’t do this! I won’t cheat anymore! I’ll get better!” Sapnap pleaded with him, tears threatening to fall from his eyes.

“I’ll be there in the morning, you better have all your shit packed up and on the front lawn before I get there or so help me god.” Dream spat in to the phone.

“Two years, 3 months and 4 days. All down the drain. I wasted all of that time on you just for you to cheat on me.” Dream was coming off his anger and slipping into sadness.

“Was I just not good enough for you that you had to fuck someone else? Was I really not enough?” Dream let out a small cry but sucked it all in. His mood changing quickly.

“No dream! You’re my everything, you are enough! And enough and then some! I love you so so so much so please!” Dream faltered, shaking a little.

“Sappy who is that?” A male’s voice rang from the other line. Dream’s heart stopped.

“...Dream I swear it’s not what it sounds like-“

“I hate you. With every bone in my body I want you gone from my life. In the morning if you’re not out of my house I will get techno to drag your ass out of there and let him beat the shit out of you.”

“We had something good Sapnap. But you went and shit out everything we had built together, the love I had for you...you just shattered it all.” Sapnap was sobbing on the other line and was about to reply but Dream hung up.

“Sapnap?” Karl went to him quickly, but was shoved away.

“Get out I’m not in the mood anymore.” Sapnap glared at him, small tears falling from his eyes.

-

Dream looked at his phone, tears slowly began to spill from his eyes. Those small tears began to turn into sobs as Dream fell to the ground.

Techno rushed to him, wrapping his arms around him.

“Shh...” Techno rocked Dream slowly, whispering sweet nothings into his ear.

“I hate him!” Dream cried out, grabbing onto Techno’s shirt as he cried into it.

“I hate him...”

It took hours for him to calm down, but once he did he was exhausted from crying so hard.

“Can I stay here tonight..” Dream mumbled. His chest aching but his heart felt numb. He was hurt so badly by Sapnap...it pissed him off how much it hurt.

“Ofc Dream..” Techno got up, pulling Dream up and walking him to his bedroom.

Dream stripped his pants off and then his hoodie, not giving one fuck if Techno saw him naked.

“...’m gonna borrow your shirt...since we’re dating and all.” Dream muttered, picking out a shirt. He slipped it on, and it was way to big on him.

“Wait..We are?” Techno asked hopefully, his eyes a little wide as he quickly walked to Dream.

“Mhm...unless I’m not your type anymore.” Dream just looked at him with red and tired eyes.

Techno shook his head and wrapped his arms around him, holding him tightly.

“Fuck that...your fucking stuck with me..” Dream smiled, the ache in his chest slowly fading.

Dream cupped Techno's cheeks and got on his toes, gently pressing his lips against Techno's. He was happy to receive a soft kiss back.

They soon pulled away tho and just looked into each other's eyes. Quietly worshipping one another.

But soon Dream yawned, prompting Techno to pick Dream up and put him into bed. He changed as well and then cuddled Dream, burying his face into his blonde's chest.

"I love you dream..."

"I love you to techno..."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter and sorry there was no smut! I just always write it and wanted to try something else.

Pls comment requests! <3

The football team - Harem

Chapter Summary

This was such a long chapter for me to write in an hour. I shouldn't have used so many PEOPLE

BUT

enjoy <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Football Team

-

Tw: Dream Harem - Femboy Dream - Cheerleader Dream - shortish Dream - belly inflation - face fucking - eating out - rim job - degrading - smut PACKED - large orgy - CON - After care - fluff

-

-

“You hear about the new Cheer leader?” One of the girls perked up, butting her way into the conversation.

“Yeah I heard he's a guy..” One of the blondes chirped in as well. Crossing her arms at the thought of a guy wearing a skirt and doing the cheers.

“Maybe he's really good!” A brunette called out. Trying to not judge before actually seeing who the new kid is.

“Mayb- oh..” All of the girls shut up immediately when a certain 5'9, green eyed blonde boy with eye level bangs and messy fluffy hair walked in. He wore a small skirt that went about mid thigh and had too much trust in the back, and a hoodie that was down in the front and tucked in the back. It was cute tbh.

“Is that him?”

“Shut up he’s coming over!” One of the blondes whisper yelled. But they all eyed him as he walked over. Looking down at them a bit.

“You are the cheer team?” He spoke up, he had a soft-ish voice but over all kind of normal.

“Yes, and you are?” The head of the team piped up. Walking in front of him.

“The recruit the athletics director asked for. My names Dream.” Dream smiled at them, holding out his hand and shakes there hands and learning there names.

“Okay so do you want to go the gym so you can show us what you can do?” Dream nodded, following them as they showed him to the gym.

It was a Friday and most students just skipped there last period so the halls were pretty much empty.

“Okay so go to the guys Locke room and change into our uniform.” The head spoke up, smiling slightly as she watched him go to the Locker room.

“The guys are gonna kick his ass.” The head grinned devilishly.

“God what an attention whore.” One of the cheerleaders smacked her on her arm and sat in the bleachers, pissed at the leader.

-

Dream walked into the locker room, it was empty. He shrugged and sat his bag down, slipping off his clothing and putting on the red and black uniform. He was comfortable with his body so he didn’t care for cleavage or how much showed.

(Material Dream)

As soon as he was done, he walked out of the locker room and in front of the girls, waiting for his command from the head.

“Alright, let’s see what kind of tumbling you can do.” Dream nodded and backed to the edge of the right corner of the map before breathing in then getting a running start. Soon jumping into a round off back handspring and flying into a full. (Look it up)

He landed with a little wobble but still landed.

“Oh..” The head glared at Dream and began barking orders. Pissed that he could do more than she did.

But the more he tumbled, the more a crowd gathered in the gym’s bleachers.

And once the leader was done barking orders, and Dream got to catch his breath, all of the football players were watching him closely.

“Just go get changed...Your gonna do our tumbling..” The lead grumbled, getting up and storming off.

Dream shrugged and walked to the mens locker room, not even noticing the pack of guys following him.

The blonde went straight to his bag, starting with his shoes and socks but before he could go further he could feel a heavy stare on him.

Dream turned around, only to be met with a group of guys looking at him oddly. Their faces were slightly red and staring some where on his body.

“Yes?” Dream asked, a bit shy now that the football team was standing right in front of him looking at him like that.

“What’s your name..” A tall, very muscular pink haired man spoke up. His voice was a bit plain and guttural. Hot.

“Dream.” Dream raised his head, not wanting to look weak even if he was shorter than almost all of them and didnt have abs.

“Well Dream...” A shorter, also very muscular man with Brunette hair and a country accent walked towards him. Walking behind and lightly traced his curves.

“You’re really fuckin’ hot.” Dream let out a small gasp when the country boy squeezed his hips. Messaging them then sliding around some more.

“I-I don’t even know your names.” Dream huffed, going to walk forward only to be yanked back and flush against the Brunettes chest.

“I’m Sapnap...and that’s..” Sapnap tilted Dream’s head towards all of the boys in the room naming each and every one of them.

“Karl..”

“Techno..”

“George..”

“Corpse..”

“Punz..”

“Quackity..”

“Fundy..”

“And the one in the back is Wilbur..Now you know our names~” Sapnap grinned as he slowly kissed his neck. Giving Dream shivers than ran up and down his spine.

All of them stared at Dream hungrily and patiently waited. They weren’t about to rape him.

“So...What do you say to some fun get to knowing each other~?” Dream could only whimper slightly, his hard on poking through his skirt slightly.

“O...ok.” Dream watched as all of them began to surround him, some already pulling there dicks out. All of them varied in sizes, but all of them were certainly not small.

Sapnap continued leaving kisses all over his neck as George came to his front, locking eyes with Dream as he leaned down, but also tilted his chin up so he would meet him halfway.

“You looked great doing those flips...” George grinned as Dream flushed a deep red at his voice, now front and center for the Brit.

“But I think you would look even better with your legs spread as you desperately ride my cock~” George teased him, but soon have in and locked there lips together. Grabbing his waist roughly.

Sapnap bit into his neck, then licked over the mark before moving on to different places. But soon he ripped the skirt off of him, quickly discarding the fabric then moved to his boxers. This time actually splitting the fabric in half and quickly tore it off so it fell to his feet.

“Mm!” Dream whined at the fact his boxers were now ruined. But his sadness was quickly replaced by 100% horny as George slipped his tongue into his mouth.

Sapnap leaned down, now on his knees and eye level with dreams ass. He licked his lips before spreading dreams cheeks. An evil grin gracing his lips as he watched dreams hole squeeze close and open in embarrassment.

“A-Are they just gonna watch...?” Dream mumbled, hiding his face in George’s chest.

The Brit grinned and shook his head.

“For now~ but we need to stand for what we’re about to do.” And before Dream could even respond, he felt a wet muscle slip past his rims roughly.

Sapnap was eating him out.

Dream erupted with lewd moans as Sapnap grabbed his hips, forcing himself deeper into Dream as he suffocated between to fat that was his ass.

“Mngh~!” Dream held onto George for support as Sapnap ruined him from behind.

George watched from over Dream’s shoulder, watched as Sapnap reduced Dream to lewd moans and pleads with just his tongue.

‘Damn my best friend is talented’

But soon Sapnap pulled his tongue out, leaving a bite on his cheek before backing up. Giving him one smack on the ass before going to the small crowd of boys.

Then Techno came out. His eyes narrowing as he watched Dream go nervous. Then George also left to go and strip and start jerking for.

And THEN Wilbur came out. Both of them towered Dream, making him look absolutely pathetic.

“I can’t wait to see my dick splitting you open~” Techno whispered into his ear, spitting on his finger before putting his ring and his middle finger into his tight hole.

Wilbur on the hand knelt down, looking up and he grabbed Dream’s dick.

“Don’t be scared love~” Dream was beet red at this point. All these accents were killing him.

“W-Wait yo-you..Mn~.. Don’t have t- Ah!~” Dream moaned out loudly when Techno pushed down on his prostate. Working him open and edging him so nicely. But soon Wilbur went down on Dream completely all in one go.

“Fuck!~ W-Wilbur!” Dream grabbed onto his shoulders, his thighs shaking slightly as he was pleased from the front and the back.

“Already shaking Dream~?” Techno whispered into his ear, his hands pinching and clawing at Dream’s thighs, hips and ass.

“Ha~..mmhm~” Dream moaned out, his head falling back on Techno’s chest.

Techno by now had slipped three fingers into Dream’s ass, making sure he was opened up enough so he wouldn’t feel pain.

And just before Dream couldn’t announce he was close, Wilbur pulled off his dick. Licking his lips before sitting down on the ground.

Dream got the hint when Techno pulled his fingers out. He crawled on Wilbur’s lap and straddled him, his dick resting on Wilbur’s.

“You ready love~?” Dream nodded his head eagerly. Wanting to feel absolutely fucking full.

Wilbur grabbed Dream’s hips, slowly guiding him down onto his dick until he bottomed out.

But before Dream could get completely adjusted, he felt two more hands on his waist. Techno.

“Don’t forget about me~” Techno slowly slid in, making Dream cry out from the stretch.

“Shh...” Techno kissed his cheek, and rubbed his stomach. There was a small bulge poking out from where his dicks ended.

It took around four minutes for Dream to adjust, then he began rocking his hips.

“M-Move..” Dream muttered, but shut up almost immediately when Techno and Wilbur began thrusting up into him at a fast past.

Dreams jaw hung open as he let out moans left and right. Small drops of saliva running down the side of his mouth. But suddenly he felt hands in his hair and he looked up.

It was Corpse, Fundy and Quackity.

“Amor~ time to multitask.” Dream gulped, his eyes watery and blissed out. He nodded and grabbed both Quackity and Fundy’s dick. Starting to jerk them off but opened his mouth when Corpse cupped his chin, rubbing his bottom lip.

“Open up baby..” Dream’s dick twitched at his voice. And he happily took half of Corpse’s dick into his mouth.

Good thing he was good at multitasking.

He moaned desperately on Corpse’s cock as Wilbur and Techno fucked him in unison. All while he jerked off Fundy and Quackity.

The others were close beside them, all jerking off to the sight of the blonde getting fucked in every which way.

“Mm Mm~!” Dream choked a little on Corpse’s dick while trying to tell the he was close. It didn’t take long for him to cum on Wilbur’s chest.

But oh the feeling of getting fucked straight threw your orgasm...

Dreams eyes rolled a little when Wilbur came inside of him, pulling out and letting Techno fuck his cum deep inside of Dream. Then techno let his load out inside of Dream as well.

“Our turn~!” George and Sapnap chirped out happily. Dream couldn’t speak as his throat was

being pumped full of Corpse's cum. Only pulling out when he finished his load, watching as Dream swallowed and coughed some up.

"Good boy..." Corpse mumbled backing off so Punz could take his spot.

"Let's see how good you are little slut." Dream moaned at the insult. Oh he loved it so fucking much.

Punz grinned and put his dick to his lips, groaning when Dream happily took him into his throat. Getting to work quickly and starting to bob his head.

On the other end, Sapnap slid between dreams legs, slipping his cock in, George following from the back.

Dream moaned, his eyes crossing at the feeling of being full once more. And the two didn't let him settle, oh no, they started to Destroy Dreams ass as he continued to jerk and suck off the others.

Speaking of, Quackity soon came on Dreams chest, Fundy followed. They swapped out as well, a hole rotation.

"Fuck Dream... You feel so good.." Sapnap groaned out, fucking him harder. George groaned at the set of pace Sapnap set, resting his face in Dreams neck.

"Such a good little whore.." Punz moaned out lowly, starting to face fuck Dream.

"Fuck— got to go guys.." Quackity cursed lowly and got Dressed, closing the door behind him.

Soon George came inside Dream, letting out his load with a moan. Sapnap following in pursuit.

"Mngh~!" Dream moaned out on Punz's cock. Soon swallowing another load.

Karl and Fundy's turn to fuck dreams ass.

Karl slid between Dreams legs and kissed his chest gently, slipping in his cock, Fundy doing the same. But before they started to rail in Dream, Fundy bit into Dreams shoulder, making him tighten and cum with a lewd moan.

“F-Fuck~!” Dream moaned out, his hands getting tired as he started to jerk off Corpse and Techno.

George had already left, thanking Dream for the fun before he left.

Now it was just Dream getting fucked by Karl, Fundy, Techno, Wilbur, George, Corpse and Sapnap...

Around 30 to 40 minuets later, Dream had taken 4 more loads. His stomach began to ache with the amount of cum he swallowed from both ends.

But he was left with Techno and corpse who were settling with a blow job and one last fuck.

But just as Techno came inside of Dream, did he whine and pull out corpse. Crying out slightly as he let out more moans in between.

Dream settled for jerking corpse off, which didn't take him long to cum.

“Such a good boy...” Dream could on whimper, his body shaking from the severe overstimulation. But he loved it.

“Let's get you cleaned out...” Techno kissed his neck and cheek gently before slowly picking him up. Him and corpse taking Dream to the shower and turning on the warm water.

Corpse held Dream up as Techno spread his ass up, his eyes widening at the amount of cum that poured out.

“Damn baby...you took a lot of loads huh...?” Dream nodded, sighing in relief as his stomach ache began to cease.

Once the cum stopped pouring, techno got the shower head off the wall and aimed it into Dreams hole, cleaning out the cum.

“Ah~!” Dream moaned out, cumming on the spot. Corpse raised a brow at Dream raising his brow but softening once he saw dreams face. He looked so wrecked. Tear stains down his cheeks accompanied by a deep red flush and drool running down his chin.

“You did so good..” Dream’s eyes fluttered as she hid his face in Corpse’s chest, happy no more water was being squirted up his ass.

“I can give him a pair of sweats and a hoodie I have and we can let him sleep in one of our cars.” Corpse nodded but then shook his head.

“I have an essay due later that I have to get done, can you stay with Dream?” Techno nodded. Taking Dream from his arms.

Techno dried Dream, then got him dressed before carrying him out with his stuff to his truck. Ignoring the glares he got from the cheerleaders.

Once Techno was in his Truck, he grabbed a random pillow and blanket he had conveniently placed in his back seat and rested the pillow against the door and put the blanket over him. Letting his curl up into Techno and sleep comfortably.

“Hm..” Techno flushed a bright red when Dream mumbled his name out. Continuing his peaceful sleep.

The football team huh.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this very long smut filled chapter!

Remember to comment your opinion, ideas or ship you want for a chapter!

Love you guys <3

You can do it - Cream

Chapter Summary

Not me watching George edge his stream with a Sapnap reveal—

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You can do it.

-

Tw: Cream - smart Dre - Smut - small bits of fluff - angry Dream mom - brat dream - aggressive sex - use of punishment - CON -

-

-

“Dream your grades are failing!” His mother screamed at him. Absolutely furious with the fact he flunked his health and cal class. He knew the material he just couldn’t give a shit.

“Hn.” Dream just hummed, not giving his mother the time of day. They didn’t have the best relationship.

“So help me god...I’m hiring you a fucking tutor!” She slammed her fists on the table, grabbing her phone and going to make a call.

“Hhh.” Dream groaned, falling back on the couch and covering his face with a pillow.

“I don’t need a tutor.” He grumbled, turning over and starring at the wall.

“He’s coming today.” Dreams eyes shot open real quick at that. He sat up quickly and looked at

her like she was insane.

“You can’t be serious?! Today!” Dream looked at her desperately. He couldn’t deal with some nerd trying to teach what he already knew but didn’t care about. To much work.

“Just today. In 20 minuets.” Dream threw a pillow at her before getting up and walking up stairs. Grumbling the entire way about how much he already hated the guy coming.

But Dream decided, if he slept threw the visit, the guy would have the decency to sit in his room, then take the money and leave right?

Or at least that’s as he thought.

Dream stripped off his shirt and shoes before collapsing on the bed, curling up with his oversized pillow and snuggling into it.

About 20 minuets later.

A knock on the door made Dream jump slightly, then let out a groan.

When the door opened, Dream peaked out, but froze. It was a tall, 6’5 man with dark fluffy hair, big feet, large veiny hands, and a sexy ass looking body.

‘Oh.’

Dream flushed bright red, trying to think straight but his mind was failing him. He shook his head and buried his face back into the pillow. Ignoring the man’s existence no matter how hard it was.

“Your Dream?” There it is. A deep, low, guttural voice rang out. It gave Dream absolute shivers.

‘Oh shit...’

He could feel his pants tighten.

‘Not now..’

Dream groaned internally and brought his knees up a little, stretching and contorting to a way where his crotch was hidden between his perfectly shaped thighs.

“I’m Corpse...I’m here to go over Chemistry and Calculus?” That same deep voice rang out again. Yanking on Dream’s heart, already having the blonde wrapped around his finger to do whatever he wanted. Almost.

“Fuck off.” Dream groaned, glaring back at the overly attractive man.

But Corpse just raised a brow, soon pulling his deck chair up and sitting down before picking up 5 sheets of calculus.

“Is this your homework...it’s already filled out..and there right...” Corpse looked over the answers. Obviously bamboozled as to why he was even failing if he understood.

“Clear off dickhead.” Dream sneered at him, annoyed at how hard he was getting from just auditory and visual stimulation.

‘Fucking ridiculous.’

“Can you at least sit up...” Corpse mumbled, looking at Dream throw his lashes.

He smiled faintly when the blonde finally did sit up, but a pillow covered his lap as he looked down.

“Oh? You seem so shy...” Dream could hear the cockiness in his voice. It pissed him off. It shouldn’t sound that attractive.

“N-No...No.” Dream stammered over the word, but tried to reinforce it anyway.

Corpse chuckled lowly, biting his lip a little when he looked over dreams body, or what he could see from the pillow covering a good bit.

Dream's face heated to a deeper color as he crossed his arms. Acting like an angry child who got his candy taken away.

Corpse began to erase everyone of dreams answers. Once he was done he set them down on the table. Then put a pencil beside them.

"Come do these problems since you already know how." Dream rolled his eyes slowly got up, doing his best to cover his erection. Thank god he was wearing baggy pants.

Dream bent down to the table, and began to work out the problems. Corpse had taken the chair so Dream was forced to bend over.

The brunette on the other hand had his eyes glued to dreams ass.

'Damn...for a guy Dream is fucking thick.'

Corpse slowly scooted closer to Dream, his hands lightly going up the middle of dreams thighs then around.

"C...Corpse what're you doing.." Dream muttered, a shiver racking up his body as he tried to stay focused on the math.

"Nothing much...yet." He let his hands go further up dreams thighs before he stroked dreams dick through his pants. Grinning when he felt how hard it was.

"We're you already hard Dream~?" The brunette teased him, loving the way dream would respond with meek yes's or no's or nods and shakes of his head.

"N-No..." Dream muttered quietly, gripped his pencil as he tried to continue to right. But when he

felt a kiss to his thigh, he almost broke the pencil in half.

“Co-Corpse...” Dream whined, pressing back on him a little.

“Hm...” Corpse grinned and held Dream firmly by the hips. Then slowly bit over one of his cheeks. Grinning whenever he received a squeak.

Dream began to stand up, only be pushed back down and receive a harsh slap on his ass.

“Ah!” He jumped at the slap, looking back shocked.

Corpse met his gaze, narrowing his eyes as he clicked his tongue.

“Stay down...” Dream huffed and rolled his eyes, a little annoyed he didn’t get his way.

Corpse slowly pulled dreams pants down. Placing small kisses all along his thigh up to his lower back.

“Please!” Dream whined, wanting more. More what? He didn’t know. But more.

Corpse gave him another hard slap to the ass. Making Dream jump once more, his legs unconsciously spreading a little.

“Corpse...” Dream cried out a little, loving the feeling of Corpse’s hands rubbing him after the slap.

“What?” The brunette spit on his fingers, waiting for Dream to answer.

“Please..I’ll be good...” Dream looked back, his face clearly desperate. A few slaps to the ass and the blonde had been humbled.

Corpse smiled and slipped two fingers into his hole, his smile turning to a grin whenever Dream let

out a small moan.

“You know Dream...you have a great ass.” Corpse kissed his waist gently, trailing up his waist and back down to his ass.

“I’m stretched...” Dream muttered out. A little bored to the stretch he was receiving.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” Dream sighed, going back to doing the homework that Corpse so rudely erased.

Corpse stopped for a moment tho, looking over the blonde carefully. He noticed how relaxed and a bit bored the blonde was and sighed.

He slowly got up and unzipped his pants. Pulling down his jeans and the boxers down at the same time, his dick flopping out and smacking his stomach.

Corpse groaned quietly, his hand wrapping around his cock before giving it a few jerks.

“You know you didn’t have to erase all of the problems. You could have just given me diffe— AH~!” Dream was cut off by Corpse shoving his entire dick into him at once.

“Fuck your still so tight..” Corpse moaned lowly, grabbing his hips and skipping the ‘letting your bottom adjust’ stage. Already slamming into him.

“Mngh~! W-Wait~!” Dream moaned out, biting into his wrist to keep from moaning to loudly because of his mother.

Corpse raised a brow before snickering. Leaning down and guiding dreams hand to his pencil.

“Focus on your homework slut~” Dream could only moan in response. All reason just about leaving him.

“Y-Your Ah~! To big!” Dream eyes crossed slightly when Corpse fucked into his prostate. Hitting

it almost every time he pushed back in.

“Oh?..but I thought you wanted it~?” Dream couldn’t respond, already getting so damn close.

“Dream...come on answer the problems.” Dream picked up the pencil, his hands shaking pathetically as corpse absolutely made a wreck of him. He sloppily answered one of the problems, letting go of the pencil when corpse reached up and crossed it out. Not even checking to see if it was right or not.

“You got it wrong..I think you need a punishment.” Dream looked back at him slowly, panting, as his eyes were watered over.

Corpse grabbed Dreams hips tightly before fucking the life out of Dream. Shaking the entire table as he continued his rough pace.

“Ah!~ mngh!” Dream could only moan out. Forgetting that his mother was simply existing downstairs.

“Fuck..” Corpse moaned out quietly, reached down and started to jerk Dream off quickly.

“Corpse~!” Dream cried out before letting load out on the table. Corpse following closely, filling Dream up to the brim.

“Hah...Such a good boy..” Corpse panted as he buried his face in the back of dreams neck. Slowly pulling out of Dream.

“...Mn” Dream whined at the over sensitivity. Small tears covering the dried ones that didn’t make it down his face.

“Which drawer has your underwear..” Dream lazily pointed to his dresser. Just about collapsing whenever Corpse let go of him.

The brunette fetched his blondes underwear and slipped it onto him, cleaning him out with a towel first tho.

“You did so good..” Dream only nodded slightly, slowly crawling onto the bed and flopping down. Corpse following him, slipping behind him and wrapping his arms around the blonde.

“You...whatever..” Dream flushed a bit whenever corpse gave him a few kisses to the neck.

“I’m sure you’ll do fine...” corpse grinned, closing his eyes and slowly drifting off with the blonde in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

I’m sorry it took me so long to release some stuff!

Once I clean out my drafts I will start writing requests again, I’m sorry I haven’t been so active!

If you do have a request please comment it because even tho I’m not writing them now, when I am I come back and I will write them with you name in the summary! <3

Cross my heart - Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

This one is kind of sort of based off of a Tiktok- hehe-

Enjoy ;)

-

Updated - 05/27/22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Cross my heart

-

Tw: Dreamnap - Angst - cheating - strong use of insults - fluff - a little bit shorter than usual - smoking -

-

-

“We’re fucking done!” Dream slammed the door behind him, leaving the Texan panicking behind.

The blonde was sobbing as he threw his belongings into his backseat, then getting into the front seat of his truck.

It didn’t take long for the Texan race out of the house, shirtless and barefoot in the 20 degree weather.

“Dream please don’t do this!” Sapnap yelled, trying to reach for the front door but Dream was already pulling out.

“Oh and one last thing.” Dream glared, flipping him off and began laying on the horn, neighbors soon waking up and complaining.

“No- shit- Dream! Don’t go please I’m sorry!” The blonde was gone. Leaving Sapnap to quickly get dressed and struggle with getting past the angry mob of neighbors.

[10 hours later]

Dream was on the road to the U.K. He had been driving for a while now and was about to just call it a quits. He didn’t know what to do, or even where to go. He thought of George and booked it.

Basically crying the entire way.

But right now he was driving, eyes watery as he cursed Sapnap out. That is until he received a phone call.

“Who the hell is calling me?!” Dream yelled at the phone, it had no ID.

Dream scoffed and answered, sniffing threw this tears as he sped up, swerving a bit.

“Who the fuck is this?” Dream spoke sharply, but his voice cracked half way threw.

“Hey Dream...” Dream nearly wrecked when he heard the voice on the other line. It was painfully familiar. It was none other than Sapnap.

“What the hell do you want?” Dream yelled into the phone, speeding up, as he let out a small whimper.

“For your to drive safer...If you keep swerving like that you’ll crash.” Dream shut up at that.

How could he see Dream?

“Wh-Wha?” Dream looked in his rear view mirror, only to see a tired, depressed looking Texan smiling slightly behind him.

Dream’s eyes fluttered a little. A little bit of happiness filling his chest, but once again being consumed by rage.

The blonde saw a rest stop and pulled in, slamming the door, locking it and walking inside. Buying a drink, some snacks and cigarettes. It was an awful habit that he quit while he was with Sapnap. But they were broken up now so, who was gonna stop him.

He ignored Sapnap, who pulled into the parking spot beside him. He focused on putting the gas into the truck and lighting the cigarette. Immediately relaxing as the nicotine kicked in.

He leaned on the car as he whipped his red eyes. Sniffing again at the cold before looking into the night sky.

“Dream...” Sapnap stood beside Dream, cringing as the smoke left his lips as he breathed out.

“Why did you follow me..” Sapnap furrowed his brows, shivering a bit at the cold.

“Because I lov-“

“Don’t fucking finish that bull shit sentence.” Dream side glared at Sapnap, his eyes narrowing.

“You loved me so much you decided to cheat on me. Twice.” Dream took another puff at the cigarette, holding in the smoke and breathing it out slowly.

“...I’m sorry Dream. I have no excuse for what I did..they were just so tempting...” Sapnap frowned, trying to explain himself. But there wasn’t a good explanation. He cheated. Point blank cheated.

“Your weaker than I thought then.” Dream sneered at him, soon finishing his cigarette and going to light another.

“Where you headed...” Sapnap sighed, looking at the blonde’s puffy eyes. Guilt imbedding itself into Sapnap’s heart.

“UK...maybe George will love me more than you.” Dream shrugged, his brow quirking lazily.

“Please don’t leave me Dream...I’ll get my act together. I’ll be a better boyfriend, i won’t cheat on you ever again...Please Dream.. I couldn’t live without you..” Dream rolled his eyes. His own heart chiming with pain.

“There are thousands, scratch that. MILLIONS of people in this world that are fucking drop dead gorgeous. And your most likely gonna run into one of ‘em and who’s to say that you won’t Fuckin’ cheat on me again?!”, Dream exhaled, smoke leaving his mouth and nose.

“And besides, you lived perfectly fine with the whore you slept with.” Sapnap felt himself getting desperate. He really did love the blonde.

Sapnap held dream’s hand, looking into his eyes pleadingly.

“Please...” Dream held eye contact with him. Those green orbs never faltering once.

“Do you regret it?” Dream finally looked away, lifting the cigarette to his lips and taking in the smoke that calmed his nerves oh so well.

“So much...I wish I could turn back time...” Sapnap shook his head, his leg bouncing up and down anxiously.

“...What would you do differently if I went back with you..”

“I would love you like my life depended on it. I would treat you better than I ever did before...I never realized how good I had it until now..let me treat you right...” Sapnap walked in front of him, gently grabbing his hand and holding it to his lips, holding that desperate but confident eye contact.

“...if I find out that your lying to me then I will move to another country and block you out of my life entirely.” Dream looked up at the sky, debating on whether to go or stay.

Which would be better?

“Please Dream...here.” Sapnap pulled out his phone and unlocked it, giving it to Dream.

“Go through it, delete and block anything that looks suspicious.” Sapnap crossed his arms and leaned on the car, his head resting on his hood. He couldn’t help but yawn, it was cold and late.

“...” Dream went through everything.

His messages.

His Instagram DM’s

His Tiktok DM’s

His Twitter

His Reddit

His Facebook

His twitch

His YouTube

His camera role

His discord

His messenger

Everything

It took an hour for Dream to finish. He deleted three contacts.

1. The bitch he was with, his name was James, ugly bitch really.

2. Turned off all of his Instagram notifications. To many simps.
3. And dreams old contact information. Had his old number and everything.

“There...” Dream slowly handed his phone back. And what surprised him the most was the fact that Sapnap didn’t even see what Dream did, he just slipped into his pants pocket.

“I only want you.”

Dream turned towards him completely, his eyes watering over a little as his face heated.

‘Does he really only want me?’

Sapnap smiled at him slightly before gently wrapping his arms around the blondes waist. Pulling him close and holding him tight.

“Cross my heart and hope to die...I will never wrong you again.” Dream sniffled and nodded. Closing the gap between them and kissing him softly. Soon the kiss deepened, it wasn’t floppy or fast or dangerously horny. No it was beautiful.

Full of meaning and forgiveness.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

It’s different than the usual smut!

I needed some angst and fluff practice so I thought this would be a good idea!

And as always if you have any recommendations please comment down below!

Have an amazing second, minuet, hour, day, week, and year! <3

Insecurities - SamxDream

Chapter Summary

Requested by Gumio4

I thought this was a cool chapter to write!

I hope you like it to! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Insecurities..

-

Tw: SamxDream - White/long haired Dream - Short/insecure Dre - belly inflation - choking - Masochist Dream - Sadistic Sam - Sam has a really long tongue and-... - Master and pet kink? - Fluff - Smut - bit of angst -

-

Sam: 6'8

Dream: 5'9

-

-

“Dream it’s time for showers.” The warden yelled out at the sleeping prisoner. Not having time for his bs.

“Mm...” Dream whined and slowly sat up. His hair was messy and barely reached his shoulders because of a certain knot.

“Can I have a hair tie...” Dream slowly got off the wooden slabs he made his bed. Walked over to Sam and stood in front of him. He had to look up tho, it always pissed him off by the height difference.

“Here.” Sam always had one in case he needed one. He knew how hot it got in his cell and with his long white hair all over it was probably excruciating.

Sam will beat the shit out of him and verbally abuse him but will not let him sit there with sweaty skin and hair. <3

Dream took the tie from Sam and slipped his hair up into a pony tail, having to shake some of it off of his hand.

“Sam please let me cut it- and re-dye it.” Dream muttered, still getting some of the hair off of his

sweaty arms.

“No. I like it long and you don’t like it so it’s perfect.” Dream glared at him threw his mask before crossing his arms.

“Now let’s get you into the shower.” Sam pushed Dream towards the door. Ignoring his little grumbled and whines.

But they eventually made it. It was a slow grueling process. And this time Sam couldn’t leave Dream alone because last time he let Dream shower by himself the man tried to kill himself.

“Strip.” Dream could only look at Sam. Clearly embarrassed.

“I-“ Sam glared down at him, about to pull out his axe.

Dream visibly flinched and quickly began to remove the faded orange jumper.

But he stopped half way down, anxiety filling him to the brim. He would rather take a beat down than have to show himself...it was a horrible feeling.

“Dream.” Sam let the axe’s point fall to the ground with a thud. He held the handle tightly as he watched Dream get more and more nervous.

“...” Dream let the clothe fall. There wasn’t anything wrong with Dream, he just had a really big birthmark on his left upper thigh, with a deeper scar that went threw it.

Sam felt a small amount of guilt pang through him. He didn’t mean to make him so insecure... and Dream had no reason to be..he’s beautiful.

“Dream...” Sam put his axe away. Tilting his head at the shorter.

“I’ll start showering.” Dream muttered. Trying to cover himself best he could.

“Wait.” Sam was denied.

Dream walked past him and grabbed the scrub, having to get up on his tip toes.

Sam glared at Dreams back, only before behind him and placing to arms on each side. Blocking his path.

“...Let me shower, your the one that wanted me to.” Dream didn’t turn around to face Sam. He just looked at the sponge in his hands and fidgeted with it.

Sam slowly removed his hands from the wall and lightly traced dreams hips.

“S-Sam..” Dream looked back up at him through his mask. But then looked back quickly.

“Dream...let me see your face.” That got the blondes attention real quick.

His head shot back so fast that he might as well have gotten whip lash.

“What?! No!” Dream scoffed and pushed past Sam, shaking his head and waving the warden off.

“You must be off your damn rocker if you think I’m gonna let you see my fucking face when I haven’t even shown puffy.” Dream continued with his complaining until he made it to the water.

“Wait but the water..” Dream muttered. Thinking about it the possibilities of the water ruining his mask.

“...” Sam didn’t say anything. He just crossed his arms and grinned as he watched Dream debate on what he needed to do.

Dream made sure he was turned away from Sam before he slowly stripped off his mask. Tossing it on his clothes.

Dream got on his tip toes once more and turned on the water. Gasping at the cold but sighed when it warmed. Soon starting to bath himself.

Sam watched him closely, his eyes narrowing whenever he bent down to wash his legs.

Dream only looked back once and a while, never completely turning around as he tried to not panic.

The blonde hated washing his body in front of anyone. Especially now. Since he hasn’t been out of the prison in a while and isn’t active anymore, all of his muscles have kind of disappeared. His stomach was still a little toned, and he had a great hour glass figure. But his thighs had been replaced with a bit of fat.

He had never liked his body before even if he was packed with muscle.

“...Can you pass me the shampoo..” Dream muttered. Last time he asked he got in trouble, it was quackity who in charge that time around. But when he asked he got beaten down, maybe this time would be different?

When Dream heard footsteps, he had half the mind to turn around but didn’t have to wait for long. Because soon Sam was pouring the shampoo on his head. Once he was done he threw the bottle and began to strip down completely.

Once he was left in nothing, he pulled Dream by his hips flush against his chest. Then began to work the shampoo into his long white hair.

“Sam..What.. What are you doing?” Dream looked in the corner of his eye to see Sam grin a little. The blonde as already embarrassed as it is, this was just humiliating.

“I-I can do it.” Dream’s eyes narrowed when he didnt get a response. He began to get frustrated. He let out a huff before turning around and lightly smacking his hand away. But then the realization hit him.

He just revealed himself to Sam.

Sam looked at Dream with slightly wide eyes. He looked surprised, that was all Dream could read off of him.

“Just...just let me do it.” Dream turned around and tried to calm down but he already felt the tears build up in his eyes. And the burn in his throat from holding it back was becoming to much.

‘Oh god..’

Dream whimpered quietly, small tears falling down his cheeks mixing with the water from the shower. He sniffled, trying to be discreet.

“Dream?” Sam frowned and slowly turned Dream around. Once again, shocked that he saw Dream cry. He made the infamous DreamWasTaken, the Smp leader, destroyer of L’Manburg, strongest man on the server cry.

And the weirdest thing to Sam was, he felt bad.

“Why’re you crying..” Sam tilted Dream’s chin up with his finger, his other arm wrapping around the blonde’s waist.

“I’m not.” Dream’s voice was a little shaky as he tried to convince the warden. It wasn’t very believable.

Sam leaned down and rested his forehead on Dream’s, their lips brushing together slightly.

“You’re not..?” Dream gulped, his Adam’s apple moving with it.

“N..No.” It was over just as it started. Dream’s brave and untouchable facade was breaking. His wall had been shattered.

Sam slowly licked and kissed Dream’s cheeks, and stopped beside his lips.

“Hm...should I fix that?” Sam grinned, pulling him flush against his own front.

“Sam! You’re the warden what’re you do—...Mm..” Sam had closed the gap between them. Shutting Dream up quickly as he pressed his lips against the blonde’s surprisingly soft lips.

Dream’s eyes fluttered slightly, the initial shock turning to horny. A great feeling really.

Sam removed his hand from Dream’s chin and moved it to his hip. Grinding against Dream a little.

It wasn’t fair for Dream, he’s been out of practice and hasn’t gotten any...sexual attention in a while. And Sam was a great kisser.

‘Fuck I’m already hard..’

Dream cursed himself mentally, his brows tilting upward whenever Sam rubbed against his own erection.

The blonde pulled away, his hands resting on Sam’s well built stomach, keeping so distance, or well..as much as he could.

“Wait..” Sam’s brows furrowed as he looked down at Dream.

“Yes?” Sam grumbled quietly, clearing upset he had to pull away from the blonde.

“You’re..You’re too tall.” Dream looked down and fiddled with his fingers. The shampoo was already washed out of his hair and was long down the drain.

Sam raised a brow before catching. He chuckled and let his hands slip behind Dream’s thighs. Soon lifting him with ease.

“Sam!” Dream yelped at the sudden lift. He wasn’t used to being picked up so effortlessly, it was kind of scary.

“You said I was too tall...now you don’t have anymore reasons.” Sam grinned pushed him against the wall, the water now completely soaking the both of them.

Dream tightly wrapped his legs around Sam's torso and his arms around his neck. Scared of falling.

Sam pulled a hand away and rested his forearm against the wall, his hand pushing dreams bangs out of his face.

"..whatever just kiss me." Dream rolled his eyes, closing the gap between them quickly. Pressing his lips against Sam's roughly, wanting more contact.

Sam grinned and kissed back, deepening it quickly.

The kisses were rough and fast. But soon Dream had to pull away for air. He was only able to get a quick gasp on before getting the breath kissed out of him once more. This time around Sam had a managed to slip his tongue through Dreams lips.

Now, one thing about Sam, one very important thing. Sam had a very long tongue. Which went half way down Dreams throat.

"Mm!" Dreams eyes widened when he felt the muscle slip so far. His face went beet red and his eyes widened. Only to be locked with Sam's as he took complete control of the blonde.

But soon after he had slipped in, he slipped out, grinning at Dream as he watch him cough slightly.

"If you can't handle my tongue...how do you think you can handle my cock?" Sam whispered into Dreams ear.

That's right. Dream hadn't even looked at Sam's body. Only his face.

But finally Dream looked down, and oh Sam was right. He was big. And big was an understatement.

"I..." Dream closed his mouth. He was actually speechless. He could only stare at it, and probably stared for way to long.

"What's wrong Dream~? scared?" Dream shot back up at him and glared. His eyes narrowed.

"No." Dream hopped down from Sam, pushing him down to the ground before straddling his lap.

"I can take it." Dream put one hand on Sam's shoulder and slipped two fingers into his own ass. Biting his lip at the sudden intrusion he made.

"Just like that Hm?" Sam chuckled at his eagerness once more.

"Mmmhm.." Dream moaned out slightly whenever he pushed against his own prostate.

Sam's eyes narrowed at his glared at Dream. He was allowed to stretch himself but he wasn't allowed to get off on it. He was only allowed to cum when Sam did it.

"Ah." Sam brought his hand down harshly on his thigh. Making Dream jump and moan slightly at the sting of it.

"Fingers out now." Sam barked out his command. Glaring at Dream the whole way through.

"But-" Sam smacked his thigh against but harder, leaving a red handprint.

"Now." This time Dream did as he was asked, flushing over the spectrum of red whenever Sam rubbed his thigh then squeezed.

With Sam's free hand, he slipped three fingers into Dreams ass, spreading him out quickly.

"Mm~!" Dream moaned out at the roughness, both of his hands on Sam's shoulders for support.

"You really thought I was gonna let you get off just like that?" Sam pushed down on Dreams prostate harshly, messaging it roughly.

"Mngh~! S-Sam!" Dream's mouth fell open as the aggressive waves of pleasure washed over him, making his thighs shake.

"What is it? You like being roughed up? Is that it?" Sam wrapped his fingers around Dreams neck, squeezing slowly, restricting this air flow little by little. All while finger fucking his prostate.

"S-Sam~!" Dream was close already. Who knew he was such a kinky slut?

Sam pulled his fingers out just as Dream's dick twitched, taking away all of the pleasure, including his hand.

"No!" Dream whined, trying to reach back but only received a hard slap to his ass.

"Ah!" Dream yelped once more. Jumping a bit as the water washed over them.

But Sam reached up and turned it off, sitting back down but not letting Dream back on his lap.

"Face down ass up. Now." Sam's voice was demanding, filled with a certain sadistic pleasure. Which was only fueled when Dream did as he was told. His head resting in his arms as his thighs were spread and his ass in the air.

Sam grinned and ran his hands up Dreams thighs. Soon spreading his cheeks and biting at his rims.

"S-Sam what the hell- Hngh~!" Sam had slipped his tongue far past Dreams rims. Affectively eating him out.

His tongue managed to prod at his prostate. Reducing Dream to an absolute hot and bothered mess as the warden continued to pleasure him.

"Sa- Ah~!" Sam brought his hand down onto Dreams thigh harshly. Leaving another red hand print on his ass.

"Y-Your tongue~! Fuck!" Dream felt himself get painfully close. And closer...

Closer.

...

Closer.

...

Closer

...

Closer...!

...

And...

Sam pulled out, leaving Dream panting and whining for more contact.

“No! No please not again!” Dream hit his head on his own arm out of frustration.

“I think you should stretched enough...” Sam licked his lips, grinning when he noticed dreams state.

Sam sat back on the wall, clicking his tongue like you would a dog. And to Sam’s surprise, Dream crawled towards him and sat on his lap. His eyes were watery and frustrated, his cheeks a deep red and his body still soaked.

“Awe~ Am I being mean?” Dream nodded his head, letting his forehead plop down into Sam’s neck.

“Please...don’t tease me it hurts..I need you....” Dream whispered into his ear, desperation dowsing his words.

“...fuck.” Sam flushed a bright red as Dream bit his ear gently.

‘Oh the things you do to me...’

Sam held Dreams hips gently, deciding he teased him enough.

“I’m gonna put it in ok?” Dream nodded his head, wrapping his arms around Sam’s neck and lifting his hips.

Sam lined his dick up with Dreams ass and slowly slipped the tip in, then a few more inches and stopped.

Dream was already out of breath from Sam slipping not even half of his dick inside.

“Wh-Why..Ha~..Are you so big?” Dream whimpered a little when more slipped in.

“Half creeper...remember..all hybrids have..Fuck your tight~ ...we all have bigger dicks that regular humans..” Dream scoffed at that but regretted it almost immediately when Sam pushed him down half way, making Dream already feel full.

“Ah~! S-Sam!” Dream cried out, Dreams hips and thighs shaking with every inch he took in.

“You can do it...” Sam began to inch Dream down until he was balls deep.

The blonde literally had a bulge in his stomach.

“Mm...” Dream whimpered at the big stretch. Crying out whenever Sam so much as twitched.

But Sam was patient with the blonde and let him sit there for a good five minuets, loosening up and waiting for the okay.

“M-move..” Dream mumbled out, his eyes glued to the bulge in his belly.

Sam slowly began to guide dreams hips on his dick. Picking him up and dropping him down, and every time he dropped him down he would go faster and faster.

“Mngh~! Ah~!” Dream was loud. And that was an understatement. But the good thing was, Sam loved it.

“Fuck Dream...” Sam slipped his hands under Dreams thighs and began to literally pound into him.

“Mngh~! Hng!~” The entire shower room was filled with Dreams moans and the lewd slapping of skin which one got louder as Sam went harder.

Dream soon got close again. All it took was a particularly harsh thrust to push him over the edge.

Soon white ribbons of the sticky white substance coated his and Sam’s chest.

But it wasn’t over. No. Sam hadn’t finish.

“Oh fuck fuck fuck~! Hngh~!” Dream’s jaw hung open as he screamed out his sounds of pleasure as he was fucked past overstimulation.

“M close!” Sam groaned as he fucked into the blonde a few more times before finally releasing his load inside of him.

Panting and watching as dreams stomach expanded slightly with the large load Sam produced.

“Mm..” Dream whimpered a little as Sam pulled out, his cum following his cock and spilling out.

“Such a good boy...” Sam kissed Dreams chest and neck. Soon licking over his collar bone and sucking down, leaving a red and purple mark.

After they came down from there euphoric high, Sam picked Dream up and cleaned him out before dressing him again. But this time around, slipped his own hoodie on Dream, even if it was four sizes to big.

Then after he was changed he took the blonde to his own room that was close to dreams cell and locked the door. Laying Dream down onto his actual bed, that had a mattress, nice blankets and nice pillows.

Dream quickly snuggled into them and then whenever Sam got in the bed molded into him.

From that day in the warden and the prisoner’s relationship changed...

For better?

Yes.

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you enjoyed this chapter and that it was to the appeal of the requester!

As always, if you do have a request please comment and I will get to writing it! <3

Forced ACTIVITY

You guys don't comment as much as you used to.. I know i fucked up deleting the book but don't leave me high and dry now.

So.

As my way of trying to get you to be involved with this book I shall give you a choice. I'm not going to release any more chapters unless I get 4 or more comments voting on either of these options. this is the life or death of this book.

1. Dnf - High school heart break
2. Dreambur - lust, insanity, love.

Gotta choose.

Ahaha love you guys <3

Lust, Insanity, love - Dreambur

Chapter Summary

THANK YOU FOR BEING INTERACTIVE AND ACTUALLY COMMENTING!
Yes! This is awesome! So around 2 of you voted for this one and in all honesty I was gonna post then all anyway just wanted to give you guys an option of which came first! <3

Thank you for the attention! I missed it!

Believe it or not you guys had neglected me :')

Anyway!

Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lust, Insanity, Love

-

Tw: Dreambur - Some Dreamnotnap - grinding - Use of Quackity slander - alcohol - drunk sex - pleasure dom wilbur - power bottom dream - smut - fluff - a tiny bit of angst? Idk. -

(I don't hate Quackity at all I Stan him all the way and I love him I just needed to use him for the plot— <3)

-

-

Lust, Insanity, love.

-

“Where are you going?” A certain 16 year old questioned his brother. Following him closely

behind.

“Out...maybe go to get a drink or somethin’...you know that knew bar Q opened up next to your hotel?” Wilbur stuffed his hands in his pockets, leaving the minor to wait around in his lonesome.

Wilbur began his walk past the prime path and straight to the hotel, then from there followed the nether brick road that led to the bar.

“It’s a bit interesting to have a bar in L’Manburg...Usually you’d have to server hop yea?” Wilbur began his conversation to himself. A manic grin slipping onto his face when he thought about the possibility of bombing Quackity’s new business. They weren’t on the best of terms currently...

“It would be fun to see the look on his face as I burned his little building down...” Wilbur quieted down as he stood in the darkness of the street corner. Watching as Dream, Sapnap, and George walked in.

Soon to be greeted by Quackity’s booming voice.

But Wilbur wasn’t concerned about that..His eyes were trained on what Dream wearing.

The blonde had high waisted form fitting ripped jeans, his black sleeveless turtle neck shirt that was also very form fitting and had a thigh window. It was his manhunt outfit and it was the first time he didn’t wear a hoodie.

He had nicely toned biceps and you could see the outline of abs on his stomach. Only thing was he was wearing his mask. Unfortunate.

But Wilbur now had a reason to be excited to enter the bar...An exciting reason.

The Brit began to walk into the building, raising his chin and side glaring at Quackity as he sat down at the bar. Fundy was the bartender.

“Can I just have one miller lite..” Wilbur slipped the money to Fundy, his only interest really was on the blonde. Who was currently downing a large shot of straight Irish whiskey.

He slammed the glass down and gasped a little. A large grin gracing his pretty pink lips.

“Ayeeee!” Sapnap hyped him up, soon following in his footsteps. Also slamming the glass down and coughing a little. He wasn’t a light weight but he wasn’t used to the bitterness like Dream was. But the other thing is that Dream was a light weight. And he loved to drink but never did because he usually ended up doing something dumb.

George’s turn.

“Guys...” George groaned, looking at the glass and gulping slightly.

“I just turned 21...give me a break..” George whined. But was soon quieted by Dream slowly snaking his hands down his chest from behind him.

“Come on Georgie~ You can do it right baby~?” George’s eyes widened, his face a deep red as he gasped whenever he felt Dream move his hands around.

Yeah, Dream and Sapnap always fucked around and were basic fuck buddies. Sapnap was a little more protective but not bad, it was only bad when he drunk. But the three of them agreed that when George was 21 he could join in.

Dream walked to the front of George, climbed on top of him and sat on his lap. Now George was completely embarrassed.

“D-Dream!” Dream chuckled and grabbed the glass, handing it to George before leaning his head back onto George’s shoulder, kissing his neck.

“Be a good boy and I’ll give you a reward~” George now was very motivated to get his reward. He quickly downed the glass, only to cough harshly after and make a sour face.

Dream wheezed out and Sapnap joined him. Both enjoying George’s reaction to the whiskey.

After, music began to play, the beat giving Dream an idea.

“Ready for your reward pretty boy?” George nodded eagerly, but whined when Dream got off of his lap.

“Come on..” He grabbed George and went to the small dance floor.

The blonde got in front of George and gently guided the Brit’s hands to his waist, then rested his head back on his chest.

“Just go with the music don’t be so stiff~” Dream chuckled and began swaying with George, then when George finally got into it, he began grinding into Dream.

Dream grinned and tilted his head back, his arms lifting and contorting to rest behind George’s head.

George’s eyes were trained on Dreams lips, he couldn’t see his eyes tho. The mask covered his nose and above which was sad but okay.

George began to get more and more into it, his hands began to roam dreams body, getting smoother with his moves.

Sapnap was still at the table, a rather devilish smirk on his face as he watched the two dance to the music. Listen he loved to fuck Dream, but watching him show George what to do was also hot. He loved a powerful bottom.

But, he soon got tired of watching and downed the rest of his drink before going to the two of them. Taking his position in front of Dream and grabbing his hips, squeezing and releasing.

Dream looked at him, and quirked an eyebrow up. Taking an arm away from George and placing his on his shoulder.

Sapnap was already experienced in this kind of thing, which was good because it helped George because he had a reference of what to do now.

“What’s wrong Sappy~? Got bored with watching..?” Dream teased the Texan, but was shut up when he a certain harsh grind against his cock was made.

He glared at Sapnap but scoffed and grinned. Letting the two move with him.

This continued for a while, but soon the song changed. (Jalebi baby) and Dream ended up getting pulled away from the two.

He spun to a stop when he was face into someone’s chest. The blonde felt two large hands on his waist and lower back.

“Mind if I have this dance~?” Dream looked up quickly, his face flushing a bit when he noticed it was Wilbur. But he regained himself and grinned, letting the Brit slot his knee between his thighs and Dream the same the both of them now rocking the hips to the beat.

“You came out of know where hm?” Dream quirked an eyebrow, his arms wrapping Wilbur’s neck.

“What can I say..You looked irresistible~” Dream chuckled and switched sides, his back now to Wilbur, as he rocked his hips against Wilbur. The brunette grabbed Dreams waist and rested his head into the blondes neck.

“Fuck your hot..” Wilbur groaned, his brows furrowing as he rubbed his tent against Dreams ass.

“Your that hard off of me~?” Wilbur could only nod his head at the blonde.

But alas, there dance came to end when Dream was yanked away by George and Sapnap. A very possessive and upset Texan along with a jealous Brit held Dream.

“Oh?” Wilbur glared at them, his face twisting into a threatening grin.

Dream rolled his eyes but gasped when he was yanked back, this time having to grab onto Wilbur

for stability.

Once the blonde recovered from the dizziness he looked over at Sapnap and George before grinning.

“Awe come on Sappy~ I’m sure you and George can have fun without me!” Dream teased the two dangerously. George shook his head and Sapnap growled lowly. Clearly pissed off.

“No.” Sapnap declared. His voice harsh.

“I’ll bend over for you both some other time..Let me have some fun~!” Dream chuckled through his drunken state, clearly not in his usual calculative state.

But before Sapnap or George could argue, Dream dragged Wilbur out of the bar, taking him to his base.

The walk was silent but the tension was thick. And in all honesty Wilbur would have probably been okay with fucking Dream in the woods if it wasn’t for Dreams aggressive walking and dragging.

But once they made it to dreams base, Wilbur could no longer wait. And about three steps inside, Dreams was roughly pinned against the wall, his lips being capture by Wilbur’s immediately.

But it didn’t bother Dream, because he was twice as eager as Wilbur. He kissed back roughly, deepening the fast and sloppy kiss.

They soon began to rip each other’s clothes off. And when they were, they weren’t together in a flash, there lips reuniting quickly.

But only after a few moments, Dream had to pull away for air. And in that small break and took off his mask carelessly. Discarding it to the ground and reaching up for Wilbur once more. But whined when he didn’t receive anything.

The brunette looked at Dream with wide eyes. Pure shock running threw him. He was literally

stunned, he got to see dream's face.

Dream's face in itself was stunning. He had beautiful bright olive eyes, long eyelashes, perfectly built brows, a great jawline and bone structure. The only imperfection was a few scars but it only made him more sexy and dangerous.

Wilbur was pulled out of his trance when Dream whimpered and rested his face in the Brit's bare chest.

"Fuck.." Wilbur was now beet red as he began to actually see Dream. And Dream was beautiful, so much better than anything he ever thought it was going to be.

"Wil..If you don't fuck me I will tie you down and fuck myself with your dick." Dream slowly began to jerk Wilbur off, addicted to just looking at the size.

Wilbur grinned and picked Dream up, tossing his naked body over his shoulder.

"Wilbur!" Dream pathetically punched his back and kicked around. Acting like a brat as he continued his tantrum, that is until he was thrown onto his bed.

"You gonna learn some manners~" Wilbur grinned and crawled on top of Dream's laid out body.

"Oh yeah? And how I bet you could- Ah!" Wilbur gave Dream a harsh slap on his thigh, making Dream shut his mouth immediately.

"Prep or no prep love?" Wilbur lifted Dream's thigh squeezing the fat and releasing. Loving the way Dream shivered under his touch.

"No prep.." Wilbur nodded and spit on his hand, running the saliva up and down his cock before lining it up to Dream's ass.

"Ready?" Wilbur tilted his head at the blonde. He had an idea that Dream used the traffic colors. If the blonde said red he would stop, if he said yellow he would slow down, if he said green he would keep going. Simple as that.

“Ye— Mngh~! B-Big!” Wilbur didn’t even let him finish the word before thrusting his entire dick into his ass. Dream took him in nicely, but it was still a stretch, but a good one.

“Color..?” Wilbur panted a little, feeling like his dick was gonna melt inside of Dream’s ass. Fuck it was good.

“Green! Oh god please~!” Wilbur wasted no time and began to slam into Dream. Pulling out half way only to push back in. Now his goal was to find out where his prostate was.

One very important thing about Wilbur. He loved to pleasure his subs.

It only took Wilbur around 3 minutes to find the spot inside of Dream.

“Ah~! FUCK~! There please!” Dream wrapped his arms around Wilbur, his nails digging into his back as he let out those beautiful sounds.

Wilbur’s brows furrowed as Dream tightened around him. He was getting closer.

The Brit leaned down and began licking over Dream’s chest. Soon sucking on the sensitive buds, only releasing them when Dream cried out.

Wilbur delivered a few more harsh thrusts to Dream’s prostate before watching as the blonde came on his own chest. His eyes watery, cheeks a deep red, saliva running down his chin and his hair disheveled.

Wilbur took so many mental pictures.

Dream was about to open his mouth to say some kind of snarky comment but Wilbur began thrusting into him again. Going faster than before.

“Mngh~! W-Wil!~” Dream moaned out, surprised that Wilbur was still fucking him. He wasn’t used to this treatment.

Wilbur groaned as he felt himself get close as he fasted the pace. Death gripping dreams thighs as he pounded into the blonde.

“Fuck ‘m close...ha~..” Dream cupped Wilbur’s cheeks, still a moaning mess as he pulled Wilbur down and locked there lips. Moaning into the kiss as he felt himself being filled.

Wilbur soon pulled away and panted, trying to regain his breath. Once he did, he grinned and watched as dreams face contorted to that of embarrassed.

Dream could feel Wilbur get hard again inside of him. Just the feeling made his own dick come to life.

“Wha- Y-Your an idiot!” Dream scoffed and looked away. Trying to take away the attention from how embarrassed he was that Wilbur got that hard off of just fucking him.

“I’m not done yet Dream~” Wilbur grabbed Dreams thighs again before pulling out to the tip and dropping back down into Dream. Making the blonde and the bed shake with the roughness. It didn’t help that Wilbur was also abusing his prostate as well.

“Oh- Ah~! Oh my god~! Fuck!” Dream grabbed onto Wilbur for dear life as Wilbur continued to fuck it out of him. His plan was to reduce Dream to that of a moaning hot mess.

The bed creaked and shook aggressively along with the harsh jabs Wilbur made at Dreams prostate.

Once again, white ribbons of the blondes cum painted Wilbur’s and his chests. And once again he was fucked through his orgasm, pushed into overstimulation.

Wilbur continued to fuck Dream into oblivion as he leaned down and bit into his neck, licking and sucking over it. He was determined to leave marks everywhere on the blondes body.

It didn’t take long for Wilbur to cum for a second time inside of Dream, once more beginning to fuck into Dream.

“R-Red~!” Dream moaned out, grabbing the sheets beneath him. He was relieved when Wilbur pulled out immediately, he could finally catch his breath.

Wilbur let Dream calm down and rest his head on a pillow.

But as Dream relaxed, Wilbur went and grabbed a wipe. Bringing it back and cleaning Dream out, then changed him.

“You were such a good boy..” Wilbur praised him as he laid down beside Dream, wrapping his arms around his waist and tucking his face into his neck.

“Mm...” Dream sighed in content. Quickly slipping into a relaxed slumber.

But Wilbur didn’t sleep. He just took everything in. The entire time thinking of ways to make Dream love him. Because in the short time he’s actually been with Dream, he’s found the blonde addicting. And has quickly picked up a brand new obsession.

-

In the morning, Dream woke up to yelling. It sounded like country man was fighting with a familiar British voice.

Dream groaned and rolled out of, limping to the closet and slipping on Wilbur’s shirt he left on the ground and then his mask. Not giving a flying fuck that he showed his face to Wilbur.

The blonde walked, or limped outside, his mask slipping outside before he could even say anything. Dream just huffed and limped over to the Sapnap.

“Why are you yelling this early..” Dreams voice was hoarse from all the moaning he did last night.

Wilbur noticed Dream was wearing his shirt, which made him smile at the blonde.

“Why don’t you have your mask on?!” Sarnap quickly grabbed it and gave it to Dream, who only grabbed onto Sarnap’s shirt lightly and let his face fall into his neck.

“...’m tired..” Dream groaned, his eyes closing as he got comfortable and began to slip into slumber standing up.

“Wilbur go home! He just had a one night stand with you so fuck off!” Sarnap glared at Wilbur.

But Wilbur was not having it.

He quickly yanked Dream away and held him closely, before pulling out an axe and glaring at Sarnap. Who was not wearing any armor or had a weapon on him.

Sarnap’s eyes widened as he looked at the weapon then back at Dream then at Wilbur.

He didn’t want to leave Dream with Wilbur but he couldn’t get Dream away from him like this.

Sarnap stormed off, grumbling and being pissy.

Wilbur on the other hand was very happy that he won that little dispute and put the axe away. Taking Dream inside and putting him back to bed.

But before the brunette could leave, he felt a hand grab out onto his wrist loosely.

“Don’t leave..” Dream groaned out. His eyes fluttering open as he sat up.

“Dream are you su-“ Dream cut Wilbur off by yanking him onto the bed and crawling on top of him. He buried his head in Wilbur’s chest and took in his comforting smell.

Wilbur chuckled and began running his fingers through Dream’s hair.

“You...It doesn’t have to be a one night stand...” Dream was red up to his ears in embarrassment. And when Wilbur didn’t answer, he rolled off of him and hid himself under the covers completely.

Wilbur snickered and turned over facing Dream. He wrapped his arms around him and managed to find his waist. His arms then quickly shaking around his waist and bringing him close to his chest.

Dream squeaked at a certain harsh squeeze and popped his head out.

“Hey- don’t squeeze me s—...”Wilbur rested his forehead on Dreams, rubbing noses slightly.

“If you want it to be more than what was last night...than it shall be more.” Dream smiled a little but then his thoughts wavered when he thought about Sapnap and George.

“Fuck...I promised George I would sleep with him.” Dream pulled away from Wilbur and sat up.

Wilbur scoffed and laid his head in dreams lap. Pulling up his shirt and hiding his face in it.

“Would you be okay with me fu- Ow! Wilbur don’t bite me!” Dream pulled Wilbur out of his shirt and rubbed the places where Wilbur bit.

“No.” Wilbur yanked Dream down by the legs and pinned his hands above his head as he glared down at him.

“Your mine.” Dream flushed a bright red and scanned Wilbur’s eyes quickly.

“How do you even know if you want me if you’ve only fought, traded, and fucked with me.” Wilbur rolled his eyes but slid his hands up dreams wrists and intertwined there fingers.

“I want you and only dream.” It was Dreams turn to roll his eyes.

“What about you and Quackity. I know you two aren’t on the bes-...Mm.” Wilbur had cut the blonde off with a kiss. Dream took a moment but began to kiss him back. The doubt he had moving the back of his mind.

But unfortunate to Dream, Wilbur pulled away and looked at Dream's face. Looking and taking in every damn detail.

"Me and Quackity... We thought it would work. It didn't. And now I hate the man." Dream slowly nodded and when Wilbur pulled his hands away from Dream's wrists, Dream lightly held Wilbur's waist, pulling him closer.

"So what does this mean... I don't want you to regret it in the future. You might hate me tomorrow! Or--"

"Dream. Have some faith in me please love..." Wilbur shook his head with a smile and laid down beside Dream, wrapping arms around him and pulled him close.

"Promise?" Wilbur held out his pinky, soon connecting it with Dream's.

"Promise." Dream smiled and finally relaxed into the bed.

"Oh and by the way... If I find out you have your dick in anyone but me I'll cut it off and send it to Philza." Wilbur tensed for a second but nervously chuckled.

'Scary.'

"A-Alright I will not cheat on you my love." Dream smiled and turned in his arms now facing him.

"Good." Dream's eyes looked down from Wilbur's and focused on his lips. The green orbs crossed slightly as he bit his own lip.

"And what should I do if you cheat on me Dream?..." Wilbur's eyes were also trained on Dream's lips. They slowly began to inch closer.

"Well.. Wilbur Soot you can do anything your heart desires then..." By now, their lips were brushing against each other's. They took in each other's breath, analyzing every little detail in each

other.

But soon Wilbur had enough and closed the gap, Dream immediately following and kissing him back with a little more force.

...

Lust Insanity love

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! It was an interesting one to write!

If you have anything you want to say or any suggestions or idea PLEASE PLEASE comment down below because I love to read them!

And if you neglect me again I will do the exact same thing in a time limit!

Hahaha love you guys <3

Simon Says - QWT

Chapter Summary

Hey! So this chapter has been revised and edited, with some adjustments being made. I also will be blending this was the alt. ending because it just seemed better all put together. If you see any misspells, please comment and I will fix it. I'm trying to really do better with better grammar and spelling.

Edit: 05/22/22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Simon Says

-

Tw: QWT vs DNF - Smut - Fluff - Praise kink - Light alcohol - Nipple play - Biting - overstimulation - teasing - hair pulling - Jealous George - Sir/Name calling kink - Revised&edited

-

-

“Dream go and help out Quackity. He’s been having issues with his bar.” George waved Dream off. Trying to push him towards the prime path.

The blonde scoffed and doubled around, kicking the Brit’s ankles and knocking him on his ass.

“You know what he said to me at the meeting? He said he wanted to lock me up in his BASEMENT!” Dream looked at George like he was insane.

But the brunette only rolled his eyes and got up. Groaning at the slight pain coming from the brand new bruise on his ass.

“You’ll be fine. I don’t want Quackity bothering me for help so you’ll go.” Dream glared at George and was about to protest until George lunged forward and grabbed Dream by the waist. Their noses brushing together slightly.

Dream gasped and held his breath. His face a beet red as he looked around quickly at everything but George.

“Go and help Quackity.” Dream let out his uneven breath and glared at George from under his mask once he regained himself.

“No! Why should I-“

“Because I asked you to.” George squeezed his waist, bringing closer until their chests were against each other.

“...f-fine..” Dream grumbled and shoved George off of him. Rubbing himself off and straightening his mask up.

“One day I swear to god George I’m gonna get over your overrated ass.” George chuckled and waved his hand goodbye before going back to his inside work.

Dream continued his bitch boy session all the way up to the cross road where the Bar meets.

But the blonde decided it’d be best to just shut up and get his little chore over with then he could go and pester Sapnap or George.

Dream crossed the road and entered the bar without a knock. Didn’t really think he needed one.

“Hello?” Dream put his hand on his axe handle, just in case.

“George sent me to help you with whatever problem you got.” Dream got little chills from how cold and dark the room was. The tinted windows restricted a lot of the sunlight to shine through.

“Listen, I’m ‘bout to ditch-“

“Dream! Heyyy ... what’re you doing here?” Quackity popped out from the back room. He had an awkward smile on his face.. weird.

“I’m here to help you with your bar. George sent me.” Dream raised his chin as he looked down at Quackity.

“...I didn’t actually have a problem just wanted a drinking buddy.” Dream scoffed and his head fell back. Peeved that he had to walk all the way here.

“I’m leav-“

“Wait!” Quackity yanked Dream back around by his hips, holding him still as he looked up at his mask.

“Wait.. Uhm... wouldn’t it be suspicious if you just went back so soon— I mean a few drinks wouldn’t hurt right?” Quackity chuckled nervously, his face clearly a bright red as he looked down at his hands. Which were still gripping at Dream’s hips, his thumbs pushing into his v-line slightly.

“Ah- okay...fine I guess..” Dream shuddered from the sudden pressure on his lower. For some reason the brunette made him so nervous..and it wasn’t a scared nervous.

“Follow me.” Quackity mumbled.

One problem. He wasn’t moving.

Quackity was still glued to where he stood. His hands gliding up to Dream’s waist as he held him carefully.

“U-Um..Quackity...” Dream’s hands fell on Quackity’s shoulders. His breath caught in his throat.

“Yeah...” Quackity’s gaze was focused down on Dreams hips. His hands getting bolder and bolder as they moved lower. Settling on the back of his thighs then slowly slid back up, grabbing at him.

“Y-You we’re gonna show me the way to the back-..nm! Room! You were gonna show me to the back room!” Dream let out a small whine whenever Quackity squeezed closer to his lower region.

Quackity slowly let go, clearly upset to leave the blondes side but still began to the tour to the back room.

“And here we are..” Quackity staid standing while Dream went to the counter, sitting down on it.

A few moments of awkward silence began to settle in, that is until Quackity finally spoke up.

“Hey Dream wanna play a game?” Quackity cocked a brow at him, going to the fridge and pulled out two things of whiskey.

“Sure..” Dream hesitated, but soon grabbed the glass bottle from him, popping off the top and tilting his mask up with reveal his lips.

“Simon says.” Dream scoffed and looked at Quackity. But quieted once he was being serious.

“A..Alright.” Quackity had a confident look on his face as he pulled a stool out and sat on it, still not beating dreams height.

“Simon says...Take a drink.” Dream snickered at the lame demand but did, chugging a good portion.

“Good boy.” Quackity kept a steady stare with dream. Watching as his confidence slowly crumbled.

Dreams face began to heat up at the praise. He knew it to.

‘No! Dream stop it!’

Dream mentally slapped himself for letting those two measly words affect him so much.

“Simon says stand up.” Dream hopped off the counter, standing awkwardly.

“Simon says take 10 paces to me.” Quackity rested his elbow on his thigh, his head in his palm as he watched Dream walk right up to him, counting his steps. But he stopped 2 steps short.

“Ah. Dream you stopped 2 paces early...come on now.” Dream gulped slightly as he nervously took those last two steps forward. He ended up between Quackity’s thighs, close to him. So close to him.

“Good..” Dream faltered.

“Simon says...take off your mask.” Dream’s mouth hung open then closed.

Usually he would give whoever asked him such a thing an immediate ‘no.’ But this time...it was different.

He wanted to obey.

‘...I haven’t even shown George my face tho..’

Dream surprised himself, he hadn’t thought about George the entire time he was with Quackity...surprising.

Dream took a deep breath before slowly unlatching the mask, and let it drop from off of his face. His fluffy blonde bangs falling and covering his eyes partially as he looked away. Obviously embarrassed.

Quackity looked at him surprised. Surprised that he listened. Obeyed him.

Was he the first person Dream has shown his face to?

...

Dream fiddled with the hem of his hoodie. Not knowing what to do or what to say. He never thought he would be in this predicament.

Quackity slowly wrapped his arms around Dream's waist, pulling him flush against his own front. But the brunette had to pull Dream's face down so he wouldn't have to crane his neck to reach him.

"What a good boy..such a good boy for me." Dream could only whine at the praise. His eyes fluttering slightly as he began to get impossibly hard.

"Simon says...follow me." Quackity got off of the stool and sat on the couch, his back leaned on the back of the couch, legs spread slightly.

"Strip." Dream flushed a deep red at that, but began to strip. Completely disregarding the fact that Quackity didn't say 'Simon says.'

Once Dream was completely naked, he tried to cover himself best he could as he stood there awkwardly.

Quackity was a cherry blossom red as he grinned at Dream. His eyes trailing down the rest of his body before biting his lip and letting his grin widen.

"Come here.." Dream made his way over, yelping whenever Quackity yanked him down on his lap. Making him straddle him.

"Mmn.." Dream tried not to grind down on Quackity's hard on. But it was becoming an impossible task as it pressed against Dream so nicely.

"Dream~ I didn't say Simon says.." Quackity whispered into Dream's ear. His hands grabbing at his ass and pulling him forward so he was forced to lean on him.

Dream tried to do anything, sound like anything but pathetic. He couldn't help but succumb to the need to get praised. To listen and obey perfectly.

“N-No I—“ Quackity glanced up at him. A look that said everything but to continue talking.

And Dream stopped talking, like a switch flipping.

“You’ve been such a good boy tho..even if you lost the game~” Dream couldn’t take the embarrassment. It was too much but too little. It was driving him mad.

The blonde buried his face into Quackity’s neck, his hands making small balls into Quackity’s shirt.

“Dream..What do you want.” Quackity’s hands gripped at the fat of his ass. Shaking it then releasing it.

“Fuck you have such a nice ass...” Quackity groaned slightly as he continued the process. His dick twitching in his pants every now and again, aching to be let out and into Dream.

“T-Touch me...tell me I’m good..” Dream mumbled into his ear, his brows furrowing when Quackity took his hands away.

“Mm!” Dream sat up, looking at Quackity desperate for touch and affection.

“I’ll give you what you want...just.. obey. ” Dream felt a shiver rack up his spine at the dark tone Quackity put on. Clearly having an effect on Dream.

“Okay Quack-“

“Ah. Call me sir.” Dream looked away from the man. Trying to ignore the pure need and want coming from himself.

“Y...Yes sir.” Quackity grinned and leaned forward, kissing Dream’s chest lightly.

“Mm..” Dream grabbed onto Quackity’s shoulders, his thighs tightening around him ever so slightly.

But Quackity pulled away far too soon. The brunette looked up at Dream with a smug smirk on his lips.

“Strip me..” Dream just about choked on thin air.

To much?...

Or

Not enough...

Dream slowly slid off of Quackity and onto the floor between his thighs. He began to unbutton the man’s blue jeans, then his fly, then pulled the jeans down with his boxers together. But his eyes widened when he saw the dick in front of him.

In all honesty, he thought Quackity was going to be normal. Like around...6 in.

But.

No.

He had to be at least 9in.. It was ridiculous.

“What’s wrong Dream~?” Quackity tilted Dream’s chin up slowly. His eyes narrowing at the blonde who had to tear his eyes away from the extra fucking LIMB.

“B-Big..” Was all Dream could mutter out. His eyes going back to where they originally were.

“Come here.” Quackity pulled Dream up to his lap. His hands squeezing his waist in a pattern.

“You’ve been so good for me Dream...” Quackity kissed up his neck slowly. Leaving small bite marks around his ear and collar bone.

Dream began to pull off Quackity’s shirt. A little more eager this time. Once the fabric was gone and discarded, Dream finally got what he wanted.

Touch and praise.

Quackity left kisses and bites all along dreams chest. Making sure it would be there for the next week or so.

His hands began to roam further. One of them managing to slip into the blondes hole, the other going to his front.

“Ah~! W-Wait..I’m a—...I’m a virgin so please...be gentle..” Dream mumbled, his breath picking up as Quackity continued to stretch him.

“Oh? So I’m your first~?” Dream nodded his head, letting out pathetic whimpers every time Quackity spread his fingers as far as he could.

“Then tell me how it feels..” Dream bit into his shoulder slightly before licking over it.

“Feels...weir- Mngh!~” Quackity cocked an eyebrow at him and lifted his ring and middle finger, managing to hit a certain bundle of nerves dead on.

“Hah~! F-Fuck!” Dream’s back arched into the brunette. His hands gripping at his shoulders.

“Damn your prostate is shallow..” Quackity focused more on pleasuring the blonde after he heard it was his first time. The brunette wanted to make sure Dream would enjoy it and want to be fucked

again. Always have to make the first experience a good one.

“I-Is that...ha~ A bad thing?” Dream looked up from Quackity’s shoulder. His eyes were glazed over, his brows were tilted up and his mouth was parted as he gasped at every big movement Quackity made with his fingers.

“...n-no it’s just.. Easier for me...” Quackity was caught off guard by Dream’s facial expressions. He didn’t think the blonde could make them...and oh fuck were they hot.

Quackity suddenly made a harsh jerk to Dream’s cock, making the blonde’s back arch into him and his nails dig into his shoulder. His hole tightening so nicely around Quackity’s finger.

“Mngh~! Q-Quackity!” Dream cried out, his dick twitching as he got closer to his climax. But all too soon, Quackity pulled his hand away. His face now that of focused.

“Dream...lay down on your back.” Dream listened to what the brunette said. He laid down on his back, his thighs open just enough for Quackity to fit in-between them.

“Dream...Say green when you want me to move, Yellow when you want me to slow and red to stop okay?” Dream nodded hesitantly, confused with the safe words but his confusion was cleared up as Quackity thrust into him quickly without warning.

“Hngh~!” Dream moaned out loudly, his arms wrapping around Quackity’s back for dear life, his legs wrapping around his waist.

“T...Tell me when to move..” Quackity groaned at the tight fit. His face falling into the blonde’s chest as he fought the urge to pound the bottom into the sheets.

Dream took a minute or so to calm down and loosen up around Quackity, and once he did he tapped Quackity’s shoulder. Making the man pull his face out of Dream’s chest and look at him.

“Y-You can move..” Dream wrapped his arms fully around Quackity’s neck, bringing him closer to him.

The brunette began pull out just to push back in. It was a slow pace at first but then it began to catch speed. And Dream was starting to feel good as well.

“Ah~! S-So good!~” Dream spluttered out his words, only to be taken over by the pleasure once more. His eyes crossed a little as his prostate was rubbed against the entire time.

The curse of having a shallow prostate.

“Shit..Ngh! D-Dream your still so tight...” Quackity held onto Dream's waist as he began slamming into him. He occupied Dream's lips though before he could respond and gave a rather rough and sloppy kiss.

“Mm~!” Dream whined whenever Quackity bit his lower lip, then pushed his tongue past his lips. The two muscles worked together as Quackity railed into Dream.

But soon Dream pulled away, for the air had just been kissed out of him. The blonde panted like a bitch in heat, trying to regain his breath.

“Mmng~! ‘M close!” Dream cried out, his legs tightening around Quackity's waist.

But Quackity decided to pull a hand away from his waist and wrap his fingers around his dick, completely stopping Dream from having that sweet sweet release.

“No! F-Fuck! Pl-Please~!” Dream cried out, tears falling from his eyes as his release was denied.

“I didn't tell you to cum now did I?” Quackity mumbled into his ear, biting at the outer shell before trailing down his neck.

“Please! Please I'll be good! I'll be your good boy!” Dream pleaded with the brunette, his back arching at the pain of not being able to release.

“Hm...I guess you have been pretty good~” Dream nodded his head, his back arching into Quackity as he spread his legs a little bit more for the top.

“Ple- Ah~! F-Fuck yes!~” Dream weaved his fingers through Quackity’s hair. Pulling on his hair slightly as he felt his climax build back up. This time feeling all the better.

“Such...ha~ a good boy!” Quackity groaned into his ear, his pace quickening as he felt himself get closer.

“Fuck! Tell me your mine Dream..” Quackity bit into Dream’s shoulder roughly, making the blonde’s thighs begin to shake as he was about to tip over the edge.

“I-I’m yours~! Please- fuck yes I’m yours!~” Dream began to babble mindlessly, his words blending with his moans as Quackity bit into him deeper. Drawing blood then licking over it.

“‘M gonna cum! Mngh~!” Dream cried out as he released on his and Quackity’s chests’. The brunette soon following and letting his load out inside of Dream.

“Hah~..Mmn..” Dream let his head fall back on the cushion, his sweat covered body shaking and shivering from the feeling of getting fucked raw.

Quackity didn’t pull out till a few moments after. His cum slowly dripping out of Dream’s hole.

“Dream...have I ever told you how much I liked you..?” Quackity mumbled, still panting like a dog in Dream’s neck.

“N-No...but you’ve proved it...” Dream relaxed and began to massage Quackity’s scalp, humming in content.

“Dream...Did you mean it when you said you were mine..?” Quackity once again buried his face into Dream’s rather plump chest. His hands gliding up Dream’s thighs.

“Quackity...We just fucked and I haven’t gotten to really, like really know you that well...but I do feel like I do like you..” Dream mumbled, staring at the ceiling with thoughts spitting on each other in his mind.

“Respectable.” Quackity huffed, his arms wrapping around Dream’s waist.

“Let me take you on a date then.” Dream coughed slightly, his face heating up once more in shock.

“W-Wait but I haven’t been on a date and and I don’t think tha-“ Quackity looked up at Dream. Cutting him off with his serious stare.

“Let me take you out..You can get to know me...” Quackity got closer to Dream’s ears. Kissing up his neck and whispering in his ear.

“Come on Mi amor~ You can do it right?” Dream opened his mouth and closed it. The name making him feel all sorts of butterflies inside.

“...fine.” Dream felt Quackity’s smile in his shoulder. Which in turn made him scoff.

“Don’t get too cocky tho-“

A sudden ring.

Dream’s phone.

Dream groaned and decided to ignore it. But Quackity had other plans.

He sat up, grabbing Dream’s phone and remaining between his thighs. As he answered, one of his hands slid up Dream’s stomach, then to his sensitive buds. He pinched one, twisting them before releasing. Making the blonde arch his back and let out a whine.

“Hello? Dream? You there? Where are you!” Quackity could hear a certain bratty British voice on the other end.

“Wait is that George?” Dream began to sit up but Quackity shoved him back down. An idea sparking in his mind.

He grinned down at Dream with a sadistic intent hidden behind those eyes.

“Hey George.” Quackity said nonchalantly as he slipped his dick back inside of Dream. Watching as the blonde arched his back and covered his mouth. Still failing to not let out any of his lewd noises.

“Mngh~” Was all he let out. But George still managed to pick up on it.

“What was that? Was that Dream? Put him on the phone now Quackity.” Quackity cocked a brow at Dream. It was cute how Dream tried to hide his noises but Quackity was getting bored with this. So he began to pound into Dream, one hand on his waist as his lashes fluttered at the warmth surrounding his dick once more.

Dream on the other hand had his eyes crossed as Quackity fucked the day lights out of him once again.

“No..Dream seems a little busy~” Quackity chuckled, letting out a low groan as Dream tightened around him.

“Ah~!” Quackity had just delivered a harsh slap to Dreams thighs, making the blonde let out a cry.

“Quackity?! What is Dream doing!” Quackity glared at the phone, not liking George’s tone but regardless decided to continue this little game.

“Want me to show you?” Quackity noticed how out of it Dream was. How focused he was on his own pleasure as he wrapped his thighs around Quackity’s waist. Trying to push him deeper.

Quackity grinned and licked his lips slightly. Turning on FaceTime and flipping the camera towards Dream.

George looked at it astonished. His face began to heat up when he finally truly realized he was watching Dream getting fucked.

“Come on Dream~ Be a good boy and let out those pretty noises of yours..” Dreams nodded, letting his hands go straight to Quackity’s hips. Trying to get more from him.

“P-please~! Mng~! Oh god it’s so good!~” Dream had completely lost it. All he could think about was the dick crushing his insides. And he loved it.

George on the other hand, looked pissed, horny, jealous, you name it.

“Quackity stop! I swear to god if you don’t stop touching Dream-!” George slammed his phone down. Hanging up the call in a fit of rage.

Quackity rolled his eyes and tossed the phone to the side, turning his attention back to dream.

“Please~!” Dream twisted with pleasure as Quackity started jerking Dream off at a quick pace.

“You’ve been such a good boy..” Quackity huffed as he felt himself tip over the edge. His second load filling Dream up, Dream coming after him.

This time around, dream’s eyes fluttered as he panted. Exhaustion running through him.

“Y-Your...hah..An asshole..” Quackity just closed his eyes and caught his breath up.

“Now he knows your mine..” Quackity mumbled. But when he didn’t receive an answer he looked up to see Dream already passed out.

“..Fuck” Quackity got up, picking Dream up with him before starting the after care process.

The brunette cleaned Dream out, dressed him in boxers and a hoodie and put him back to bed. Slipping in bed behind him and cuddling him until he himself drifted off.

‘George is gonna beat me up...fuck. Worth it tho...’

The last thoughts running through his mind before they were shut off.

‘We should play Simon says again..’

Chapter End Notes

I hope you have enjoyed this chapter! If you have any requests please comment down below!

Have an amazing day my lovelies!

Simon Says : Alternate ending

Chapter Summary

Watched a tiktok like this and had to write it ;)

Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Simon says : Alternate ending

-

Tw: QuackDream vs Dnf - smut - biting - phone sex? - jelly George - Slight mind break?? - CON just like the real ending - small angst - Aftercare - SHORT -

-

-

...

“W-Wait but I haven’t been on a date and and I don’t think tha-“ Quackity looked up at Dream. Cutting him off with his serious stare.

“Let me take you out..You can get to know me...” Quackity got closer to Dream’s ears. Kissing up his neck and whispering in his ear.

“Come on Mi amor~ You can do it right?” Dream opened his mouth and closed it. The name making him feel all sorts butterflies inside.

“...fine.” Dream felt Quackity’s smile in his shoulder. Which in turn made him scoff.

“Don’t get to cocky tho-“

A sudden ring.

Dream’s phone.

Dream groaned and decided to ignore it. But Quackity had other plans.

He sat up, grabbing dream’s phone and remaining between his thighs. As he answered, one of his hands slid up dream’s stomach, then to his sensitive buds. He pinched one, twisting them before releasing. Making the blonde arch his back and let out a whine.

“Hello? Dream? You there? Where are you!” Quackity could hear a certain bratty British voice on the other end.

“Wait is that George?” Dream began to sit up but Quackity shoved him back down. An idea sparking in his mind.

He grinned down at Dream with a sadistic intent hidden behind those eyes.

“Hey George.” Quackity said nonchalantly as he slipped his dick back inside of Dream. Watching as the blonde arched his back and covered his mouth. Still failing to not let out any of his lewd noises.

“Mngh~” Was all he let out. But George still managed to pick up on it.

“What was that? Was that Dream? Put him on the phone now Quackity.” Quackity cocked a brow at Dream. It was cute how Dream tried to hide his noises but Quackity was getting bored with this. So he began to pound into Dream, one hand on his waist as his lashes fluttered at the warmth surrounding his dick once more.

Dream on the other hand had his eyes crossed as Quackity fucked the day lights out of him once

again.

“No..Dream seems a little busy~” Quackity chuckled, letting out a low groan as Dream tightened around him.

“Ah~!” Quackity had just delivered a harsh slap to Dream's thighs, making the blonde let out a cry.

“Quackity?! What is Dream doing!” Quackity glared at the phone, not liking George's tone but regardless decided to continue this little game.

“Want me to show you?” Quackity noticed how out of it Dream was. How focused he was on his own pleasure as he wrapped his thighs around Quackity's waist. Trying to push him deeper.

Quackity grinned and licked his lips slightly. Turning on FaceTime and flipping the camera towards Dream.

George looked at it astonished. His face began to heat up when he finally truly realized he was watching Dream getting fucked.

“Come on Dream~ Be a good boy and let out those pretty noises of yours..” Dream nodded, letting his hands get straight to Quackity's hips. Trying to get more from him.

“P-please~! Mngh~! Oh god it's so good!~” Dream had completely lost it. All he could think about was the dick crushing his insides. And he loved it.

George on the other hand, looked pissed, horny, jealous, you name it.

“Quackity stop! I swear to god if you don't stop touching Dream-!” George slammed his phone down. Hanging up the call in a fit of rage.

Quackity rolled his eyes and tossed the phone to the side, turning his attention back to dream.

“Please~!” Dream twisted with pleasure as Quackity started jerking Dream off at a quick pace.

“You’ve been such a good boy..” Quackity huffed as he felt himself tip over the edge. His second load filling Dream up, Dream coming after him. M

This time around, Dream’s eyes fluttered as he panted. Exhaustion running through him.

“Y-Your...hah..An asshole..” Quackity just closed his eyes and caught his breath up.

“Now he knows your mine..” Quackity mumbled. But when he didn’t receive an answer he looked up to see Dream already passed out.

“..Fuck” Quackity got up, picking Dream up with him before starting the after care process.

The brunette cleaned Dream out, dressed him in boxers and a hoodie and put him back to bed. Slipping in bed behind him and cuddling him until he himself drifted off.

The last thoughts running through his mind before they were shut off.

‘We should play Simon says again..’

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

If you have any ideas or requests for me please comment down below!

Love you guys!

Poll!

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter

Sooooo.

This is not a chapter no, I know you were wanting some Dreambur I will be giving you some options FOR dreambur instead.

Since quite a few of you guys wants dreambur for whatever reason I will give it to you. But i don't know which AU to do so you will comment which one! Of the two options I give you...

There both Dreambur vs DreamTeam

1. Band AU : Love and stitches
2. Mob AU : For you
2. Waiter AU : Tips

Please comment which one of these you would want! I will only be doing the one with the most votes! Which is 4+, the one with the second most will be posted later on and the one that has the least will be deleted permanently.

Please choose carefully! <3

-

Mob AU won! It will be released soon! <3

Okay so this is mob AU explanation! So you won't be confused.

Dream, George, and Sapnap are nether hybrids. Which means they have qualities of the mob I chose for them.

So, Dream is part wither skeleton. He has the ability to give someone poisoning with a single touch of his left hand. Which has no human skin on it which is why he wears a glove. And he doesn't have a mask in this one because I started writing and wasn't into it.

Then Sapnap on the other hand, is part Blaze. So his body temperature is a lot warmer than humans and fun fact, his cum is indeed very warm. Sapnap's clothes will some times catch fire when he's upset. The anger fuels the fire in him and his skin will eventually erupt into flames. But his bandana was designed to specifically not catch fire. Which is why he likes it so much, and because Dream was the one who gave it to him.

Now George, George is part skeleton. He can go to the overworld or to the Nether. Unlike Dream and Sapnap. George has small spots of skin missing around his body, which show his bones and a bit of flesh. But he always wears clothes over it despite Dream not quite wanting him to. George is also very good with a bow, like Dream. But Dream has a little more

pizazz

Wilbur is a hunts man in this AU, and I will let you find out about Wilbur during the chapter!

Now, Dream and Sapnap are not permitted or supposed to go to the overworld because of the temperature change, hunters, and the fact that they stick out like a sore thumb. Dream has never been in the overworld, neither has Sapnap, but George is probably about 50% of the time.

By the way, Hybrids usually have much larger dicks than the average human just saying—

The blame - Dreambur

Chapter Summary

Okay so this is really long...I got way to into this and this was my miniature escape from reality. I've been going through a lot and that's why this chapter is more like a rant than anything. I'm sorry if it's not how I usually write, it's a vent fic..But this is part one so be ready for part two.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The blame

-

Tw: DreamTeam vs Dreambur - Short/brat Dream - Mob Hybrid AU - angst - fluff - some smut - violence - yelling - praise kink - abuse? - etc. - CON - PART ONE -

-

explanation of AU is in the poll.

-

-

“Dream give me back my bandana!” A certain fiery brat chased his friend. Trying to get the one piece of clothing that doesn’t catch on fire 24/7.

“Noooo I don’t thi-“ Suddenly dream bumped into something. The sound of bones clacking together ringing out.

“Dream. Give Sapnap his bandana back.” It was George. Of course it was George. The only normal skeleton hybrid that could mess him up.

Dream scoffed and looked away, still holding the bandana. But soon felt something warm behind

him and turned. Sapnap.

They were trapping him in between each other, basically putting him in a cage.

Sapnap grabbed Dream's hands and held them above his head in a tight grip, his other hand grabbing the bandana from him.

"That's not fair! You- you guys are assholes." Dream grumbled, clearly pissed off that he wasn't able to successfully take something from his childhood best friend.

"Your such a brat you know that?" George tilted his chin up cocking a brow down at Dream. Who was secretly but not so secretly mimicking him with his hands.

Sapnap had let Dream go but still staid put behind him as he tied his hair back up. Rolling his eyes as Dream tried to pick a fight with George.

"Fuck you." Dream huffed and snatched his chin away. His arms crossing as well.

"Oh- Dream at least take me to dinner firs-" Dream smacked George upside the head, walking off and going on his own little rant to himself.

"Damn..I forget he can hit so hard.." George rubbed the back of his head, trying to smooth out the pain.

"Pfft." Sapnap chuckled, now watching Dream walk off to the nether fortress.

"Shut up Sapnap." George grumbled, now walking the other direction leaving Sapnap to cackle by himself.

But after he was done with his fit of laughter he began to go after Dream. Already missing the blonde's touch.

It didn't take long find to Dream, he was sitting on the side of a lava pool, looking at his left hand.

A rather depressed look on his face.

Sapnap made the decision to see what Dream was up to. Not like a normal man tho, no he decided to hide and spy on Dream.

He hid behind a rock and watched as Dream brought his other hand to the glove covering his left.

He began to pull off the black fabric. Soon sitting it by his side and looking at the withered hand. All you could see was black bones. Held together by some unseemly force.

“...I wonder..” Dream crossed his legs. And held his hand out over the lava pool. He straightened his back a bit before just looking at the lava. Soon a black liquid began to drip from his fingers, seeming to come from the bone. Once it touched the lava, the lava itself turned a foul black color, boiling and bubbling over at a fast pace.

Dream frowned and shook his hand, making sure it was dry before resting his face on it.

Sapnap just looked at him wide eyed. He had never seen what was under Dreams glove and the blonde never told them about it.

‘Should I tell George..?’

Sapnap bit his lip and got up rather quickly. But tripped on a piece of random cobble, making a large amount of noise.

Dream’s head shot back and he quickly put his glove on, racing towards the running Sapnap and tackling him to the ground.

“What are you doing?!” Dream quietly yelled at Sapnap, trapping his head between his arms and straddling his waist so he couldn’t get up.

“You- Dream you never told us you had the ability to fucking produce liquid poison!” Sapnap whisper yelled back. Concerned at the fact that if Dream’s glove accidentally fell off or ripped or anything that either he or George could die in the matter of minuets.

“Because you didn’t need to know! I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you guys to run away!” Dream glared at Sapnap, anxiety coursing through him.

“...” Sapnap’s gaze softened on the blonde, feeling guilty for yelling at him.

Dream let out a shaky breath, trying to calm down before the feeling of tears began to spark.

Sapnap wrapped his arms around Dream’s waist before sitting up. Bringing the blonde closer to him as he rubbed circles into Dream’s lower back.

“Shh...I’m sorry I didn’t mean to yell..” Dream whimpered quietly as he buried his face into Sapnap’s shoulder. His hands making a ball in Sapnap’s shirt.

“It’s okay..We’re not going anywhere...” Dream nodded into his shoulder, feeling relieved of the news.

Sapnap closed his eyes and let it all go, just focused on Dream. But soon the thoughts of what would happen if George found out. If he found out they didn’t tell him...

“Dream lets go back to the fortress alright..?” Dream just hummed, but made no moves to get up.

Sapnap shook his head and grinned before getting up, forcing Dream to stand up.

“Nooooo..” Dream whined, trying to get Sapnap back on the ground.

“Dream we can cuddle when we get home—” Dream shook his head and wrapped his arms around Sapnap’s neck, burying his face in the crook of Sapnap’s warmth.

“You little shit.” Sapnap huffed and picked Dream up by the thighs. Rolling his eyes when Dream immediately wrapped his legs around his torso and clung onto him. All while basking in Sapnap’s warmth.

“Your so spoiled..”

“Mm..” Dream hummed in agreement, loving the attention.

And they staid like that, for about 15 minuets until they made it back to the nether fortress.

“We’re here so it’s time for you to ge-“ Dream squeezed Sapnap’s torso with his thighs, holding onto him like he was a life line.

“Or not.” Sapnap sighed and went to his room. They had made there secret little hide out within the walls of the fortress.

Sapnap laid down on the bed, Dream still in the same spot but loosened his grip as he re-wrapped himself around Sapnap.

The blonde took a deep breath, held it and then released it. Completely immersed with the brunette. His smell, his warmth...how he made Dream feel safe.

The two stayed there for 3 hours, sleeping peacefully in each other’s arms. Until George busted in, a very worried look on his face. That turned sour after seeing the two together.

Sapnap had jolted awake, sitting up, which made Dream wake up and fall back. And in Sapnap’s poor attempt of catching him, his hands ended up holding his waist. It looked bad. Yeah.

“I’ve been looking EVERYWHERE for you two and you were in here cuddling and doing stupid shit?!” George yelled. Clearly pissed off because he had made his laps around the nether pool and other various places in search for the two.

“We’ve been here for two hou-“

“Like why didn’t you at least tell me you two were gonna be out so I wouldn’t be fucking worried?!” Dream winced at the loud voice, sitting up and looking at George with a rather nervous

look.

“I WAS FUCKING SCARED THAT YOU GOT HURT OR SOME OTHER BULL SHIT! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? HUH DREAM?” Dream got up and quickly walked past George, going into his own room and slamming the door. Locking it behind him and flopped on the bed.

“If he acted like that then...how would he act if I ever told him what I could do...?” Dream felt himself wanting to cry. Again.

The three of them have been besties for a long time, but an angry George always managed to scare the shit out of him. Even if Dream could poison the man and kill him off quickly.

-

“George what is your problem?” Sappnap glared at him. But George seemed to get even more pissed.

“My problem? MY PROBLEM!? YOU FUCKING DISAPPEARED FOR HOU-“

“Yeah because I was helping Dream with his fucking ISSUES!” Sappnap yelled back, now standing up. His skin started to slowly catch fire as his anger began to grow.

“DREAM IS PROBABLY IN HIS ROOM BLAMING HIMSELF BECAUSE YOU WERE WORRIED BECAUSE YOU COULDN’T TRUST ME OR HIM TO TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!” Sappnap was now on fire, his clothes had burned off and he was just a heap of flames.

George went to the bathroom and got a bucket of water that was in there and through it on Sappnap, including the bucket.

Sappnap gasped at the cold water before wiping it out of his eyes and huffing. Glaring at George as he went and grabbed a towel, wrapping it around his waist.

“Whenever you get angry, Dream gets scared. Every since we were 15 and you beat the life out of some other hybrid that picked on dream. He saw you. He was fucking terrified. That’s why he ignored you for a few months.” Sapnap explained, more calm this time around.

“So next time you decide to worry, have some fucking trust in us. We’re in our 20’s.” Sapnap slipped on a hoodie, then boxers then basketball shorts.

“...He’s afraid of me?” George looked at Sapnap, genuinely concerned of what Dream thought of him.

“Go ask him.” Sapnap didn’t even spare the brunette a glance.

George exited the room without another word, going straight to Dream’s room.

“Dream?” George slowly knocked on the door, hoping for the blonde to open the door and hug him, telling him he’s not afraid of him and that there gonna be okay.

But.

He heard nothing.

“I’ll come back later...I’m gonna go to the overworld..” George muttered, hesitating before leaving.

Well, Dream was awake. But he was getting dressed. He knew that George always goes to the overworld to blow off steam. So Dream would just follow him...You know.

Dream waited for around 39 seconds before quietly sneaking his way out of the base, he followed George’s tracks all the way out past there usual spots.

He hid behind a rock when George stopped. The brunette began to break blocks until obsidian could be seen.

Dream looked at it in awe. The purple began to show in its wavy color. It was mesmerizing.

But once George walked through it, he was gone. Dream slowly walked up to the portal and looked around.

He just looked at it for a while but then shook his head to focus. He walked into the portal, immediately being teleported somewhere else.

When Dream opened his eyes, he had to close them immediately. The sun shined in his face like a fucking menace.

But when Dream adjusted, he finally opened his eyes. His jaw dropping as looked at all the vibrant colors, all of the sheep, cows, pigs, etc.

It was beautiful. It gave Dream chills.

“H-Holy shit..” Dream began walking around, touching everything he could.

The blonde saw a dog and cocked a brow. He began to walk towards it and kneeled down in front of it.

“What are you..?” Dream reached his hand out and lightly touched it. Jumping whenever he heard the mammal let out a whine or a bark.

“I- Oh okay..” The dog leaned into his touch, his tail wagging as he received attention.

Dream smiled and began giving his pats and scratches.

But suddenly, he heard a loud voice yell out.

“..Human?” Dream began to walk in the direction of the painful sounding voice. It didn’t take him long to find it tho.

When Dream found where the sound was coming from he was rather surprised.

It was a brunette man wearing a trench coat and baggy ripped pants with a beanie. He was on two blocks with a mob of zombies trying to eat him.

Dream began to walk into the crowd of zombies. He took his glove off and began touching everyone of them.

And before to long, all that was left was a weird slime that smelled very foul.

Dream put his glove back on quickly before breaking the blocks under the brunette. He was relieved he wasn't saying anything though, that loud voice was giving him a headache.

The brunette was on his knees, just looking at the remains of the zombies surrounding them.

But his attention was turned back to Dream when he kneeled down in front of them. His eyes very curious of the human.

Dream reached out his hand and touched his cheeks, before cupping one and tilting his head.

"Humans look a lot like we do.." Dream cocked a brow at the wide eyed brunette.

"Not as interesting.." Dream sighed and let go before getting up and looking around them.

"You live in a world like this...yet you look like that? So normal like other hybrids.."

"What are you?" The brunette asked him in a rather hushed and slightly afraid voice.

Dream slipped his glove off, not scared if a mere human saw it.

Dream lifted his left hand, the bones making an odd noise every time they clanked together.

“I am a wither skeleton hybrid.” Dream spoke up nonchalantly. Bored with the man in front of him.

But the brunettes face twisted in a rather insane smile, then his laugh erupted from his body.

“I really am insane!” Dream looked at him oddly.

But Dream slipped the glove back on before turning and looking around him.

“What’s your name?” The brunette looked up at Dream curiously.

“Wilbur... You?” Dream looked back down at him, locking eyes with him rather quickly.

“Dream.” Wilbur nodded before getting up and dusting himself off.

“Well Dream... What now? I can’t just pretend I didn’t just meet a hybrid... who is surprisingly attractive.” Wilbur grinned as Dream flushed a deep red.

“Now I’m gonna leave you- you.. Whatever the fuck you are.” Dream scoffed and began to walk away, but he felt an arm wrap around his waist quickly, pulling him back.

“Wait wait wait... Don’t leave now come on! You can go home later right? There’s nothing wrong with a hybrid and a human hanging out right?” Dream rolled his eyes and looked back at him.

“Depends.” Wilbur tilted his head slightly. Looking at Dream closely.

“Yeah? Depends on what then sweet heart?” Dream glared at Wilbur. He hated the nickname, even if it did make him feel little butterflies.

“Don’t call me that. And it just depends.” Dream huffed, his hands resting Wilbur’s forearm. Not really caring for the position they were in.

“Come on now...Who do you have waiting for you at home then?” Wilbur held the blonde a bit more closely, eager to hear his response.

“At least let him treat you to dinner for saving me then..” Dream sighed and looked up at him. He hesitated for a moment before rolling his eyes and looking away.

“Fine. But your still a stranger.” Wilbur grinned and nodded. Soon letting go of Dream and walking the other direction. His hands stuffed in his pockets.

“What do you cook?” Dream looked up at Wilbur as he kind of sort of struggled to keep up with him.

“Idk...Steak and Patatoe’s perhaps..” Dream raised a brow at that and looked down.

“What are ‘steak and patatoe’s?” Wilbur’s eyes widened a little before looking down at Dream. Surprised at what the blonde said.

“You don’t know what steak and patatoe’s are?”

“I’ve lived in the Nether for all my life... And I don’t have to eat anything to survive. I’m basically half dead already.” Dream shrugged, but froze when he saw a tall grey horse.

“What is that?” Dream pointed to the tall beast. It looked furry, had a long mane and tail.

“That’s a horse..my horse to be exact.” Dream looked up at him quickly before looking back.

“You mean it lets you use it?” Dream looked at the mammal rather confused.

“Well...I’ve had her since she was a baby..A rider and it’s horse grows a bond. So it’s more of a mutual relationship. I feed her, give her water, let her roam. She’s rather spoiled.” Dream just tilted his head, but jumped whenever Wilbur whistled loudly.

The animal began to trot over quickly, stopping just in front of the two.

Dream made the mistake of hiding behind Wilbur, grabbing onto his trench coat and hid his face in his back. Literally terrified.

I mean, if it was your first time out in the world and you see a tall beast coming at you quickly, wouldn't you be scared.

Wilbur looked behind him, a small smile gracing his lips as he watched the blonde slowly peek out from his back.

The mare looked down at him. Not really having a thought behind those beautiful eyes.

Wilbur reached out and began to rub her face, giving her the attention she so desired.

"Isn't she going to bite you?" Wilbur shook his head and stuck to fingers into the corners of the mares mouth. Who did not really appreciate the intrusion but didn't really care at that point.

"Okay..Uhm— on second thought I think I'm just gonna go back to the Nether and pretend this ne—" Suddenly Dream was flipped around to where he was now in front of Wilbur, the man's hands grabbing his waist roughly as he held him still. Tho, Dream noticed how close he was to the horse and did his best to get away. But only ended up leaning into Wilbur.

"No..Don't leave you said you let me treat you..." Wilbur looked down at him, his voice saddened.

"Just eat dinner with the...uh- horse. Yeah just eat dinner with the horse!" Dream looked back up at the brunette and regretted it immediately. He looked so hurt...and Dream barely knew him.

"Wa-...Ok ok let's go and you can cook and then we can eat and then I'll go home." Wilbur smiled and sighed in relief.

But soon let go of Dream before picking him up and sitting him on the horse.

“Wait wait wait! No- what- why am I on the horse?!” Dream started to freak out and tried to get down but soon enough, Wilbur was behind him, his hands planted on Dreams waist holding him still.

“It’s fine Dream your not gonna fall.” Dream couldn’t help but flush a bright red when Wilbur leaned forward, pressing against Dream. His face in his neck slightly as he grabbed the reins but soon pulled away, keeping his hands around Dreams waist as he gave the mare a small nudge to her flank. And she moved on.

“Woah- w-wait I- on second thoug-“ Wilbur pulled Dream against him and held him a bit closer, keeping his eyes ahead him.

All while trying his hardest not to grin or do anything to the blonde.

Dream quieted up after that, his face was already beat red with the position they were in. But just couldn’t help but love the warmth. That’s part of the reason he’s always around Sapnap, because of the warmth he produces. And Wilbur was quite warm as well, not like Sapnap. But warm.

“I’m gonna speed up okay?” Dream shot his head up worried, but Wilbur still had a relaxed and calm face.

“It’s okay, I’m not gonna let you fall.” Dream looked back and held onto Wilbur’s sleeve. Probably wouldn’t do anything but Wilbur soon slipped an arm completely around his waist, holding him close and secure. While the other hand was focused on the driving.

“Wait but don’t you need both hands?” Wilbur shook his head.

“No, steering is all about the feet. If I give her a push with my left foot, she goes left, if I push her with my right she goes right. And besides I don’t use a bit so basically I’m giving extra guidance.” Dream hesitantly nodded..but suddenly Wilbur suddenly gave a light kick to her flank and she took off in a canter making Dream shriek.

The blonde immediately grabbed onto the arm that was holding his waist. He held his breath for a while until he got used to the feeling. Once he did tho he finally let out that shaky breath and began to breath.

He also tried to ignore the fact that they were now practically grinding against one another.

“W-When do we Uhm...when do we get there?” Dream looked up at Wilbur, who was now a bit more flushed.

“Uh- should be a minuet or so.” Dream nodded and turned around. He actually began to gain a little bit of confidence and leaned forward a bit, petting the horses withers and patting her shoulder.

“We’re here.” Wilbur picked Dream up and set him down. But he staid on the horse.

“Why aren’t you g-“

“Gotta to put her in the stable..” Dream nodded and watched as the man went around the corner of the house.

Dream looked at the house, quite impressed. He walked towards the door and touched the wood. Going with the carvings.

But suddenly Dream jumped at the feeling of hands on his waist and a body pressing against him.

“You didn’t have to wait for me..” Wilbur mumbled. Addicted to the feeling of having someone else around.

“Oh— well yeah let’s go in then...” Dream smiled up at him. Wilbur gave him his signature grin back before opening the door and letting Dream walk in first.

“It’s really nice..” Dream explored the house. Going from the entrance to the living room, to the kitchen, and then threw a hallway and then back into the kitchen.

George was hopped in the portal. Breathing in the familiar sent of heat. He always left when it started to get dark.

The brunette walked all the way home, thinking of what to say to Dream...Thinking of what Sarnap told him.

“ You know he’s afraid of you right?”

George sighed and walked a bit faster. Soon making it the nether and then to the hide out.

When he went inside, he paused. Sarnap was frantically looking there each room and looking in any kind of hidie holes he could find.

“Pft- Sarnap what are you doing?” Sarnap looked up at him quickly and then looked behind him, hoping he had a certain blonde with him.

Sarnap have George the worried look, his heart racing in his chest.

George’s stare hardened and he glared at sarnap.

“Where’s Dream? He’s not with you?!” Sarnap shook his head and they both continued there search around the entire fortress. Then searched the lava pool, then the sandy beach of soul sand, then with the piglins.

“Did he...He doesn’t know where the nether portal is right?” Sarnap counted to ten, trying to calm down. If he didn’t the would start to flame up.

“...Could he have followed me..?” Both of them locked eyes and exchanged thoughts.

“Dreams always wanted to go to the over world... You have to go back and check.” George glared at sarnap.

“If he’s in the overworld he could be anywhere by now Sap!”

“You know he can’t last long in the over world! It’s too cold! And you know I can’t go out there for more than 3 minutes! Dream is probably scared and alone somewhere out there and has no idea what to do. Go and bring him back!” Sapnap shoved George backwards, giving the brunette a head start before he turned and started to sprint back towards the portal.

His mind swarming with worries.

-

“Wow steak is really good!” Dream continued to eat the meat. His mouth watering at the taste.

Wilbur chuckled, but barely touched his food.

“Hey why isn’t there anyone else here? I thought humans lived in groups?” Dream looked around and wiped his mouth, now full.

“Well... You see I’ve lived alone for a very long time. I used to live in a country-town called L’Manburg. But...let’s just say things got explosive and I had to leave..” Wilbur looked at Dream who frowned at him. Clearly trying to wrap his mind around the situation.

“It’s ok tho.” Dream shook his head. But soon finally understood why Wilbur wanted to treat him.

“You’re lonely...that’s why you wanted me to come with you.” Dream looked outside and noticed how dark it was. But before he could say anything, Wilbur went first.

“Please stay one night...It’s dark out and there are tons of mobs..” Dream sighed before nodding.

‘They probably don’t care right now..’

Dream yawned, stretching slightly. His bones popped with the stretch.

“Sleepy?” Dream nodded.

“You take the bed, I’ll sleep on the couch.” Dream shook his head and got up, walking around the table and held onto Wilbur’s coat.

“Why can’t we just share the bed..” Dream pouted. He loved to cuddle; it didn’t require any feelings, he just loved contact with others.

Wilbur sucked in a quick breath and let it out, his face flushing slightly at the sight.

“Alright-...Come on.” Dream followed Wilbur closely, soon making it to his room.

Dream stripped his hoodie off, leaving him in a skin tight sleeveless black turtleneck.

“Can I borrow one of your shirts?” Dream continued to strip down to his boxers, which happened to the black elastics.

“Uh...Y-Yeah..” Wilbur looked at Dream wide eyed, his eyes following the man’s figure.

“?” Wilbur tore his eyes away and grabbed a shirt for dream. It was a plain white shirt.

“Thank you..” Dream smiled at Wilbur, taking the shirt putting it on the table. He took the turtle neck off and put on the shirt. It was pretty big on him. It went to the end of the boxers.

Wilbur was now beet red. Who knew a wither skeleton hybrid could be hot?..

Dream got into the bed, slipping into the covers and snuggling into the blankets. But he noticed Wilbur was frozen there.

“Wilbur hurry up..” Dream made grabby hands at him, wanting to feel arms around him.

“Oh- yeah...sorry.” Wilbur stripped off his coat and shirt then his pants and shoes. He was left in his boxers.

It was dreams turn to flush a good amount of red.

Wilbur was well built...;)

The brunette soon slipped under the covers, once again to his surprise, Dream pushed his way in between the man's arms and buried his face in his chest. Sighing in relief.

“..‘ur warm..” Dream mumbled, closing his eyes. He smiled at the feeling of arms wrapping around him.

Dream fell asleep quickly, but Wilbur didn't. He staid awake just admiring Dream. Basking in his presence.

The feeling of having someone else around was amazing.

-

George had been out all night. He only arrived back when he was completely tired out. He was worried to death, man couldn't even sleep.

When he arrived back at the fortress he collapsed on the couch, sighing in relief of the cushion.

“Did you find him?” Sapnap asked hurriedly, which George just groaned and shook his head.

“You know he can't be out there for that long! George he could pass out and not wake up..” Sapnap sat down his leg bouncing rapidly.

“He might come back Sap...But let me rest please. I'm as worried as you but it hurts to move..” Sapnap sighed and turned away from George. Sitting by the door on the ground. His thoughts plagued by the horrid thoughts that Dream might not come back..

-

“Mm...” Dream groaned, his chest aching a bit. His eyes began to flutter open as he sat up. It took him a minuet to register where he was with the sun in his eyes.

“Wilbur?” Dream looked down to see the shirtless man hanging onto him loosely by the waist.

Dream smiled slightly, butterflies making there way into his stomach.

“Wake up...” Dream shook him slightly. But Wilbur only ended up tightening his arms around Dream.

“Come on Wil...I gotta go and I need you to take me back..” Dream leaned down and shook him a bit harder.

This time around Wilbur opened an eye at him. It wasn't long before the idea of Dream leaving him settled in.

So, Like any reasonable lonely reject would do, Wilbur flipped Dream quickly, his hand were above his head and his torso between his thighs.

“W-Wilbur!” Dream looked at him wide eyed, his face popping with a red hue.

“What are you doing?!” Dream struggled slightly, but all hopes of escaping the man vanished when the brunette rest his face in Dream neck.

“Don't leave me..” Dream softened up completely at the pitiful request.

The blonde let his head fall back on the pillow, Wilbur had let his hands go and they moved to his waist.

So Dream just settled for gently messaging his head. Looking at the ceiling for any sort of alternatives they could both agree on.

“What if I come back..” Wilbur grumbled quietly, his hands slightly down to dreams thighs and wrapping the closer around his waist.

Dreams back arched slightly at the sudden grind against his lower. He looked down quickly, but Wilbur still had his head in dreams neck.

“...When would you come back?” Dream gasped out slightly when Wilbur kissed his neck gently, his hands squeezing the inside and out of his thighs.

“T-Three days a week..” Wilbur hummed, continuing to kiss and lick all over dreams neck. When he got to the collar bone tho, he bit down, causing Dream to tighten and wrap his thighs around Wilbur completely. All while letting out a rather lewd noise.

“Mm!~...Wilbur..” Dream’s breath picked up as he could feel his pants tighten. He wasn’t used to any of this sort of treatment. Yeah He, Sapnap and George cuddled...but this was a lot different.

Wilbur slowly pulled away, surprised by what he saw.

Dream was looking at him with lidded eyes, his brows were screwed upward and his face was half red. His hands were laid out by his head and his back was still arched up to reach Wilbur.

Wilbur looked down and also noticed how hard Dream had gotten just from a few kisses. What should he do..?

“I-I have to use the restroom then I have to go...” Dream slowly got up, soon reaching the ground and quietly navigating his way to the bathroom.

Wilbur was left on the bed with those mental pictures. Plus Dream was wearing his clothes...

The Brit sat there for around 4 minuets until he heard a rather lewd moan coming from the hall. He got up immediately and went to where the sound came from. It was the bathroom.

Wilbur put his ear to the door, his eyes widening when he heard the quiet moans coming from Dream.

“M-Mmgh~..Hah~” Dream was trying to relieve himself but it did not seem to be working. Quite a mysterious dilemma.

“F-Fuck...Why wont it work..” Dream whined, trying different tactics he had picked up a while back but none of them worked.

Wilbur bit his bottom lip and knocked on the door. His hands tapping at his sides nervously but also with quite a bit of eagerness.

“W-Wait a minuet!” Dream freaked out slightly and began to rush and clean up the small mess he had made. He got his boxers on quickly and straightened himself out as best he could before opening the door.

Dream had his thighs closed together and was holding the shirt down. All while just staring nervously into Wilbur’s chest.

Wilbur grinned and walked him back into the bathroom. Closing and locking the door behind him for whatever reason.

The blonde was backed into the sink, Wilbur had his hands gripping the sink on both sides of Dream, pinning him still.

“Dream...We’re you having problems...?” Wilbur looked down at him, that dumbass cheeky grin of his stained on his lips.

“N-No! I was just using the bathroom! I swear I wasn’t doing anything else!” Dream panicked and kept the shirt pulled down.

“So you didn’t just try to get off in my bathroom?” Wilbur go closer to Dreams face, making his anxiety peak.

“N-No...” Wilbur sighed and quickly yanked the shirt from Dreams hands, pulling it up.

“Hey! Wait no! Its not what it looks like-“ Dream was very hard and leaking pre cum slightly. Oh he was a bad liar.

Wilbur hooked his finger around the spandex and opened his boxers, raising a brow at Dream.

“I- it’s not- don’t look at it!” Dream turned around quickly, pushing his shirt back down. He regretted it tho when he saw the mirror. Oh boy did he regret it.

Wilbur looked into the mirror at Dream, slowly lowering his head to his neck. His chin resting on his as his hands came to the sides of Dream. Sliding the front of his boxers.

“Dream...you lied to me.” Dream was beet red, his thighs were already shaking with nerves.

“N...No..” Dream shook his head, but gasped when Wilbur began to rub Dream threw his boxers.

“Mngh~...Wa-Wait..” Dream muttered his last part, he now had to grip onto the sink for dear life as Wilbur continued on.

“Could the little hybrid not do it by himself..?” Wilbur whispered into Dreams ear, licking up the outer shell before leaving nibbles on it.

“Nn....wil~..” Dream pushed into his hands a little, wanting more than what he was given.

“Tell me what you want me to do.” Wilbur removed his hands completely, much to dreams dismay.

“Help me...Please I need it..” Dream looked into the mirror, his dick twitched at the sight.

“Good boy...” Wilbur slipped his hand into Dreams boxers, trying to go slow for the blonde.

“I’ll only do what you want me to.” Wilbur began at the base of dream’s dick, starting the process of jerking him off at a slow but rough pace.

“Mm..Ngh~! W-Wil!” Dream squeezed his thighs together and grabbed onto Wilbur’s forearm. The pleasure taking over him.

It didn’t feel that good when he did it to himself...

“Such a good boy...doing so good for me.” Wilbur continued to whisper sweet nothings into his ear, kissing his neck gently.

It didn’t take to long for Dream to get close as Wilbur fastened his pace and tightened his fingers.

“Mngh~! ‘M so close!” Dream moaned out loudly, his head falling back against Wilbur as the brunette watching in the mirror. Focused on pleasuring the smaller man.

“Go on~ cum for me.” Suddenly white ribbons painted the sink. The sticky liquid covering the marble.

“Mm..” Dream whimpered at the sensitivity of his dick as Wilbur pulled his hand away.

“Good boy..” Dream panted slightly, trying to catch his breath as he shakily pulled his boxers up and held onto Wilbur.

“I’ll get dressed and we can take you back yeah?” Dream nodded resting his in Wilbur’s chest before the man pulled away.

About 5 minuets later the two of them were ready and standing outside the stable. Dream wasn’t as nervous to ride the beast this time around but still frightened at the very least.

“Come on then Dreamie.” Wilbur picked Dream up off of the ground and sat him in the saddle, not really giving the blonde time to get settled before clicking the dappled mare into a speed gallop.

“Ah!” Dream screeched and held onto Wilbur tightly.

Wilbur chuckled and held onto the blonde, driving to the location of where they last were and letting Dream navigate them to the portal.

It took around 10 minuets but they finally made it.

Dream hopped off the mare quickly and backed away from Wilbur. But Wilbur followed as he walked up to Dream and grabbed him by the wrist.

“Wil?” Dream looked up at the brunette who was now holding him closely by the waist.

“Come back soon..preferably tomorrow or the next day..” Dream smiled and kissed his cheek, nodding.

“I will...I need to go tho there probably turning the place upside down.” Wilbur cocked a brow at him.

“They?”

Before Wilbur could get his answer, Dream had already left him and went through the portal. Leaving Wilbur there to await for his return.

-

Dream nervously made his way to the fortress. Thinking of some story to make up that would sound convincing. But before he could make up a good plan he was already at the bases front door.

Dream sighed and opened it, looking around at the messy base that was once clean.

“Guys? I’m back..” Dream mumbled, his heart racing as he went to his room.

“Wow- my bow and arrow collection? Really..?” Dream huffed, looking at the messy sight.

Dream heard a loud thud from Sapnap’s room and went to the door quietly. Only before opening it.

And there he was. Sapnap was sitting on the bed, dark circles under his eyes and a pissed off/worried look on his face. But when he saw Dream, he seemed to just get angrier.

“H-Heyy...Uhm..So I’m back.” Dream rubbed the back of his neck. He knew disappearing for hours was cruel, and the guilt was catching up to him.

Sapnap didn’t say a word, just glared at him as he got up. The brunette stopped in front of him tho and just stared at him.

But soon the uncomfortable silence was interrupted by Sapnap landing a harsh slap to his cheek, a dark red and slightly burnt hand print on his cheek plus the now bloodied nose.

Dream stared at the ground wide eyed. He didn’t look at Sapnap, he didn’t need to. This was enough for him to want to leave again. But he decided to just settle for walking out and closing the door quietly. Then he went out of the front door and closed it. But the blonde settled outside of the door, sitting down with his knees to his chest as his eyes began to water. His face hurt like a bitch...

-

Sapnap opened the door and quickly looked out of the peephole to see if Dream had left again, but there he was, sitting on the ground whimpering slightly as he touched his leaking red nose.

Sapnap sighed in relief before walking back to his room and closing the door. Sitting down and staring at the ceiling, contemplating on whether what he had just done was the right thing..

-

Dream sat outside for hours, soon drifting off to sleep.

And unfortunately for him, George came back. And he was none to pleased.

The brunette stopped and stared at the blonde, looking at him wide eyed. Then the shock turned into pure rage.

He walked up to the blonde and grabbed him by the collar, yanking him up.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!” George screamed at the now wakened and terrified blonde.

“I-“ Before Dream could respond, George landed a hard punch to his face, then another, then another...it continued until Sapnap ran outside and threw George off of Dream.

“GEORGE CALM THE FUCK DOWN!” The brunette had his fists clenched as all he could see was red for a while. But then he did calm down, and he regretted it.

Dream was on the ground, his face red, bruised, bleeding, cut up... He was coughing up some blood in the corner, his lip busted.

Sapnap just looked at Dream with shock, then looked at George who just stared at Dream.

It didn't take long for Dream to regain himself. He got up and opened the door to the base, leaving it open as he went to his room and grabbed a bag. He started stuffing it with clothes he had gotten from over the years, then his bow and arrow. He gathered a few more things that were important to him before stopping in front of a picture of the three of them. They had found a camera on the ground that still worked...George figured out how to use it and they took pictures. Dream kept this one... but it didn't feel warm like it used to.

The blonde grabbed the picture and walked outside, stopping in front of the two. He didn't look at them, no he kept his gaze on the picture. But soon he lifted his other hand and grabbed onto both sides of the picture, soon ripping it in half and dropping it to the ground.

“Hope your happy..” Dream mumbled before passing them. Bumping shoulders harshly as he began his journey out of the fortress.

They were stunned. But Sapnap was the first to break free.

“No..No no no no!” He turned around quickly and raced after him, trying to catch up as fast as he could.

George just staid put, looking at the ripped up pictures. A few drops of water fell on the picture pieces tho...then more.

The brunette was crying...

“...” George walked over to the edge of the wall and watched as Dream made his way to the portal. Ignoring the screams coming from Sapnap who was chasing after him but couldn’t quite catch up.

-

Dream made it to the portal, not looking back as he walked threw.

“No Dream please!” Sapnap stopped in front of the portal. Hesitating for a bit but holding his breath and jumping threw, he opened his eyes and saw Dream walk to a human kneeling by a tree.

“Dre-“ The blonde tapped the brunettes shoulder, who turned around and looked at him shocked. But the blonde fell into him, full on sobbing and crying out,

“It’s all my fault!”

Sapnap felt his energy depleting, he couldn’t be outside for this long. Fuck. M

The brunette was suddenly yanked back into the portal, a harsh hand holding him still.

Sapnap looked up to see George holding him still with a rather empty look on his face.

The look on George's face pissed him off so much.. how could he look like he didn't care that there first love just ran away because he was beaten up by them?!

Sapnap started to catch fire as glared at George.

“HES GONE NOW GEORGE! AND HES WITH A FUCKING HUMAN!” Sapnap screamed at George, storming off after.

The Brit stared at the portal, Sapnap's words lingering.

‘He's with a human..’

‘He's afraid of me..’

‘I beat him..’

Those three thoughts began to circle in his mind. Over and over and over again...

“It's my fault..?” George looked at his own hands. The full realization hitting him head on.

What were they going to do..?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I'm sorry if it isn't like my usual style. In the summary I explained that this is more like a vent fic.

I've been going through a lot of stuff lately and it's been taking a toll on my mental

health... so please forgive me for the shit chapter I'll try to do better...

If you have any requests please comment down below and remember that I love you all <3

Chaotic - P.2 of The blame

Chapter Summary

I hate this little prt two. I fucking despise.

And with that said, I hope you enjoy it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chaotic

-

Tw: Dreambur vs DreamTeam (Dreamnap) - Aggressive Gogy - Jelly Sap - Blacking out - angst - fluff - Crying - Mentions of abuse - Bruises - Prt two of 'the blame' -

-

-

Dream finally stopped crying, his body hurt. Especially his face... who would of thought a mere human would end up being his only companion...

"Dream...What happened?" Wilbur rubbed circles into the blondes thighs. Looking at his face worriedly.

"I...23 years happened.." Dream mumbled, wrapping his arms around the confused brit's neck.

"It's been two days Dream...should you go back?" Dream shook his head. Tho, he began to feel drowsy, and had chest aches frequently.

“No...Tho, I miss the lava..” Wilbur cocked a brow at the blonde. Something began to click within him.

“Dream, your part wither skeleton right?”

“Mhm..” The older’s brows began to furrow as he made the blonde sit up.

“Dream..You’re not supposed to be in the overworld, you could get sick most likely..Your used to extreme heat and completely different biomes..” Dream shrugged, wanting to put his head back into his personal pillow.

“You have to go back, it’s not good for you to be here..”

“Mm Mm..” Dream grumbled quietly as he weakly struggled against Wilbur’s hands.

“Just..get lava and bring it here...” Dream’s voice was hushed and a bit hoarse. His eyes began to feel heavy, his chest aching.

“That’s actually a pretty good idea Dream!” Wilbur looked down at the blonde but quieted once he noticed the younger had passed out.

“Dream?” Wilbur began to shake him harshly, trying to get him to wake up. But failed nonetheless.

Wilbur began to panic, getting up quickly and grabbing Dream, rushing outside and slinging him onto his bare horse. He jumped onto the mare, holding Dream in place as he grabbed onto her mane. Giving her a quick squeeze and pushing her into a fast gate.

“Come on...Your okay Dream..Your okay.” Wilbur continued the race to the Nether portal, sighing in relief as the mare skidded to a stop.

He got off of the beast and grabbed Dream, hurrying to the portal. When he entered he looked around for lava, relieved to see a large pool of lava.

Wilbur ran quickly to the pool, putting Dream to the edge of it and sitting him down, already sweating.

“Fuck...Come on Dream!” Wilbur cupped his face and looked around desperately. There had to be something, anything!

...

Just 4 feet away from the two, stood Sapnap. The brunette looked up to see what the commotion was, freezing in the process tho once he saw a human holding his blonde.

“Dream..?” Sapnap looked closer, panic setting in once he saw that the man wasn’t moving.

He began his sprint over, skidding to a stop near Wilbur.

“Hey! What the fuck did you do!?” Sapnap yelled, his fists lighting up into flames.

Wilbur looked up and his eyes widened, fear setting in, but sorry for Dream covering it.

“Help him! He passed out!” Wilbur yelled back, glaring at the hybrid.

“...Your the one that was holding him earlier..” Sapnap’s hands cooled off as he got on his knee’s, taking Dream away from Wilbur.

“Fuck he’s cold..” Sapnap crossed his legs, sitting Dream in his lap, his head resting in the brunettes neck.

Sapnap began slowly warming his body, his own temperature reaching high temperatures. Not lighting into flames but just slightly sizzling. It would burn the hell out of Wilbur, but it was a comfortable for temperature for him or Dream.

“Why was Dream with you..” Wilbur looked up at Sapnap. His brows furrowing in confusion.

“You know him?” Wilbur tried to understand but it just wasn’t connecting.

“Yeah...I’ve known Dream for 21 years..We’ve been best friends since we were 3.” Sapnap wrapped his arms around Dream’s waist, burying his face in Dream’s shoulder. Missing the feeling of his first love in his arms.

Wilbur glared at Sapnap, jealousy slowly kicking in.

“If you know him...can you tell me what happened to him? We made a deal to visit each other 3 days a week...but after we left he came back with a bunch of bruises..” Sapnap looked down, guilt written all over his face.

“That...It’s hard to explain.” Sapnap sighed, regret settling back in.

“Wha-“

Wilbur was cut off by a certain small whine coming from a certain small blonde.

Wilbur and Sapnap both looked down at Dream, relieved to see that’s he’s awake now. But he still didn’t open his eyes.

“Wil..?” Dream groaned quietly, turning around Sapnap’s arms and wrapping his arms around Sapnap’s neck, resting his face near Sapnap’s ear.

“Mm.” Dream hummed in content. The warmth making him as comfy as ever.

Sapnap flushed a light pink, but smiled slightly. His strong arms pulling Dream closer.

“Dream” The blonde froze up, that was Wilbur’s voice but why was it so far away. Dream pulled his head away, his eyes opening to see the person he was least hoping to see.

Dream's eyes widened and he pushed Sapnap down, getting up quickly and backing away from the brunette.

"What the fuck." Dream huffed, embarrassed and clearly pissed off at having to see his childhood friend so soon.

Wilbur got up and cupped his cheek, tilting his head up to him.

Dream sighed in relief upon seeing his new companion. He leaned into the touch, sad that Wilbur wasn't as warm as Sapnap was, but he preferred Wilbur.

"I'm so glad you're okay.." Dream looked up at him, smiling at him gently.

"I told you I wouldn't leave.." Dream overlapped Wilbur's hand with his own, jumping a little whenever he felt a hand wrap around his waist.

Sapnap glared at the two, it was his turn to be jealous. How could Dream move on from them? ... Well they did deserve it..

"Dream.." Sapnap stood up, looking at Dream hopefully. But the blonde only side eyed him.

"Can I just talk to you alone then..?" Wilbur looked down at Dream, curious as to why the blonde was being so cold to him.

"I don't-" Sapnap looked at him with those hopeful and desperate big eyes. Small bits of hair falling from his bandana.

"...fine." Dream mumbled before walking straight past Sapnap, the brunette quickly following him, hope throbbing in his chest.

They got to a corner of the fortress, a ways away from Wilbur but the man could still see them.

"Talk." Dream glared at Sapnap, not allowing himself to fall back into their little cycle of love.

“I’m so sorry I hit you! I was just mad and worried! You had been missing for 24 hours and god if I had ever lost you Dream..” Sapnap reached out for Dream, pulling close.

“I can’t lose you...I can’t speak for George.. but Dream I love you.. I’ve loved you the day I met you..” Dream looked at him wide eyed, his face burning a bright red before he looked at Wilbur.

“I...But you..I don’t understand then..” Sapnap squeezed dream’s waist slightly, pulling him flush against himself.

“Dream I need you so damn bad...please don’t leave me.” Sapnap was dead serious, his stare harsh, desperate, needy..

“...” Dream looked back at Wilbur, his feelings becoming confused, mixed and blended..

The blonde sighed and dropped his face in Sapnap’s shoulder.

“Don’t just put me on the spot like that Sap..” Dream sighed and pulled away.

“I don’t know what to do..I think I’m starting to have feelings for Wilbur..And and I just— I don’t want to disappoint you or even George but-“ Sapnap grabbed by the shoulders, smiling at him softly.

“Don’t worry about me and George Dream...I want you to be happy. And if that means not being with me and being with Wilbur than so be it. I won’t get in the way if your happiness..I just ask that you don’t shut me out..” Dream felt tears well up in his eyes as he smiled up at Sapnap. He cupped the older’s cheeks gently and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you..” Sapnap grinned at him, his face a light pink. But soon that smile faded away when he heard a certain upset British voice.

“Dream?” George stood behind Dream, looking at the back of his head as if he had seen a ghost.

Dream bit the inside of his lip as he turned around. Looking at him nervously.

“George..” Dream held his sides, staying close to Sapnap, who was standing behind him.

“Your back...” Dream nodded, his eyes falling on Wilbur who looked at them confusingly.

George cocked a brow and looked behind him, his eyes falling on a mortal.

“What...the fuck.” George’s fists clenched, his knuckles going white as he began to walk towards Wilbur. Pissed off to the bone that a mere mortal dared to come near him, Dream or Sapnap..

“George stop!” Dream ran after George, standing in front of Wilbur, his eyes looking at George with clear fright in them.

Wilbur looked at George, a brow cocked at the man. Or so he thought.

“So there are more humans down here other than me?” George looked at Wilbur like he was an idiot, than that small bit of humor fled his body and it filled with rage.

“You thought..that I was a HUMAN?” George ripped his shirt off, Wilbur’s eyes widened as he looked at the large chunks of skin missing. Patches of bone and ribs randomly placed on his body.

“George stop and out your fucking shirt on!” Dream grabbed his shirt and shoved it against George’s chest.

“Dream he’s just a fucking human! I can easily snap him in half!” George took a few steps forward, but Dream only got in the way. His hands pushing George back, or trying.

“No he’s not just a human and your not going to hurt him!” Dream glared up at George, his eyes narrowing at the brunettes.

“Your defending him?!” George scoffed and pushed Dream out of the way, only for the blonde to come right back, his hand on his glove.

“George back up ok just leave them alone-“ George snapped his head back at Sapnap. But the blaze hybrid only scoffed and grabbed him by the shoulders, pulling him away from Dream.

“What is wrong with you George? You that clouded by your own shit and guilt that you can’t see that Dream is happy with the human?” George quieted, looking at Dream accusingly.

“What do you mean with..” Dream gulped slightly, still blocking George from Wilbur.

“I...I like Wilbur.” Wilbur looked down at him quickly, his cheeks burning with a bright red.

“WHAT.” George shoved Sapnap away and went towards Dream quickly, going to grab him, but pulled away when Dream pulled his hand out. A thick, foul smelling liquid coming from the withered bones.

“What the fuck is that Dream?!” George stepped back quickly, the smell of death filling his senses.

Sapnap looked at Dream like he was insane. His eyes falling to the ground as the poison managed to burn threw the blocks under them.

“George just calm down and leave Wilbur alone.. we can discuss this like normal fucking adults.” Dream huffed, stopping the production of the poison from his hand and putting the glove back on.

George looked at him closely before letting out a breath. His eyes relaxing slightly as he thought about it all.

“I really like Wilbur...and now I know that I can’t stay out in the overworld as long as I did before...so we can work something out still.” Dream looked up at Wilbur hopefully, who just smiled back down at him.

George rolled his eyes and looked over at Sapnap, who only looked slightly jealous.

“Did you know he could do the weird hand thing?” George pointed to dreams gloved hand and

Sapnap chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Maybe..?” George scoffed and his arms flopped to his side.

“Whatever...” The brunette grumbled and looked to his left, trying his best to remain calm.

“Also...George.. If you ever beat him up like that again I will kill you.” Dream kept a steady gaze with George. Making sure he got the point.

“Right..” George sighed and walked towards Dream, wrapping his arms around his waist and buried his face in his neck.

“If you ever go missing for more than 24 hours again without telling me where you’re going..I’ll kill your human.” Dream rolled his eyes and nodded, holding George for a good bit as well.

“Okay that’s enough-“ Wilbur pulled Dream away and held him close, looking at Sapnap and George.

“So then..Now what?” Wilbur looked down at Dream, who looked back up at him.

“Drama’s solved..” Dream smiled up at Wilbur and got on his toes, his lips gently dancing with Wilbur’s.

Sapnap rolled his eyes and looked away.

This human of Dreams had single handedly managed to change the trios entire schedule, for better or for worse?

You can decided

Yeah I broke the fucking forth wall.

I lost motivation for this bullshit chapter and now want to write DNB Smut

Good day my lovely's.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this fuckedilicoustheshittious of a chapter.

If you have any comments, declarations, or statements or requests then please comment!

Have a great day my little lovely's

Sorry

Sorry guys I'm deleting the noncon chapter.

My friend is about to read my works and I don't like what I wrote. I'm not proud of it, it's gross and I regret taking the money for it. So I'm going to put it on an orphaned account of mineeee

Chaotic - Alt. Ending

Chapter Summary

Since you guys disliked my happy ending so much.

I fixed it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chaotic - Prt 2 of the blame

Alternate ending

-

-

Dream finally stopped crying, his body hurt. Especially his face... who would of thought a mere human would end up being his only companion...

"Dream...What happened?" Wilbur rubbed circles into the blondes thighs. Looking at his face worriedly.

"I...23 years happened.." Dream mumbled, wrapping his arms around the confused brit's neck.

"It's been two days Dream...should you go back?" Dream shook his head. Tho, he began to feel drowsy, and had chest aches frequently.

"No...Tho, I miss the lava.." Wilbur cocked a brow at the blonde. Something began to click within him.

"Dream, your part wither skeleton right?"

“Mhm..” The older’s brows began to furrow as he made the blonde sit up.

“Dream..You’re not supposed to be in the overworld, you could get sick most likely..Your used to extreme heat and completely different biomes..” Dream shrugged, wanting to put his head back into his personal pillow.

“You have to go back, it’s not good for you to be here..”

“Mm Mm..” Dream grumbled quietly as he weakly struggled against Wilbur’s hands.

“Just..get lava and bring it here...” Dream’s voice was hushed and a bit hoarse. His eyes began to feel heavy, his chest aching.

“That’s actually a pretty good idea Dream!” Wilbur looked down at the blonde but quieted once he noticed the younger had passed out.

“Dream?” Wilbur began to shake him harshly, trying to get him to wake up. But failed nonetheless.

Wilbur began to panic, getting up quickly and grabbing Dream, rushing outside and slinging him onto his bare horse. He jumped onto the mare, holding Dream in place as he grabbed onto her mane. Giving her a quick squeeze and pushing her into a fast gate.

“Come on...Your okay Dream..Your okay.” Wilbur continued the race to the Nether portal, sighing in relief as the mare skidded to a stop.

He got off of the beast and grabbed Dream, hurrying to the portal. When he entered he looked around for lava, relieved to see a large pool of lava.

Wilbur ran quickly to the pool, putting Dream to the edge of it and sitting him down, already sweating.

“Fuck...Come on Dream!” Wilbur cupped his face and looked around desperately. There had to be

something, anything!

...

Just 4 feet away from the two, stood Sapnap. The brunette looked up to see what the commotion was, freezing in the process tho once he saw a human holding his blonde.

“Dream..?” Sapnap looked closer, panic setting in once he saw that the man wasn’t moving.

He began his sprint over, skidding to a stop near Wilbur.

“Hey! What the fuck did you do!?” Sapnap yelled, his fists lighting up into flames.

Wilbur looked up and his eyes widened, fear setting in, but sorry for Dream covering it.

“Help him! He passed out!” Wilbur yelled back, glaring at the hybrid.

“...Your the one that was holding him earlier..” Sapnap’s hands cooled off as he got on his knee’s, taking Dream away from Wilbur.

“Fuck he’s cold..” Sapnap crossed his legs, sitting Dream in his lap, his head resting in the brunettes neck.

Sapnap began slowly warming his body, his own temperature reaching high temperatures. Not lighting into flames but just slightly sizzling. It would burn the hell out of Wilbur, but it was a comfortable for temperature for him or Dream.

“Why was Dream with you..” Wilbur looked up at Sapnap. His brows furrowing in confusion.

“You know him?” Wilbur tried to understand but it just wasn’t connecting.

“Yeah...I’ve known Dream for 21 years..We’ve been best friends since we were 3.” Sapnap wrapped his arms around Dream’s waist, burying his face in Dream’s shoulder. Missing the feeling of his first love in his arms.

Wilbur glared at Sapnap, jealousy slowly kicking in.

“If you know him...can you tell me what happened to him? We made a deal to visit each other 3 days a week...but after we left he came back with a bunch of bruises..” Sapnap looked down, guilt written all over his face.

“That...It’s hard to explain.” Sapnap sighed, regret settling back in.

“Wha-“

Wilbur was cut off by a certain small whine coming from a certain small blonde.

Wilbur and Sapnap both looked down at Dream, relieved to see that’s he’s awake now. But he still didn’t open his eyes.

“Wil..?” Dream groaned quietly, turning around Sapnap’s arms and wrapping his arms around Sapnap’s neck, resting his face near Sapnap’s ear.

“Mm.” Dream hummed in content. The warmth making him as comfy as ever.

Sapnap flushed a light pink, but smiled slightly. His strong arms pulling Dream closer.

“Dream” The blonde froze up, that was Wilbur’s voice but why was it so far away. Dream pulled his head away, his eyes opening to see the person he was least hoping to see.

Dream’s eyes widened and he pushed Sapnap down, getting up quickly and backing away from the brunette.

“What the fuck.” Dream huffed, embarrassed and clearly pissed off at having to see his childhood

friend so soon.

Wilbur got up and cupped his cheek, tilting his head up to him.

Dream sighed in relief upon seeing his new companion. He leaned into the touch, sad that Wilbur wasn't as warm as Sapnap was, but he preferred Wilbur.

"I'm so glad your okay.." Dream looked up at him, smiling at him gently.

"I told you I wouldn't leave.." Dream overlapped Wilbur's hand with his own, jumping a little whenever he felt a hand wrap around his waist.

Sapnap glared at the two, it was his turn to be jealous. How could Dream move on from them? ... Well they did deserve it..

"Dream.." Sapnap stood up, looking at Dream hopefully. But the blonde only side eyed him.

"Can I just talk to you alone then..?" Wilbur looked down at Dream, curious as to why the blonde was being so cold to him.

"I don't-" Sapnap looked at him with those hopeful and desperate big eyes. Small bits of hair falling from his bandana.

"...fine." Dream mumbled before walking straight past Sapnap, the brunette quickly following him, hope throbbing in his chest.

They got to a corner of the fortress, a ways away from Wilbur but the man could still see them.

"Talk." Dream glared at Sapnap, not allowing himself to fall back into there little cycle of love.

"I'm so sorry I hit you! I was just mad and worried! You had been missing for 24 hours and god if I had ever lost you Dream.." Sapnap reached out for Dream, pulling close.

“I can’t lose you...I can’t speak for George.. but Dream I love you.. I’ve loved you the day I met you..” Dream looked at him wide eyed, his face burning a bright red before he looked at Wilbur.

“I...But you..I don’t understand then..” Sapnap squeezed dream’s waist slightly, pulling him flush against himself.

“Dream I need you so damn bad...please don’t leave me.” Sapnap was dead serious, his stare harsh, desperate, needy..

“...” Dream looked back at Wilbur, his feelings becoming confused, mixed and blended..

The blonde sighed and dropped his face in Sapnap’s shoulder.

“Don’t just put me on the spot like that Sap..” Dream sighed and pulled away.

“I’m going to move in with Wilbur. I’ve made up my mind.” Dream turned around quickly, dramatically taking his exit and dragging Wilbur along with him out of the portal. Ignoring the fact that he passed out only moments before.

“Fuck you sapnap. Fuck you George.”

And with that Dream was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy

Maid - Dnb

Chapter Summary

Sorry it's been taking me so long to post a CHAPTER but I've had writers block for a while now and with the help of an overly attractive tiktok audio, I found my inspo. I will start working on writing what you guys request soon, I just need to get through this writers block for a bit but then I'll get write back to overloading you with smug and angst.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Maid

-

Tw: Dnb - Power bottom Dream - Mommy kink - Master kink - Praise kink - choking kink - sub space - cross dressing - possible use of maid outfit :) -

badass/sexy/hot/amazing/wonderful/pleasefuckingsleeponmeilcleanyourshoes Dream...im not a simp.

-

-

“Hey Dre can you take the trash out?” Techno stopped typing and turned to the blonde beside him.

“Of course love.” Dream got up and went to the trash, grabbed the bag, tied it loosely and walked out the front door.

A small boring walk to the side of the house later and Dream put the trash in the bin before walking away, only to have unfortunately walk into a certain red headed bitch.

“Shit sorry-“ Dream looked down at the woman with an apologetic look on his face.

“You fucking should be and what are you doing at Techno’s house?” The red head glared at Dream, crossed her arms and tilted her head.

“He’s my boyfriend??” Dream cocked a brow at her and then looked back at the front door.

“Uhm no he’s not. He’s my fiancé.” Dream sucked on his teeth in annoyance as he debated on what to do.

Then it clicked.

It fucking c l i c k e d.

“I’m so sorry...no your right I’m just Techno’s maid. Would you like to come inside ma’am?” The red head grinned at him and nodded. Feeling victorious to have put Dream ‘in his place’. But the redhead followed the blonde inside the house and waited in the living room.

“Wait right here please? I’ve yet to be in my uniform..” Dream bowed to her slightly and went straight to his and techno’s shared room.

-

Techno turned around in his chair and looked to the front door, expecting to see Dream but instead saw his ex.

“What are you doing here...inside of my house? And where is Dream?” The red head smiled at him and walked up to him, rubbing her hands over his shoulder.

“Your maid let me in...he was rude at first but I think he learned his les-“

Dream suddenly entered the room, a rather innocent look on his face as he looked at the two, ignoring the way Techno’s eyes just about fell out of his head.

The blonde was wearing a maid outfit and black thigh highs. The skirt barely covered him and the dress hugged his curves perfectly.

“Master Techno is there anything I can help you with~?” Dream raised his head and glared at the redhead. A smug grin stretching on his lips as Techno got up and walked to him.

“Dream...What..?” Techno was just about beet red as he grabbed Dreams waist. Pulling him close and looking down at him.

“What ever do you mean master..? I just got into my uniform.” Techno bit his lip and leaned down, grabbing his hips and pulling on the thigh highs, letting them fall back down with a slap.

All while Techno quietly whispered sweet nothings into Dreams ear, the blonde was looking right at the red head. His eyes quietly sending her threats.

“I-“ Just before the bitch could talk, Dream ran his hands up Techno’s chest. Slowly cupping his cheeks and getting on his tip toes, whispering into his ear,

“Mommy is just so tired of wearing panties...” Techno’s breath hitched as Dream whispered into his ear seductively.

The red head glared at Dream and stormed out, slamming the door.

Dream gently closed the gap between him and the taller. Letting Techno deepen it and slowly back him into the couch.

But just as Dream sat down, he ran his foot up Techno’s leg, sliding up until he lightly pressed against his hard on.

Techno groaned and looked down, his face flushing a deep red when he looked up Dreams skirt.

“Fuck Dream...” Techno tried to move forward and touch the bottom, but only received a harder push to his crotch.

“Aw...Master has to finish his work.” Dream got up slowly and backed Techno to his work chair, sat him down and then sat down on his lap, facing him.

“Dream...” Techno groaned as Dream grinded down on his boner. The blondes hands sliding up his chest and around his neck.

“If you finish your work..I might just give you a reward...” Dream bit his neck gently before kissing over it.

“Fuck fine.” Techno huffed as he began to get back to work. His dick just about to rip through his pants as Dream bounced slightly.

-

5 minuets later

-

Dream kissed down his neck and bit down on his collarbone. Once again kissing over it and repeating. It was only when he heard an aggressive click on the keyboard and a sigh of relief did he know that Techno was done.

“I’m done..” Techno grabbed Dreams thighs roughly and buried his face in the blondes chest.

“Such a good boy..” Dream whispered into his ear before sliding off of his lap and walking towards there room. Techno quickly following behind.

“On the bed~” The taller quickly followed his lovers orders and sat down on the bed.

Dream grabbed something from one of the drawers from the bedside and crawled onto the bed, then onto Techno’s lap. He rose up to his thighs and looked down at Techno with a smug grin as he slowly ripped open a condom, holding eye contact with him.

Techno let out a heavy breath as Dream took it out and then leaned down, unzipping Techno’s

pants and taking his cock out.

“Fuck Dream hurry..” Techno hit his head on the back wall, his dick twitching every time Dream touched it.

“I know baby..” Dream gave small apologetic kisses to his lovers cock before completely taking him into his mouth.

“O-Oh shit...” Techno looked down at his lover quickly and watched as Dream bobbed his head on his dick. His eyes brimming with tears as he tried not to gag.

And just before Techno could even touch him, Dream pulled off and wiped his mouth.

“No dream-“

“Consider a punishment...a punishment for your ex coming up to me and saying she was your fiancé.” Dream glared down at Techno before softening up.

“And besides...You’ll be getting something much better..” Techno held his breath as Dream slid the condom onto his weeping cock.

The blonde lifted his skirt slightly and sat just above Techno’s dick. His skirt was lifted just enough so he could see how hard Dream was...how his own dick was quietly begging for attention. But Dream always managed to have patience. Something Techno did not have.

Dream reached back and began to pull a plug out of his hole slowly, whimpering at the feeling of being empty...

Techno bit his lip at the sight, the visual stimulation edging him closer to just taking the blonde then and there. But there was something just so sexy about a power-bottom Dream.

“You’ve been such a good boy...I think you’re ready for your reward~” Techno nodded quickly and ran his hands up his thighs. Pinching the thigh highs as Dream wrapped his arms around his neck.

“Say...Who do you like more baby...Me or the bitch.” Dream looked down at Techno, his eyes narrowed, but just before the older could say anything, Dream sat down on Techno’s dick completely, not stopping until he bottomed himself out on the man’s cock.

“Fuck!” Techno moaned lowly at the tightness, his face falling into Dream’s chest as the blonde rocked his hips.

“Who do you prefer baby...come on you can say it~” And once again, before Techno could open his mouth, Dream delivered another harsh bounce to his dick, but once again he stopped all movement after.

Techno groaned lowly and grabbed Dream’s hips in an iron grip under his skirt.

Dream bit his lip, trying not to slip into sub space as Techno thrustured into him slowly.

“Hah~..y-you...fuck..” Dream’s back arched into Techno when the older bit at his nipples from under the dress.

“I prefer you..” Techno quickly flipped there position and pinned Dream to the bed. One hand holding his wrists above his head and the other setting an iron grip on his hip.

Soon he began to set a mind boggling pace, the bed shaking as Techno fucked into Dream roughly.

“F-Fuck! Ah~!” Dream’s eyes rolled back ever so slightly as Techno began to abuse his prostate, hitting it dead on at every other thrust.

“What’s wrong Dream..? Hah~.. Got nothing to say anymore?” Techno’s eyes shined with sadistic intent as he watched Dream slip and fall into sub space.

“Ppleasee~! S-So good!” It didn’t take long for Dream to begin to babble as Techno continued to destroy the blonde beneath him.

“Fuck your so pretty...” Techno leaned down and bit into Dreams neck roughly, only pulling off when he felt Dream tighten around him.

“Mngh~! ‘M so cl-close!” Techno chuckled lowly and slowly grabbed his throat. He wrapped his fingers around him and slowly squeezed, watching as the blondes eyes rolled back.

“What’s my name Dream~?” Dream grabbed at Techno’s hips, trying to pull him in deeper, all while his thighs wrapped around his dom’s waist.

“M-Mas~Hngh~!” Techno squeezed tighter, restricting his breath for a few seconds before loosening his grip once more.

“Come on baby...Say it.” Techno began to go slower and focused on fucking him harder. Destroying his prostate in the process.

“Mmaasster~!” Dream slurred out loudly, his brain already having been fucked into oblivion.

“Good boy..” Techno kissed up Dreams neck and bit down again, his hand retracting from his neck and moving to his cock, a harsh pace being set as jerked the blonde off.

“Oh fuck! Fuck fuck! Ah~!” Dream cried out as he felt his release finally set upon him. White ribbons of cum coating his dress.

Techno followed behind him rather quickly, filling up the condom that Dream made him wear.

“Shit..” Techno panted as he rested his face in Dreams chest. His hands loosening around his thighs and hips. Tho there would definitely be bruises in the morning.

“Mm...” Dream whimpered quietly as Techno pulled out, his thighs shaking in overstimulation.

“So fucking good...” Techno gently kissed Dream, his intent was for it to be sweet and loving... but ended up slipping into a rough make out session.

Dream pulled away and looked to his left, trying to regain his breath after Techno so rudely kissed it out of him.

“Round 2..?”

-

p.s- I don't hate red heads...I just hate my neighbor and she just happened to be a backstabbing cunt of a redhead. If your a redhead and your reading this and your not a backstabbing cunt, I love you <3

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I certainly enjoyed writing it!

Gotta love power bottom Dream but anyways

If you have any requests or ideas please comment down below and I will start working on it in the drafts.

And as always, thank you for reading my lovelies! Have an amazing day <3

Guys...

Guys...

should I quit writing?

like should I delete everything all at once and just move on with my life?

...

04/1/22

Lol prank

Guys it was a PRANK

I forgot to post on April fools so now I'm doing it days later lmao

And I left a lil hint that only one of you beautiful little lovely's seemed to get and shoutout to Rex for getting it 😊

I promise you all I will not quit for a while

And thank you for being nice to me even tho I wasn't actually quitting! <3

I love you all!

And I have an INTERESTING two chapters coming up.

Ahah *lip bite*

...

Fuck me side ways with a squid beak I'm so sorry for that 🙈 I just can't help it— I'm so sexy.

Anyway.

Love you, I'm not quitting <3

Get pranked <33

New discord server!

Chapter Summary

I made a server:>

I made a discord server guys!

I wanted to be able to have an actual conversation with you so I made it!

Its basically where you can talk, send requests for chapters, and share fanart and stuff

Join only if you feel comfortable with it!

Here is the link!: <https://discord.gg/3qWDaJ45>

(Tell me if it doesn't work please tell me I want it to work :))

And sorry for not posting any chapters, I have a lot in the drafts and will have some content coming out soon!

His older brother.. - DnB

Chapter Summary

Okay so I watched a tiktok and then got the inspo for this.

And I DONT HATE DREAMBUR. I also don't hate Red heads, blondes, brunettes or whatever.

Please DO NOT get offended!

Love you <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His older brother

-

**Tw: DNB vs Dreambur - Angst - Smut - Cheating - HangJob/BlowJob - Praise kink - R.I.P
Techno's wallet - Unsafe driving - rushed ending -**

-

-

Dream walked beside Wilbur, happy to just be holding his hand and being with him. Even if the brunette showed him No attention.

“Oh shit we have a tes-“ Dream looked up at Wilbur who had just let go of his hand and was now talking to a girl to his left.

“Oh.” Dream frowned and stuffed his hands into his pockets, continuing the walk to honors trigonometry alone.

The blonde finally made it to the classroom, and just as he was about to sit down, he felt something wet spill down his back.

“Oops.” Dream looked behind him to see a short redhead. The one Wilbur was talking to earlier...

Dream looked over to Wilbur, his heart sinking when Wilbur just laughed at him. He looked at Wilbur's sweatshirt, he had a spare.

“Can I borrow your sweatshi-“

“Hell no I don't want that shit on it.” Dream cringed at the tone in Wilbur's voice. Why was he treating him like this?

Suddenly the blonde felt a pair of strong arms wrap around his waist, then a firm chest to back him up.

Dream looked up to see Techno, Wilbur's brother.

‘Oh...’

The blonde flushed a bright red and looked down quickly. Nibbling on his lip as the man covered the wet spots on his back.

“We're going to the bathroom.” Techno glared at Wilbur before walking Dream to the one persons bathroom. The taller locked the door behind them and then finally pulled away from Dream, only to put his bag down and look through it.

“What are you-“

“Here.” Techno pulled out a light grey hoodie that had a small crown on the back. Iconic.

“Are you sure...? It might get dirty..” Dream frowned and looked down, the wet clothes sticking to him.

“...” Techno sighed and pulled Dream in by the waist, soon slipping his hands under the blondes wet shirt and pulled it off him. He let it fall to the ground with a plop.

Dream stayed silent as Techno bent down, his large hands grabbing his hips so gentle like...

‘Oh fuck- oh no-‘

The blonde felt his pants tighten. He had gotten a hard on from being touched. Barely touched at that...

“I- um- I’ll be fine!” Dream flushed a deep red and turned around, about to go and pick up his shirt. That is until he felt the familiar large pair of hands wrap around his hips, pulling him back against Techno.

“Dream...” Techno leaned down and whispered into the blondes ear, a grin obvious in his tone.

“I didn’t mean to! I swear it was just because I- me and Wilbur...it’s just that we haven’t- I mean no, we just haven’t done- fuck No! It’s not that we h-“ Techno squeezed the blondes hips lightly and rested his head in Dreams neck, lightly biting at his nape.

“Has Wilbur been neglecting you?...He always pisses me off.” Techno grumbled, his hands getting bolder as they ran up and down his sides, outlining his curves and silently worshipping the blonde.

“W-well...he’s been flirting and talking with- mng~...o-other people and hasn’t been talking to me...” Dream muttered, his breath hitching whenever Techno outlined the tent in his pants.

“I’m so jealous...How could you pick him..? I’d do so much better....” Dream bit his lip and moaned out quietly, his head falling back against Techno.

“H-He’s the only...ha~ one I’ve been with..” Dream muttered out, more sensitive than ever. It’s been a while since he’s gotten any special attention.

“Break up with him Dream...I can be a better boyfriend then him...” Techno titled Dreams head up, looking down at the already hot and bothered boy.

“But...I- Fuck~” Dream shuddered as Techno slowly slipped his hands into the blondes pants, giving him slow, painfully slow strokes.

“I can be your second...I’ll show you what a real relationship is like...” Techno bit his ear lightly, his hot breath fanning Dreams neck.

“Please...” Dream whined out quietly, his brows knitting together in frustration.

“Please what Dream...Say what you want me to do pretty boy.” Techno demanded, his tone deep and guttural. Sexay.

“Please touch me...I-” Dream begged quietly, practically mewling whenever he felt Techno speed up the pace.

“Such a good boy~” Techno groaned when he felt Dream grind back on his own hard on.

“N...Not today Dream..” The blonde could only let out small whines and whimpers as Techno continued to jerk the blonde off at a vigorous pace.

“Mmgh~! ‘M close!” Dream moaned out, his fingers weaving threw Techno’s hair as he looked up at the taller.

“Fuck your way to sexy..” Techno chuckled lowly, delivering a harsh bite to his neck, but not in a visible spot.

“Fuck!~” Dream finally felt the euphoric wave of release wash over him, panting as he let his head fall back and rest completely against Techno.

“Mm...” Dream hummed, saying he was pleased would be an understatement.

“You did so good Dream.” Techno whispered praises into his ear as he took his hand out of the blonde’s pants, his hand covered in his cum.

“Let’s get cleaned up and go back- Dream what’re you doing..” The blonde had sneakily gotten on his knees and rested in front of Techno. His lips dangerously close to the man’s bulge.

“Dream you don’t have to...I can take Car- Fffucckk..” Dream had began to mouth at the clothed bulge, licking over the clothed tip. Soon unzipping the man’s fly and taking his dick out, just to be met with a rather big surprise.

‘Oh.’

The blonde looked at the dick in front of him, his mouth opened slightly as he wondered if he could take it in his throat. Worth a shot.

Before Techno could give the blonde a snarky or overly confident comment, Dream took Techno in halfway, his eyes watering as he used his hands for the base. Working his dick like he had done this millions of times before. Watching porn paid off.

“Holy fuck-“ Techno groaned out as Dream made a mess of him. Taking over the older rather quickly.

“Why...hng~ ..Are you so good at this...ha~” Techno moaned out lowly as Dream ran his teeth across the top of his dick, his tongue following the veins and repeating the process.

“Watching porn.” The blonde had pulled off for a few seconds to respond before eagerly diving back down on the monster cock he had gotten so addicted to.

Techno bit his lip and ran his fingers through the blonde a
hair, holding his face still as he began to fuck his mouth.

Dreams eyes rolled back a little every time he felt Techno’s dick hit the back of his throat. But the blonde still hadn’t gagged...what a pro.

“Fuck ‘m gonna cum..” Techno tugged on Dreams hair, going to pull him off but only felt Dream suck down harder.

“W-Wai— Hngh!~” Techno moaned out as he let his load out into Dreams throat. Watching the blonde swallow it and pull off, just to go back down on him.

“Hng..” Techno panted as Dream cleaned him off. His eyes fluttered at the sensitivity.

Dream got off of the ground and buttoned his jeans up. Biting his lip and chewing on it as he hid his face in Techno’s chest.

“Can I see your phone..” Dream mumbled, only peaking out when he felt a gentle poke at his ribs.

The blonde took his unlocked phone and plugged his number into Techno’s phone. Smiling slightly before giving him the phone back.

Techno looked down at him, a shit eating grin stretching across his lips. Especially when Dream put his hoodie on.

“You look good with my clothes on.” Techno chuckled and slapped the blonde’s ass. Loving the reactions he got from Dream.

“You-...whatever.” Dream mumbled, his face a peach red as he tried to pretend he didn’t like the attention.

“Let’s go to class..” Dream peeled his wet shirt off the floor and put it in his bag, soon washing his hands. Techno following him with his own hand washing session. The same smirk on his face not wavering even after they left the bathroom.

When they got to the classroom, all eyes were on them. And a certain pair of jealous eyes were on Dream.

Techno looked away and sat down, trying to act like he hadn’t just gotten the best blow job of his life.

Dream sat down in front of Wilbur and immediately he sank into the oversized hoodie, secretly inhaling the scent and closing his eyes, like the hoodie was his new safe space.

-

After school (there 18 in senior year btw-)

-

Dream walked out of the school building, yawning and popping his knuckles as he walked over to Wilbur's car. They always carpooled.

Until today.

Wilbur was leaned against his car, a blonde on his left and a brunette on his right. A grin on his face as he gave them cheeky and flirty comments.

Dream's face fell when he saw the three. It really confirmed his nightmares. Wilbur had been cheating on him.

But at least now he wouldn't feel bad about what he did with Techno.

Just as Wilbur looked up at Dream, the blonde was being pulled away by a pair of strong arms, one wrapping around his hip and the other flipping Wilbur off.

"Dream!" Wilbur shouted, expecting Dream to stop and run back to him, but not this time. No Dream kept walking, not looking back either.

It wasn't until Dream was sat and buckled up on Techno's truck did it finally hit him. The hurt of knowing that the person you loved and had shared your first everything with cheated on you. Knowing if he found out it would hurt him.

The tears began to slowly fall from his eyes as looked through the tinted windows at Wilbur. Watching as just let his arms fall to his hips and walk back to the girls he was with.

“Dream..” Techno pulled Dreams face back towards him, giving him a small smile.

“..’m sorry for crying...” Dream mumbled before wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

“What food do you like?” Techno looked forward and put his hands on the steering wheel, proceeding to back out of the parking lot but stopped right beside Wilbur.

“Should I run him over..?” Techno looked into the back mirror, his brows furrowed.

“What? No!” Dreams eyes widened when Techno began to back up, far to close to Wilbur for comfort.

“No! Go forward!” Dream reached up and crawled into Techno’s lap, smacking his arms away from the steering wheel and changing gears. Quickly pulling out of the student parking lot.

“Your fucking insane you know that! You could have actually hit him!” Dream huffed, leaning back into Techno’s chest and letting the taller drive once more. Definitely not the safest way to drive.

“I wasn’t go-“

“And I like sweets...and chips..and soda...and icecream.” Dream crossed his arms, closing his eyes and effectively pouting like a child.

“Alrigh-“

“And Oreos...” Dream mumbled, looking out the window.

“That it?” Techno chuckled lowly, one hand going down and around dreams waist.

“Yes.” Dream flushed a ride red as Techno squeezed his thigh in a protective manner. His thigh

looked small in his hands.

‘Why am I attracted to his FUCKING HANDS?’

Dream took a breath and sighed before looking up. Techno swerved slightly.

“Focus on the road!” Dream whined and waited till Techno was at a stop sign to climb back into his seat. Only to fall into the seat when Techno slapped his ass.

Dream re-situated himself and buckled the seat belt. Only to glare at Techno right after.

“Your a dick.” Dream wished he could just slap that overly cocky grin on his face off...even tho it looked great on him.

Techno pulled into the Walmart parking lot, slowing to a stop and smiling at his ‘perfect’ parking skills.

Dream got out of the car and looked down.

“Your shit at parking you know that?” Dream cocked a brow at Techno who looked utterly offended at the snarky comment.

“Shut the fuck up and come on.” Techno grumbled, holding Dream close with a hand on his hip.

“So your paying?” The blonde looked up at Techno, a small evil intent twinkling in his eyes.

“Yes..” Dream grinned and quieted up after that, walking a bit faster tho.

-

“Can we get this?!” Dream jumped up and grabbed the double stuffed Oreos, already putting it on

the loads of sugar, chips, icecream and other things he got.

“Dream that’s the last thing, the cart is over flowing.” Dream just smiled and nodded, showing mercy for the man’s wallet.

-

“Hey Tech..Where are we gonna eat this?” Dream looked over at him, already digging into a box of chocolates.

“My house.” Techno watched as Dream froze up.

“But...doesn’t Wilbur live with you..?” Techno nodded and looked back at the road.

“We’ll be in my room ‘cause there’s a Tv and it’s got a bigger bed. Plus Wilbur won’t come into my room, not unless he needs money and he would be a dumbass to ask me for any.” Dream sighed in relief and nodded. Jumping a bit when Techno squeezed his thigh, slowly sliding up and into his inner thigh.

Dream didn’t say anything tho, he just bit his lip and smiled slightly. Trying to ignore the butterflies in his stomach.

-

“We’re here.” Techno slowly pulled his hand from Dreams leg and opened the door, taking the keys out and began to unload the many bags of food. Dream helping him with some.

“I’ve never been here before..” Dream mumbled quietly, walking behind Techno who was going to his room in the back of the hallway.

“Well..now you have~” Dream smiled and put the groceries down on the bed, then began to look around the room as Techno went to grab more.

Dream stopped in front of Techno's closet and opened it slowly. Looking at the many hoodies and clothes he had.

"He wouldn't mind..." Dream quickly stripped off the hoodie he had on, which was techno's and hung it up on a hanger in his closet, just to grab a bigger one.

Once he had the oversized hoodie on he sat down on the edge of the bed, sighing in content as he buried his face in the hoodie.

"What are you doing?" Dream immediately stood up and looked away.

"N-Nothing!" The blonde looked around the room as if not to look anymore suspicious.

Techno plopped the last groceries down and went over to Dream, who was still looking away.

"Did you change out of my hoodie..just to put another one on?" Techno wrapped his arms around the blonde's waist and grinned down at him.

"...no.." Dream finally looked at Techno, only to hide his face in the man's chest quickly.

"Your cute." Techno rested his head on top of Dream's. The two of them just basked in each other's presence.

"Should we put the ice cream in your mini fridge?" Dream peeked out from his chest and looked up at him.

"Probably... but we can do that later." Dream scoffed and pulled away from Techno. Going on a rant about how if you let the ice cream melt and then re freeze it will look weird and then it won't taste the same, all while taking off his shoes.

Just as the blonde began to put all FOUR tubs of icecream away, the front door slammed shut.

"Is that-?" Dream heard a certain British voice yell out and he immediately hid on the other side of

the bed, bringing his knees to his chest.

“Techno what the fuck was that?!” Wilbur yelled at the taller, glaring at him.

“What do you mean?” Techno leaned on the doorframe, blocking the brunettes path inside of his room.

“What were you doing with Dream.” Techno’s brows furrowed as he leaned down a bit.

“I’m just showing what it’s like to date a real man.” Wilbur scoffed and crossed his arms.

“Like hell your dating! Your not even Dreams type and he doesn’t have the guts to leave me.” Techno rolled his eyes at the younger.

“Maybe not before...but now he has me..He doesn’t need you anymore. Especially after the bullshit you pulled today. He knows your cheating on him.” Wilbur faltered, small bits of guilt breaking through to him.

“He will never choose you! I was his first!”

“Maybe you were his first...but back then he never knew how much of a douche bag you would be. He probably thought you were perfect, that you would never hurt him. That you would be honest and not cheat, that you wouldn’t take advantage of him when he’s weak...That you would have the decency to lend him your sweatshirt when he was being picked on by the bitch you slept with.” Wilbur quieted down after that.

“Now why don’t you go be a good prick and fuck off.” Techno slammed the door in his face and locked it. Dusting off his hands and sighing in victory as he heard Wilbur break down and plead for Techno to not take Dream from him.

“Don’t be a sore loser and get some help with keeping your microscopic dick in your pants.” Techno left the door, ignoring how Wilbur stormed off and left the house.

“Dream?” Techno went around to the other side of the bed, only to see the blonde sniffing and

crying into the hoodie.

“...Come here..” Techno gently picked him up and sat him down on his lap.

“Thank you...” Dream cried out, his eyes getting all red and puffy. Techno rocked him slowly and rubbed his back. Whispering sweet nothings into his ear.

It took Dream a bit to stop crying, but when he did he felt a lot better.

“Feel better?” The blonde nodded and smiled gently at the older.

“Good cause this food is not going to eat itself.” Dream rolled his eyes and hopped off Techno’s lap. Only to strip off his jeans and socks and start to unpack all of the food.

Techno kept himself in check and helped Dream with the food, then got it all set up on the bed.

Dream grabbed a box of chocolate and a drink before plopping himself down on the bed, remote in hand as he happily munched on the chocolate.

Only to find himself watching Techno change. He watched as the man pulled his shirt off... watched how his muscles flexed at every other move he made. Then it was his pants...oh god.

Dream looked away and down at his own boxers..how did he get hard so damn fast?

The blonde slowly brought a pillow over his lap and continued to eat on the chocolate, hoping that maybe if he watched bobs burgers his hard on would go down.

Once techno had slipped on a pair of sweats, he sat down beside Dream and wrapped an arm around his waist, a box of Oreos on lap as the two of them watched Bobs burgers in peace.

“I honestly think Tina is an icon.” Dream sighed and got up, throwing the box of chocolate away and digging for more stuff.

“No It’s obviously the brother.” Dream looked over at Techno offended, soon throwing a chocolate at him and looking back.

“Hmph.” The blonde ate on his chocolate in offense.

“Awe~ Is the little brat upset?” Dream threw the box down and quickly jumped onto Techno, there tickling war commencing.

“I’m gonna beat you with a fuckin’ stick!” Dream wheezed out, Techno managing to get the upper hand.

“Not if I have anything to do about it.” Techno grinned and held Dream down, his free hand grabbing threw small balls of milk chocolate and successfully stuffing Dreams face with them.

“Hm!” Dream whined, but soon are the chocolate happily, his sweet tooth getting in the way of his anger.

Techno snickered quietly as Dream settled back down in his lap, curling up into the man behind him.

Thoughts of Wilbur and all of his troubles leaving him.

What a day...

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I know it’s been a bit since I’ve posted one but here it is!

If you have any requests the go to my DISCORD. I will now be checking there more often then I will the comments because I’m trying to hype the discord up!

So please, if you have then join it :’)

Anyways,

If you do have requests and you CANNOT get discord or you don't feel comfy, then do comment then down below and I will read them.

As always, have an amazing day my lovelies! <3

Ship request

Hello my lovelies!

Easter is coming up and I wanted to give you guys a special chapter!

But I decided that you guys should choose a ship for it since the discord is so inactive, not exactly what I hoped it would be, but for those that do talk in it, thank you! It's been a lot of fun getting to talk to you!

Anyways,

Here are the ship options I had in mind, but if you have any others you might want then comment those to!

Ship options (more in comments if you want it);

- DreamNoBlade
- DreamNap
- Dnf
- Punz x Dream
- Corpse x Dream
- HD x Dream
- Dundy

You have until Saturday night to get your requests in! Have an amazing Friday my loves!

Easter Special

Chapter Summary

I'm gonna be honest I procrastinated so hard on writing this :')

I hope you enjoy it none the less.

This hasn't been proof read...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Easter special

-

Tw: Corpse x Dream - DNB - smut - double penetration - cum. - sexy costume - Praise kink - slight body worshiping - bad bitch Dream - skipped after care - poorly written -

-

-

“Are you excited for Easter?” Dream smiled at his lovers before grabbing a box of chocolates from the isle.

“Mhm..” Corpse hummed in response, his eyes trained on his phone as ordered some items from Amazon.

“Hey Techno what kind of chocolate do you want? I already have corpses...” Dream muttered as he scanned the sugary treats in front of him.

“Get the kind with strawberry filling.” Dream nodded and reached up to grab the item, but much to his dismay he could not reach it.

“Pft.” Corpse chuckled lowly before grabbing the box and giving it to Dream, enjoying the blonde’s embarrassed rant on how there should be a surgery for short people.

“We have everything... let’s go and check out.” The blondes boyfriends both nodded in agreement, following the shorter to the check out.

-

As they walked into the house, corpse showed Techno something on his phone. Making sure Dream didn’t see it.

“This one work?” Corpse cocked a brow at the older, grinning when he nodded.

“What’re you guys looking at?” Dream walked up to the two, done with putting up the grocery’s.

“Nothing love...just some clothes.” Techno looked down at Dream with a smug grin dancing across his lips.

“What’s with that look.” Dream looked at his boyfriend suspiciously, not trusting there antics.

“Nothing...’m just so excited for tomorrow.” Techno wrapped his arms around the blonde, picking him up and bringing him to there shared room, corpse following as he finished placing the order.

“Should be here tomorrow.” Corpse muttered, slipping his shoes off, then his jeans and shirt. Leaving himself in his boxers as he plopped onto the bed, wrapping his arms around the already half naked bottom.

“What should be here tomorrow?” Dream looked over at Corpse confused, but that confusion was soon cleared up when Techno pressed his lips against Dreams neck, biting down on his collar bone before kissing up to his jaw.

“It’s a secret.” Techno sighed in content as he wrapped his arms around Dreams waist, sharing him with Corpse as they cuddled together comfortably.

“You to are so full of it.” Dream rolled his eyes and just got comfortable. Ignoring the fact that it was only 6:25 pm.

-

10:00am

-

Dreams eyes fluttered open when he felt movement around him. He had slept for a long time, which usually wasn't the case for him.

The blonde had a shit sleeping schedule which consisted with almost no sleep, so being able to sleep for that long was nice.

But when Dream sat up, he noticed a small box at the foot of the bed.

“What.” Dream glared at the box, not trusting it one bit. Having lived with Tommy, Tubbo, Wilbur AND Bilzo did not help his trust issues. Seriously they loved there pranks.

“Guys?” Dream called out, only to receive silence.

“I swear to god if this is a prank I'm taking there chocolate...” Dream muttered as he crawled out from under the covers, sitting on his knees in front of the box.

The blonde grabbed the Amazon box and shook it, it sounded like clothes.

‘Not sketchy I guess...’

Dream finally opened it, his suspicion confirmed when he saw a shiny black outfit in the box with was looked like bunny ears, a white little shirt collar, and fishnet stockings.

“...” Dream felt his face heat up as he dumped the clothes onto the bed, getting a better look.

“They can’t be serious...”

-

Dream looked at himself in the mirror. The outfit fit tightly around him; it hugged his curves perfectly. The fishnets, the collar and the bunny ears just made him look even more slutty.

“Oh god.”

The blonde groaned and stepped out of the closet, deciding to just own it and work the outfit the best he could.

“I’m a bad bitch.” Dream walked outside the room, then down the stairs. Making his way to the living, where his two lovers were seated. Each at one end of the couch.

The blonde scoffed and walked past them, into the kitchen. Ignoring the quick footsteps that followed him.

“Dreamie~?” A certain deep voice cooed out to the blonde. Who only bent over and searched one of the cupboards.

Dream felt a pair of large hands grabbed his hips roughly, squeezing at his thighs and pulling up.

“I chose the right outfit.” Corpse made his way to the blondes front, sliding his hands around his lovers waist.

“Fuck you look so sexy...” Techno groaned out into Dreams ear, biting at the outer shell as he grinded against the blonde.

“Mm...” Dream hummed in response, cocking a brow at the brunette in front of him who was just staring at the blondes thighs.

“What’s the matter baby... Cat got your tongue?” Dream gently grabbed his lovers chin, pulling him down so he could properly look at Corpse.

“Hng..” Corpse moaned lowly as he felt Dreams other hand palm him through his pants.

“As sexy as this outfit is...It’s getting in my way.” Techno whispered into Dreams ear before slowly unzipping the back.

“You really couldn’t wait any longer to take it off?” Dream looked back at the taller, his eyes crossing ever so slightly as he looked down at the man’s lips.

“....’m afraid not.” Techno pulled the outfit off of him, letting Dream kick it away once it was fully off.

“Can we go to the bedroom..?” Dream looked back at Corpse, who was once again staring at his thighs.

Instead of the normal verbal response, Dream was slung over Corpses shoulder as Techno took the lead and walked up the stairs, going to their shared room.

“Hey I didn’t mean carry me-!” Dream whined, kicking his legs slightly. The man was clearly embarrassed that Corpse was getting a face full of his ass.

But the trip was cut short as the blonde was thrown onto the bed, bouncing slightly and looking up at them with a rather nervous look. It wasn’t a bad nervous...it was the kind of nervous that said ‘I’ve never taken two really big cocks up ass at once before’

“Dream~” Techno crawled behind Dream, propping him up against his chest.

“Mm...” Dream hummed quietly as Corpse crawled between his legs, his large hands squeezing Dreams thighs as he quietly began to worship the blondes body.

“Something about you in just fishnets turns me on~” Techno mumbled to himself, half not expecting a reply.

Dream rolled his eyes, biting his lip as he inhaled sharply when he felt a bit in his inner thigh.

“Don’t leave marks they take forever to heal!” Dream whined and brought the brunette between his thighs up to his chest, cupping his cheeks and half heartedly glaring down at him.

“But you look so good with bite marks all over your body...” Corpse cocked a brow down at the blonde, his hands grabbing at his thighs roughly before yanking him down.

“Hey-!” Corpse clicked his tongue in response, slowly and carefully turning the blonde over and slotting himself back in between his eyes.

“And why is it that you just assume you get his ass?” Techno cocked a brow at the other, his accusation just being tossed aside when they heard Dream whine and try to take off the fishnet.

“Ah.” Techno grabbed the blondes hands and held them above his head.

“I’m not gonna let you fuck me in fish- o-oh..mng..” Dream was cut off mid sentence when he felt something enter him.

“Dream your still stretched out from yesterday..” Corpse muttered, slipping two more fingers in and curling them.

The blonde settled for grinding down on the fingers, his thighs wrapping around Corpse’s waist and pulling him closer.

“Dream give me some attention..” Techno gently grabbed his lovers chin, pointing him towards his aching cock.

“Mm..” Dream hummed and wrapped a hand around the base, soon licking up the bottom and going down on him completely.

“..Oh fuck..” Techno’s eyes fluttered closed as he ran a hand threw Dream’s hair, slowly starting to

guide his head.

Corpse on the other hand had decided Dream was stretched enough and grabbed at the fishnets. Ripping a large gap in the back so he wouldn't have to take them off.

"Mm!" Dream whined and raised his ass, trying to make it harder for Corpse to get what he wanted.

'Those were perfectly fine stockings!'

Dream mentally threw a fit before continuing to blow Techno.

"Dream...Remember your safety signals?" Dream only hummed in agreement, giving him a slight nod.

"Good boy." Corpse bit his bottom lip as he slowly pushed into Dream, the blonde immediately tightening around his cock.

"Hmng~" Dream choked out a moan as Corpse bottomed out, his eyes rolling back ever so slightly as the brunette pressed against prostate.

"Your doing so good Dream~" Techno began to roughen his pace as Corpse began properly thrusting inside of there lover.

The brunette grabbed at Dream's hips roughly, groaning as pleasure clouded his mind Dream pulled off and moaned out loudly, his face resting on Techno's thigh as he was used from behind.

"Come on Dream.." Techno grinned down at the blonde, lightly pressing his tip against the man's tongue.

"Or is it to much..it's okay if you can't do it~" Dream glared up at him before going back down on Techno, clearly offended at the assumption that he couldn't make the older cum.

Corpse slowly ran a hand down Dreams waist and wrapped his fingers around his cock, only before vigorously jerking the blonde off.

“Mm~!” Dream moaned out, the cock in his mouth muffling him. But soon Techno took the lead and began to face fuck him.

Dreams eyes rolled back as Corpse slowly down, focusing on going harder and properly fucking the soul out of the younger.

“Fuck...Dream ‘m gonna cum..!” Techno moaned out lowly, his head falling back as he released in the blondes throat.

Dream gagged slightly before pulling off, coughing and panting as his head rested on Techno’s thigh, his hands balling up in the sheets.

“O-Oh god~!” Dream cried out as he felt his own climax getting closer.

Suddenly Corpse pulled his hand away, at the same time ceasing all movement.

“Wha- no!” Dream whined out pathetically, trying to push back on the dick inside of him.

But soon his whining stopped as he was picked up and placed on Corpse’s lap. Techno came forward and grabbed Dreams thighs, holding the underneath of them.

“..?” Dream looked up at Techno, his brows knitted in confusion.

Corpse soon slipped back inside of Dream, remained still as Techno did the same.

“Oh fuck...!” Dream cried out at the stretch, tears welling up in his eyes as he grabbed onto Techno’s shoulders.

“So good..your doing so good Dream...” Corpse whispered sweet praises into the man’s ears as he let him adjust. His cock twitching at every other whimper Dream let out.

“Color?” Techno kissed up Dreams chest, soon taking one of his nipples into his mouth.

“G-Green..” Dream ran his fingers through Techno’s hair, relaxing a bit more only to have a moan ripped out of him as Corpse slammed back in.

The two tops timed there thrusts so when one pulls out the other thrusts in. Smart.

“Fuck~!” Dream practically screamed out, his prostate being pressed against constantly.

Corpse moaned lowly, his climax reaching faster and faster as Dream tightened around them best he could.

Techno leaned forward and bit into Dreams neck, continuing his smartly time thrusts into Dreams prostate.

“Mngh~!” Dream’s nails destroyed Techno’s back as he released onto his chest, his eyes rolling back as he was fucked through his orgasm.

Corpse buried his face in Dreams neck as he came inside of the blonde, his nails digging into his hips.

“Shit..” Corpse moaned out lowly, panting as he slowly pulled out, letting Techno have all of the space.

“Mm~!” Dream cried out, tears threatening to fall from his cheeks as he was filled for a second time. Over-stimulation clouding his mind as he rested against Corpse’s back.

Techno slowly pulled out of Dream, two loads worth of cum slowly dropping out.

“Fuck...” Dream groaned, his ass already feeling soar.

“Happy Easter” Corpse chuckled as he rested his face in the man’s next.

“Happy Easter...” Dream mumbled, wanting nothing more than to cuddle and sleep.

“You need anything love?” Dream nodded and hesitantly let go of Techno.

“Can you get me a water..?” Techno nodded and got up, slipping on a pair of sweats as he went to the kitchen.

“Let’s get you cleaned up love..” Dream shook his head and got off of Corpse, crawling onto the bed and curling up with his blankets.

“Noooo it’s Easter..” The blonde buried his face into a pillow.

“And-? What does that have to do with the cum spilling out of your ass.” Dream just whined as he was picked up and taken to the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Forgive me for the poor writing I was lazy and I have an essay on Atoms due tomorrow 😞

If you have any requests I recommend going to the discord!! If you can’t, then as always just comment!

I love you guys! Happy Easter! <3

What goes around comes around - Pwt

Chapter Summary

Hey guys! This isn't the Easter special or anything I just was pissed off and wanted to write a revenge chapter.

Please don't be upset with me if you don't like this!

Also I don't hate Quackity, I just use a random ship generator and it chose QWT for angst so... :')

Updated - 05/27/22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What goes around comes around

-

Tw: QWT angst - small Pwt - Revenge - angst - cheating - fluff - slander - Sassy Dream -

-

Dream supremacy

-

-

"You promise you won't cheat?" The blonde looked down at his brunette lover, his eyes narrowing as he watched the shorter falter.

"Y-Yeah...I promise." Dream sighed and nodded, finally wrapping his arms around Quackity's neck and resting against him.

-

Month later

-

“I am going to beat Technoblade with a goddamn STICK.” Dream grumbled and slammed the door to his car, pissed that he lost to the hybrid in a game of cards.

But soon the blonde entered his and Quackity’s shared home, locking the door behind him as he walked in.

“Babe I’m home.” Dream plopped his keys, phone and wallet on the counter, stretching the stress out of his back, wanting nothing more than to cuddle and relax.

“Babe?” Dream sighed, walking up the stairs to there shared bedroom before pausing when he heard a particularly feminine moan.

“...” The blonde rested his ear against the door, his suspicion being confirmed right away.

Quackity was indeed cheating. Probably with his secretary. Always the secretary’s.

Dream clicked his tongue before nodding, turning around and making his way downstairs quietly. Little thoughts popping around his mind.

The man grabbed his phone from the counter and made his way back up the stairs.

Dream unlocked his phone and went to the camera. He slowly and quietly opened the door, resting on the door frame as he filmed the two together.

It took a good minuet before the women saw Dream watching. It was then that he turned off the camera, deciding the 2 ‘n a half minuet long video would be enough.

“Quackity!” The raven haired women smacked the brunettes shoulder, getting his attention.

Dream scoffed, soon clapping slowly and loudly. His face plain, unchanging as Quackity turned around quickly and went to grab his boxers but Dream snatched them up and threw them out and

into the hallway.

“No no, please continue.” The blonde tilted his head at Quackity, a sick grin stretching across his lips as the cheating man began to babble apologies.

“Dream- love it’s not what it looks like! I-I she-“ Dream looked over at the woman who just looked at him in slightly horror.

“Oh Quackity... You are such an ugly crier.” Dream looked at the man in disgust as his lover began to cry, reaching out for Dream only get his hand smacked away.

“I’m honestly not surprised. Your a shitty liar you know that?” The blonde looked down on Quackity, crossing his arms as he looked around the room.

“Dream why are you acting so cal-“

“Calm? Because I know that it’s going to hurt you more than me. Because I know that your going regret everything that led up to you cheating... What goes around comes around.” Dream gave him quick smile before turning around, leaving the room and going to the kitchen.

“Hm.” The blonde sighed and grabbed his keys and wallet before grabbing a bag he had, it had his clothes and all of his necessities. They shared the home, but it actually belonged to Quackity’s. Dream only moved in because he need a place to stay, and the man learned from past experiences to not unpack completely until it’s been 2-3 months.

“Dream don’t leave! Please give me a second chance!” Quackity raced down the stairs, his boxers and a stretched out white T-Shirt on.

The blonde now had everything he needed before standing in the doorway.

“Why should I?”

“Because I love you and and I will do better and won’t cheat on you!” The brunette grabbed Dream by the hips and pulled him in.

“Ok.” Dream just looked down at him, the same emotionless expression on his face.

“Ok?”

“Ok.” Dream pulled away and walked to his car, ignoring Quackity’s hopeful remarks.

“So we’re together?!” Dream just hummed, not giving him an answer as he got in his car and pulled out of the driveway.

-

A 10 minuet drive later

-

Dream pulled into a certain driveway. Just staring into the distance as he parked.

But soon the silence was broken by a laugh, a rather sick one at that.

“Pfft-“ Dream wheezed out, tears sparking in his eyes as he pulled out his phone. Sighing as he went to Twitter, posting the video of Quackity cheating.

The blonde smiled as he typed the description:

‘How a gamer cheats on his boyfriend? R1, R2, L1 , X, Left , Down, Right, Up, Left, Down, Right, Up’

Dream chuckled before posting it, sighing in satisfaction before grabbing his things and getting out of the car.

The blonde walked up to the front door, knocking on it quickly and smiled as it opened.

“Dream?”

“Hey Punz.”

-

“So...He cheated on you.. and you don't feel upset?” Punz sat down the cup of lemonade in front of Dream before sitting in the other couch in front of him.

“Oh...I'd say I got my revenge.” Dream shrugged and sipped at his lemonade, opening his phone and going to the Twitter post.

The post had already gone viral.

Dream handed Punz the phone and let him watch the video, just drinking his lemonade in content.

“I wanna wash my eyes out.” Punz shook his head and handed Dream his phone back, rubbing his eyes trying to erase the image of Quackity balls deep into a woman.

“The comments are brutal aren't they?” Dream nodded and grinned as he read them.

‘Ew. That's disgusting...Poor Dream.’

‘Isn't he the manager at one of the really big banks? That's so embarrassing.’

‘Petition to get Quackity banned.’

‘Dream supremacy ,

-

“I kinda feel bad for the woman but whatever.” Dream shrugged and rested his head on the back of the couch, only to receive a phone call from a certain brunette.

“Oh boy.” Punz closed his eyes and drank his lemonade, listening as Dream put Quackity on speaker.

“DREAM YOU SAID WE WERE TOGETHER AND THAT WE WERE GOOD!” Quackity yelled into the phone, clearly panicking.

“I don’t remember saying yes or no to you..I remember humming but I never agreed.”

“YOU CANT DO THIS TO ME!” The blonde looked at the phone and sighed.

“Oh.....But I can... and I did.”

“Delete the video!”

“How about...no.”

“DONT YOU FEEL BAD AT ALL?! YOU HAVE RUINED ME!”

“And don’t you feel about going behind my back and cheating on me with some woman you met on the street or at a bar? And also spending my money on drinks that you bought for said woman?”

“THATS DIFFERENT!”

“It’s really not. Or at least..not to me.”

“YOUR GOING TO REGRET THIS!”

“Actually.. I won’t.”

“FUCK YOU!”

“Is that all?”

“NO YOU-“

Dream ended the call, plopping it down on the couch after he had turned his phone to silent.

“Your brutal.”

“I really am.” Dream looked at his nails, proud of himself for letting them grow out instead of biting them.

“Can I stay with you for a while?” The blonde looked at Punz carefully, smiling when the other nodded.

“Course Dream, you know you always have a place to stay.”

“Your always so sweet, thank you Punz.” Dream smiled at the man before laying out on the couch, stretching his arms out before making grabby hands at the older.

“C’mere.” Punz rolled his eyes and went over to the brat, laying down and wrapping his arms around him.

“Your as bratty as ever aren’t you.” Dream smiled and snuggled into his chest, sighing in comfort once he found the right angle.

“Mhm.”

“Hm.” Punz just rested his head back on the small couch pillow he had.

“What goes around really does come around huh?” Dream just hummed in response, basking in his warmth, finally getting the cuddle session he had been yearning for all day.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

I have a cut on my toe... :’(

Anyways.

Remember to comment the ship you want for Easter! Love you guys! <3

Hiatus

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter

Fuck me sideways with a chainsaw and call it a day when I want big girl juice.

Alright.

what do you call.. an ao3 writer that writes mostly porn and is six inches away from homeless and also has NO motivation?

...

well you guessed write.

its me.

alas my lovelies, for I have lost thy motivation to write you porn that will supply your horndog fantasy's and also fuel mine— anyways—

I've been reading over my shit instead of writing and I've also been reading some weird ass Werewolf gay shit and I got to say...

why are they all underage.

the fück.

anyways—————

I might be going in small hiatus due to me not having any motivation and writers block. It shouldn't be long tho, give me like a week or so then just spam me in discord or some shit.

but when I come back I will be releasing

chapter

after

chapter

after

chapter

like get ready for it

it's crazy

anyways

have an amazing day my lovelies!

Thanks to the French - DNN

Chapter Summary

Lol Uhm I was listening to 'French kiss' and then remembered a porno I had watched yesterday and got this idea.

I have no fucking idea about the title but thank you to the UK for making the French kiss

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Thanks to the French

-

Tw: DNN - Threesome - Rough sex - cheating - name kink - Master/Sir usage - Masochist Dream - Slightly Sadistic Gnf + Sap - praise kink - prostate message - degrading -

-

-

"Dream...He won't find out." George muttered, slowly rocking the blonde against his hard on.

"...okay." Dream's eyes flicked up to meet George's nervously. His thighs rubbing together to try and suppress his aching cock.

George grinned and eagerly smashed his lips against Dreams, immediately taking over the kiss and roughly shoving him against the wall.

"Mm~!" Dream moaned into the kiss before they pulled away, hastily ripping there clothing off of one another.

And in the blink of an eye, they were both on top of each other, tongues dancing together as they indulged themselves in the infamous French Kiss.

Dream ran his hands through George's hair, grabbing a fistful and pulling it as George grabbed at Dream's thighs harshly.

Bruises we're most definitely going to be left.

"Fuck.." George groaned and bit into Dream's neck, only pulling away once he tasted the metallic beads of blood seep onto his tongue.

"George please!" Dream whined and wiggled around, trying to get access to the man's cock.

"Patience...Be a good slut for me, yeah~?" Dream moaned quietly at the degrading. His eyes rolling back when he finally felt two fingers being shoved up his untouched hole.

"Shit your tight...Does he not touch you very often~?" Dream whined at the small talk, rolling his hips down on the brunettes fingers.

"H-He wanted to wait.." Dream muttered, his back arching into George's touch as he grabbed little fists of the silk sheets.

George impatiently added another finger, scissoring him open with haste.

"I-I'm stretched! I want you so bad~!" Dream whined, spreading his legs for the man on top of him. Fluttering his eyelashes innocently up at the brunette.

"How bad do you want it~?" George decided this would be the time to tease. The little shit.

Dream began to blab senselessly, going on and on about how much he wanted George's cock inside of him.

"Please! —Fuck I want your cock so ba— Mng~!" Dream's eyes rolled to the back of his skull as

George suddenly slammed into him, forcing a choked moan out of the blonde underneath him.

“Ha~...S-Shit..” George moaned lowly, digging his nails into Dream’s soft skin.

-

A certain Texan pulled into the driveway of his and Dream’s shared home. Slowing to a rather abrupt stop.

Today had been a difficult day of work, and all he really wanted to do was cuddle with the blonde.

Sapnap pulled his keys out of the slot and put them under the car rug before getting out, closing the door and walking up to the front door.

Oddly enough, the front door was unlocked.

The brunette cocked a brow at the red flag but shrugged it off and walked inside anyway, head empty just Dream.

That is, until he heard a loud, pornographic moan erupt from the hallway.

“What in the heavy dip shit..” Sapnap felt his cheeks flush a bright pink at the lewd sound, he was pent up. He couldn’t really blame Dream, since he was the one who wanted to wait and all.

The brunette made his way down the hallway and stopped dead in the doorway.

The dipshits left the door open.

Sapnap let his eyes fall upon his boyfriend riding his enemy like his life depended on it.

Dream had his hands resting on George’s chest, his thighs shaking as the man under him jerked

him off. All while tucking into Dream roughly, meeting him halfway and contributing to the blondes bouncing.

Sapnap was speechless. Not only at the sight in front of him, but how he was reacting. He wasn't upset, pissed, angry, depressed... No, none of those.

He was fucking hard.

The sight of Dream getting fucked silly, moaning out loudly as if no one else existed, apparently did something to him.

In all honesty, all the Texan wanted to do now was join the two in there devious acts.

His mind was made up when he watched George slam Dreams hips down, his cock buried in his tight hole as he filled him; all while white ribbons shot across the brunettes chest as Dream came with a lewd moan.

"Damn." Sapnap muttered a little to loud, his cock twitching in his pants.

Dream's eyes shot towards Sapnap, his eyes widening at the sight.

George on the other hand let his head fall back on a pillow, lazily looking over at the other.

"Can I join?" Sapnap raised a brow at Dream, who just tilted his head, obviously confused.

George snorted, glaring over at Sapnap as he sat up, picking Dream up and sitting him on his thigh.

"Sap..what?" Dream was blushing a furious red as he watched Sapnap approach the two, loosening the tie around his neck.

The brunette grabbed Dreams chin, tilting it up to meet his gaze.

“W-What about waiting...? Aren’t you upset?” Dream mumbled the last bit, nerves racking through his smaller body.

“Your so fuckin’ hot baby...I can’t help it.” Dream’s eyelashes fluttered at the guttural country sound of his voice.

The blonde whined before nodding, his fingers making haste at unbuttoning Sappnap’s shirt.

A new found eagerness quacking around in his gut.

George watched with amusement, for some reason this situation made him hate the Texan a little less. Maybe because he was letting him fuck Dream.

Sappnap couldn’t help but chuckle at how fast Dream got him undressed, soon pulling him on the bed.

“What’s wrong baby...Was George not enough?” Sappnap grinned when he received a glare from George.

‘Take that back...I hate him more.’

George agreed with his own thoughts, and oddly enough a silent challenge had formed.

Who would Dream like better? Or more specifically, who’s cock did he want more?

Dream was now sitting in between the two, one hand around George’s neck, the other wrapping behind him and around Sappnap’s neck. The two sharing slow and deep kisses.

George groaned when he felt Dream grind down on his cock, rocking his hips against both of them.

The Brit licked down Dream’s chest before lipping one of Dream’s nipples into his mouth, biting down gently before sucking down on the sensitive bud.

“Ngh~” Dream moaned quietly, his hips stuttering ever so slightly.

Sapnap grabbed Dreams waist, squeezing the soft flesh under his hands.

“Can I fuck you Dream?” Sapnap mumbled against Dreams neck, leaving kisses and hickies all along his nape.

“Yes..Fuck please~!” Dream pulled his arm away from Sapnap and lightly turned back to George, gently pushing the brunette against the bed.

George cocked a brow at the blonde, tho, the confusion was cleared up as Dream bent over, now on all fours hovering over George’s cock. At the same time, wiggling his ass in the air ever so slightly as Sapnap eye fucked him.

The blonde began to leave small kisses and kitten licks along the tip of George’s cock, his tongue slipping in the slit, prodding at him gently before completely going down on the brunette.

Sapnap felt his cock twitch continuously at the sight of Dream head down, ass up with a cock in his mouth.

‘Why is this turning me on so much..’

George felt his eyes roll back slightly at the sensitivity of his dick as Dream sucked down on it expertly. Using his teeth to scrape the top gently.

“Dream,” Sapnap slipped three fingers into the blondes hole, the middle and ring finger pushing against his prostate as the other continued to stretch. “Your still so tight...I’m sure George wasn’t big enough now~”

George glared at Sapnap, locking eye contact with him as he grabbed a good bit of Dreams hair, pushing him down to the base, making the poor man deep throat him.

A quiet gag erupting from his filled throat.

“Dream..Do you think I’m small~?” George cooed quietly, slowly pulling the blonde off of his cock.

“N...Hngh~!” Dream choked out a moan as Sappnap pushed down harder on his prostate. Causing a break in his sentence.

“Come on Baby.. Tell him the truth.” Sappnap spoke as he ruthlessly massaged his prostate.

“I-I Ah~! N-Not small! Mngh~!” Dream let his face fall onto George thigh as he jerked him off, the pleasure becoming too much for him.

“Good boy Dream~!” George rewarded the blonde with gentle head pats and soft words.

Sappnap rolled his eyes, his attention turning back to Dream as he pulled his fingers out of the blonde. A whine slipping through Dream’s lips.

“Oh don’t worry love...I’ll fill you up soon~” Dream practically mewled at the statement, no, promise and lazily looked back at Sappnap.

It was almost as if Dream was drunk from all of the attention. He fucking loved it even, it made the little butterflies in his stomach swirl around as if someone was holding a flame to them.

“Come on Dreamie give me some attention..” George tilted Dream’s chin back towards him, pressing his leaking cock against his lips.

Dream gladly opened his mouth, taking the Brit back in once more, this time with a new found sense of urgency as he went straight to deep throating him.

“O-Oh fuck..” George groaned as Dream went to town on pleasuring the brunette.

All while Sappnap pressed his dick against Dream’s hole, teasingly pushing the tip in barely before

pulling out.

“Mm~!” Dream whined, pushing his hips back on Sapnap. Tho, he wasn’t having any of it.

Sapnap slapped Dreams ass, a red hand print forming at the perfectly shaped cheek.

“Mnnhgh~!” Dream mewled at the pain, his eyes rolling back as Sapnap rubbed over it.

‘Am I a masochist now? Or just a slut for these two? Who fuckin’ knows.’

Dream mentally slapped his thoughts away as Sapnap harshly grabbed at his ass, kneading it before giving it another harsh slap.

“Dream...Are you being a bad boy? Does the little slut need a punishment?” Dream moaned at the harsh words, his eyes fluttering as George ran his fingers through the blondes hair. Soon pulling him off of his cock tho.

“Answer him.” George yanked on the blonde’s hair, forcing a whine out of him.

““M sorry for b-being bad..I-I’ll be good!” Dream looked back up at George, those Doe eyes feigning innocence.

George groaned quietly before looking up at Sapnap, who only grinned and leaned down, letting his weight rest on Dreams back as he kissed the blondes nape, whispering into his ear, “What’s my name Dream?”

Dream’s eyes fluttered closed as his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

“I’m sorry m-master...!” Sapnap had a devilish grin dancing across his lips as he pulled away from Dream, only two push the in between of his shoulder blades, his other hand holding his ass up.

“Good boy Dream...So good for us~” George gently ran his thumb over Dreams bottom lip, soon to pull down.

“Color?” Sapnap pressed his tip against Dream’s hole, his cock aching to be inside of the blonde.

“G-Green, please master~!” Dream fumbled out, his eyes practically rolling to the back of his head as Sapnap slammed into him, his tip cramming against Dream’s prostate.

“Fuck~!” Dream practically screamed as Sapnap fucked his brains out, reducing him to nothing but a hot and bothered mess.

George grinned at the sight of Dream falling apart. Every damn time, it didn’t matter how many times he saw it, it was so fucking sexy.

“Come on Dream~ open those pretty little lips for me.” George grinned as Dream took him in his mouth once more.

Sapnap moaned lowly as he began to speed up his pace, his thrusts getting sloppier and sloppier as he got closer.

The brunette reached down and began to jerk Dream off, causing the blonde to practically spass out from all of the pleasure.

Dream let out a sob as he felt himself reach his breaking point, sucking down harder on the cock in his mouth.

“Fuck Dream.. hah~ you tighten up so nicely.” Sapnap slapped his ass once more, causing Dream to finally climax, cum dripping down his stomach as his thighs and torso shook with overstimulation.

The sight of Dream getting wrecked sent Sapnap over the edge, filling Dream up to the brim, George following.

Dream pulled off of George’s cock, panting like a bitch as he rested his face on George’s thigh. Sweat dripping down his body.

Sapnap slowly pulled out of the blonde, small bits of cum dripping out.

“Such a good boy Dream, so good for us..” Sapnap cooed, rubbing circles in his thighs.

Dream whimpered, his eyes closing as exhaustion spilled over him.

George gently ran his fingers through Dreams hair, soon pulling him and resting himself against his chest as he left kisses along the back of his neck.

Sapnap got up and began to clean Dream up. Grabbing a pair of boxers and his own hoodie to put on Dream.

The brunette turned to see George wrapping his arms around Dreams waist, holding him and burying his face in his neck. A slightly sad expression on his face.

“George.” Sapnap now felt jealousy pierce through him at the sight. Yeah sure George could fuck him but definitely not cuddle him.

“You lucky son of a bitch...I don’t understand how he could have chosen you over me.” George grumbled quietly, inhaling Dreams scent and tightening his grip around him.

Dream hummed in content and curled into his arms. Mumbling something along the lines of,

“I love you both...Sap, George..”

Sapnap froze and looked down at Dream, biting his lip at the sleeping blonde.

George smiled softly at that and sighed in content, his chest swelling with a bit of pride.

But, the brunette finally let go of Dream and laid him down before getting dressed.

“He may love you, but remember, he’ll always love me to.” George soon exited, leaving Sapnap to grumble and cuddle up to Dream, possessively wrapping his arms around his blonde’s waist.

“Love you Pandas..” Dream mumbled, turning and burying his face in Sapnap’s neck.

“Love you to Dream...”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

This is officially me off of Hiatus!

I’m sorry I was gone for so long, I have finally gotten my motivation back and am working on requests again!

If you have any requests please comment or post it in the discord!

<3 have an amazing day my lovelies!

Dopamine - DNB

Chapter Summary

I don't even fucking know

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dopamine

-

Tw: DNB - Dreambur - Angst - self worship - body worship - smut - revenge - alcohol - threatened of leaked nudes - dumb narrator plugs -

-

Dream has mommy milkers •v•

-

-

“Babe you’ve had too much to drink...” Dream yanked Wilbur out of the bar, groaning as he was pushed away from Wilbur.

“Don’t touch me! My boyfriend will be upset!” Dream snorted and crossed his arms.

“I am your boyfriend, now let’s go..” Just before Dream could touch Wilbur again, the brunette had pulled out his phone, pulling up a picture of George and him on the beach smiling at each other.

“This is my boyfriend!” Wilbur slurred before letting out a hiccup.

Dreams face dropped. His best friend?... ouch.

“You can’t be serious...” Dream muttered, his heart aching at the feeling of betrayal.

How could George do this to him? After everything..all those years spending time together and being best friends, he does this.

And Wilbur was no better, 3 years together. Just for the brunette to cheat on him.

“How long have you two been together?” Dream looked up at the man, tears freely falling down his cheeks.

“T-Two years! *hiccup*” Dream looked at him then at the picture.

“Oh.” Dream nodded and called George, his keys twirling in his fingers.

“Yes Dream?” The blonde heard a familiar British accent on the other end.

“Come get your boyfriend, he’s drunk at XXXX on XXXX street.”

“What boyfriend?” Dream scoffed and rolled his eyes. Wiping away some of the tears.

“Wilbur obviously. Your boyfriend of two years... it was such a pleasant surprise to hear about.” Dream smiled sarcastically at the phone.

“D-Dream I—“

“Come get him. I’m leaving him here.” Dream hung up and began to walk away from the brunette, who was currently shoving past some bikers, wobbling a bit.

Day later

-

Dream woke up with an aching head ache, crying all night really didn't help.

The blonde looked to his left, a picture of him and Wilbur wrapped up in a blanket giggling to each other, a lovely memory it was.

"Now what.." Dream muttered. Rolling over and staring at the ceiling, hoping for some invisible force to answer. That is until his phone rang.

Dream reached over and plucked his device from his bed side table, answering without looking at the contact name.

"Dream? Baby?" The blonde sighed and his head flopped onto his pillow.

"What is it Wilbur." Dream spoke coldly, anger practically melting off his lips.

"Why did you leave me at the fucking bar! And why am I George's place?!" Wilbur raised his voice into the phone.

"What's wrong? You don't like spending time at your boyfriends place?" Then there was silence.

"You know?" Dream rolled his eyes, the call being a repeat of when he told George.

"Of course I know, you told me last night when I tried to get you to go home from the bar. I had touched your shoulder and you pushed me away before pulling up a picture with you and the attention whore, then said 'This is my boyfriend!'" Dream recalled last night, sitting up and running a hand through his hair.

"...D-Dream I was drunk—"

“Oh you certainly were. Drunk enough to let it slip that you’d been dating my best friend for two years. Drunk enough to even smile at the fucking picture in front of me.” Dream could hear the man audibly gulp on the other end.

“I’m sorry! I-I...He— it was meant to be a hook up but we just kept going and and—“

“Wow I’ve dated some real scum bags in my life but never in my 23 years of life did I imagine you would cheat on me, tell me about it, SHOW me, and then say it was a two year hook up. Oh your so fucking funny.” Dream huffed, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Dream I swear—“

“I bet you do.”

“Dream don’t do this. You can’t break up with me we’ve been together for three years!”

“Uhm no actually we’ve been together one year. You were with George for two years and I guess I was just your side bitch.” Dream played with a random bottle cap he had laying around him.

“No! Dream no!”

“Yes Wilbur Yes. We’re done.”

“If you break up with me I’ll leak your nudes!!” Wilbur yelled, sounding breathless and desperate on the other end.

“Go for it.. I hate to be the one to tell you, but your not my only option. I had and still have SO many other guys that want me, yet I chose you. If anything you leaking my nudes will just give me more options. You can’t make me insecure with your empty threats.” Dream grinned to himself.

‘Oh I’m such a slut for myself.’ Dream sighed at his thoughts and mentally rewarding himself for having such a great body.

“Dream please please don’t do this!”

“Oh shit- I just did.”

“Fine! I wouldn’t want to be dating a slut anyway.”

“Oh but you are...your dating George remember!” Dream smiled at Wilbur’s nervous noises.

“Bye Wilbur.”

“Wai—“

Dream hung up and plopped his phone down beside him.

“I know I should feel bad, upset, morbidly depressed...but I just can’t find it in me to be anything but relieved.” Dream got out of bed and looked at himself in the mirror.

“I really am fucked up.” Dream mumbled and lightly traced his curves.

-

Now...like the spiteful bitch Dream is, he just had to make life worse for his ex.

Speaking of, Dream was currently pulling into the drive way of Technoblade’s house. Wilbur’s brother.

The blonde pulled out the keys and grabbed his phone, wallet and keys before walking up to the house. He looked up at the door a bit confused as to why the fuck it was such a tall door.

Anyways.

Dream rang the doorbell, waiting patiently for the door be opened. After a few coughs and groans from the other side, the door opened. Revealing a tired, shirtless, muscular 6'5 pink headed man looking down at him.

[listen— I just watched some Jason Mamo content and got DAMN is he fine. So allow me to make Techno the fine muscle man he is]

“Dream? What are you doing here?” Techno looked down at the blonde confused, leaning on the doorframe.

‘Oh please tell me what they say about big feet is true.’

Dream bit his lip and looked down, actually getting nervous.

“Um...we'll Wilbur cheated on me with George...for— well...Two years and I just found out...I was wondering if you would help me wi—“ Before Dream could finish, he was yanked inside and roughly pinned to the wall.

“So let me get this straight, you want me to help you get revenge on my brother?” Dream nodded, looking up at the older nervously.

‘I'm not used to having fucking butterflies in my stomach. I'm about to cry in Canadian if this fluttery feeling doesn't stop.’

“Well...I thought you'd never ask.” Techno grinned and tilted dreams chin back up to him before leaning down and closing the gap between them. And what was meant to be a delicate kiss turned into something along the lines of pornographic.

“Mm...” Dream hummed into the kiss, his hands sliding up Techno's chest and wrapping around his neck as he eagerly fought back against the man.

Techno chuckled before picking him up by the thighs, one arm wrapped under his ass and one holding his thigh as he walked up the stairs to his bedroom.

Only breaking the kiss when they arrived at there destination.

“W-Why are you so fucking hot...” Dream muttered as Techno laid him against the bed, looking down at the blonde with a lust filled glare.

Dream on the other hand, was running his fingers along the man’s torso, the tips of his fingers brushing against the defined muscle.

“You like what you see~?” Dream nodded shamelessly, his thighs wrapping tightly around Techno’s waist, bringing him closer against him.

“Your turn to strip baby..” Techno took his time running his hands up Dream’s hoodie, squeezing his curves and quietly whispering praises and small worships.

“Damn Dream..” Techno felt saliva pull until his tongue when he squeezed the man’s mommy milkers.

Dream giggled before promptly wrapping his arms around the tops neck, smiling ‘innocently’ at him.

“I wanna fuck you so bad..” Techno ripped the hoodie off of him, immediately leaning down and kissing Dream’s neck, slowly trailing down to his chest.

The blonde hummed and re-wrapped his arms around Techno’s neck.

-

Ahah— 4 hours later.

-

Dream sat up slowly, resting his back against the headboard behind him as he looked down at the sleeping man beside him.

“Well damn...Remind me to come ‘round here more often.” Dream mumbled, running his hands threw his hair, gears cranking in his head as he thought about what he should do next.

The blonde saw his jeans on the side of the bed and grinned before climbing over Techno, leaning down and snatching his phone from the pair of jeans. Once he sat up, he remained straddling Techno as he looked at life 360.

‘So your at the sluts place huh?’

Dream sighed before kissing Techno’s cheek, then slowly down his neck. Smiling to himself when he felt the man under him groan.

“Dream..” Techno’s voice was low and guttural. So sexy.

“I have to go love... Can I come back later?” Dream focused on biting and sucking down on Techno’s neck. Marking him up until he woke up fully and sat up, making Dream fall back and rest on his thighs.

“Hm...’course you can Dream.” The blonde smiled at the man in front of him before getting up, his phone in hand as he got dressed.

“You know... Your not as rigid as I thought you would be~?” Dream teased the older, only to jump at the sudden slap to his ass.

“You loved it.” Techno wrapped his arms around Dreams waist, pulling him flush against his chest.

“You caught me.” Techno chuckled lowly before closing the gap in between them, the kiss was soft and gentle. That is until Techno delivered a hard squeeze to Dreams ass.

“Ah. You don’t get to touch til’ later.” Dream smacked his hand away and pulled away. Slipping his hoodie on and walking out the door. A shirtless and marked up Techno following behind.

“Well I got something to look forward to dont I?” Dream looked back at him before giving him a

wink.

“You know it~” Dream got in his car, waving the man a farewell before pulling out the drive way.

Once he was out of the driveway, he turned on the radio, only to have ‘bust your windows’ play.

Dream grinned to himself before starting the trip to George’s house for no specific reason once o’ ever.

-

your a bad bitch.

-

Dream slowed to a quiet stop when he reached George’s house. He pulled the key out of the ignition before closing the door quietly.

The blonde made his way to Wilbur’s car, he had some second thoughts for a hot minuet but finally went through with the delicious plan.

Dream pressed his car key against Wilbur’s car side and slid it all the way down to rear, repeating the same to the other side.

Then slipped a pocket knife out of his back pocket and promptly punctured his rear tires and one front. Just to be kind.

“Dream?” Wilbur came out just as Dream stood up. Slipping his pocket knife back in its respective pocket.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO?!” Wilbur yelled out as his eyes fell on his precious car.

“Just a little re-modeling.” Dream grinned as he walked back to his car.

“YOU FUCKING DICK SUCKER HOW DARE YOU!” Wilbur yelled out at him.

“AND YOUR BROTHER FUCKING ENJOYED IT TO!” Dream said before starting his car, leaving Wilbur to stare at him in shock.

Dream began to drive back to his ‘lovers’ house, whistling the jolly tune of, First class by Jack Harlow.

The dopamine endorphins pumping into his brain as he leaned back.

What a day.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! I am working on request chapters so if you have a request then comment below!

<3

#Manhunt - BWT

Chapter Summary

Ahah...no fucking clue why I put hashtag. Anyway.

I have never written a BWT story before, it was like trying to make an Eiffel Tower out of ramen, confusing. I tried my best, I hope it was as you wanted!

I am working on other requests and more! Please read the notes on this chapter, they will explain some things <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Man-hunt

-

Requested by TheKrater

-

Tw: BWT - Demon BBH (his skin) - Sassy virgin Dream - slight harem?? - smut - fluff - Confident Bad - CON - Praise kink - pet names - BJ - long tongue?? - I tried-

-

-

“Let’s split up! Bad go to the left, Sappnap go to the right, Sam go around back and I’ll go to the front, got it?” Bad yelled, his tail twitching in excitement.

It had been a while since Bad could do the manhunts due to his past injury.

But, he’s here now and is determined to get to Dream first. Primarily because he saw George and Sappnap planning to tag team Dream. Bad was not having it.

The demon made his way down the cave quickly, his tail holding the torch as he ran down the tunnel.

“Fucking- Shit!” Dream groaned in anger as he dropped some iron in the lava on accident.

The blonde took a breath before turning around, only to see Bad holding a sword to his neck.

“Oh—..” Dream’s breath hitched when bad raised the sword a little higher.

“Bad you don’t wanna do this.”

“And why the muffin not?” Bad’s tail swished around behind him as he looked at Dream expectantly.

“Um...Becauusee..?” Dream felt small beads of sweat run down his forehead.

‘I cannot lose this one..’

“Because I..” Dream slowly pushed the sword away and walked up to Bad, practically closing all the space in between them as his hands ran up his chest.

“I want you...” Dream whispered as he looked down at Bad’s lips. Only before Dream looked up at Bad with doe eyes.

“Dream...Are you trying seduce me so I won’t kill you and win ?” Bad’s tail wrapped around his sword, slowly putting it down as Bad wrapped his arms around Dream’s waist.

“N-No...” Dream flushed a bright red at the sudden touch from Bad. The blonde slid his heads down to Bad’s chest and looked away.

“What’s wrong now Dream.. You were so confident earlier.” Bad hooked his finger under Dream’s

chin, making the blonde look at him.

“I-I’ll split the money with you if you let me win!” Dream suddenly blurted out.

‘I’m not about to bottom for BadBoyHalo. ’

“Mm...I don’t want your money.” Dream looked at him confused and rather desperate.

“Why? It’s a good amount of money and other than that I have nothing to give...” The blonde even sounded desperate. It was this day particular that he couldn’t let Bad’s team win. Because Sam was on his team and previously Sam had made a dumbass bet saying that if he won then Dream would have to do whatever he said for 24 hours.

If Dream won, Sam would do whatever he said for 24 hours.

“You could continue your rather cute attempt at seduction and see where that goes.” Bad grinned, his tail slowly wrapping around Dream’s upper thigh and slowly sliding towards his ‘problem’.

“But- but I don’t—...” Bad cocked a brow at the blonde.

“I don’t know how...” Dream mumbled under his breath, and to his misfortune, Bad heard it all.

The demon grinned at the red hot mess he was towering over. Lewd thoughts of the blonde all hot and bothered on the ground under him as he pounded into him mercilessly corrupted his once pure mind.

“Dream...Are you a virgin~?” Even Bad had popped his cherry a while back, and it was Bad they were talking about.

It was and would be a surprise for anyone to hear the infamous DreamWasTaken was in fact a complete virgin.

“...”

Bad felt his demeanour soften at the blonde, even if he was extremely horny currently, he still wanted to make sure Dream was okay.

“You don’t have to...but if you want, I can fix that.” Bad whispered to Dream, bringing him closer by the waist.

The blonde’s face flushed a deep red as he practically melted into Bad.

Dream looked up at Bad, then looked down to his lips, his mind churning around the thought of having to be taught how to have sex by BBH.

“I—...I don’t know...” Dream looked down, avoiding the Demons gaze.

“I’ll be gentle...” Dream chewed on the inside of mouth before finally nodding, receiving a soft smile from Bad.

“Good boy~” Bad once again whispered into Dream’s ear before blocking off the entrance to the small cave they were in and plopping down a bed from his inventory.

Bad sat down and watched as the younger looked at him confused.

“Come here pretty boy.” Dream felt his heart skip at the sudden usage of pet names. Why did it make him feel so giddy and bubbly? Why did it make him want to please Bad? He usually wasn’t a people pleaser...

Nonetheless, Dream made his way over to Bad and stopped in front of him. He shyly looked down at the demon and waited for his next command.

“I’ll ask again, are you okay with this?” Dream nodded, his breath hitching as Bad ran his hands up from Dream’s thighs, all the way to his chest then back down.

Bad took everything nice and slow, he made sure to figure out what Dream liked and disliked.

“Strip for me pretty boy..” Dream visibly gulped, he felt so nervous, but not in a Bad way. He was never afraid of losing his homosexual virginity, he just never expected to find BadBoyHalo so fucking attractive in just about every damn aspect.

The blonde began to pull his hoodie off, leaving him in a skin tight black under shirt. It had a turtle neck and a boob window.

Tho, as good as he looked with the skin tight fit, it didn’t stay on for long. And soon Dream was completely naked and exposed for Bad.

“Good boy...your doing so good~” Bad praised as he ran his fingers lightly along Dreams curves, soon reaching behind his thighs and pulling him closer.

“Someone’s excited..” Dream looked away quickly, embarrassment flooding his mind as Bad began to leave kisses along his stomach, then they got lower until Bad reached his weeping cock.

“Your so pretty Dream...so good for me.” Every time Bad whispered praises to Dream, his dick would twitch in excitement, aching for something. And thankfully Bad was feeling generous.

The demon slowly wrapped his hand around Dreams cock, starting off with slow strokes before building up.

“Hng~ B-Bad..” Dream held onto Bad’s shoulders, his lashes fluttering every time he ran his finger over the blondes slit.

But soon he stopped jerking Dream off, causing an almost immediate reaction from the man.

“Wh-why did you sto- O-Oh Fuckkk~” Dreams eyes rolled back as Bad took him into his mouth all the way.

Now, an interesting detail about Bad is that he had a super long tongue. It was almost scary long. But one could image what such a long tongue would be good for..

The demons tongue wrapped around Dream's cock as he sucked down on him.

All while Bad's hands slid behind Dream, and slowly pressed again his hole.

"Ah~! Bad!~" Dream called out rather quickly as his climax got to its reaching point.

The blonde tried to pull Bad off but he only sucked harder, soon swallowing Dreams load in full before slowly pulling off with a pop.

Bad licked his lip of any left over cum, all while keeping eye contact.

"Why did you swallow?!" Dream looked at Bad, guilt and worry spread across his beautiful face.

Tho the younger only received a chuckle from Bad.

"You taste good~" Dream's breath caught in his throat at the small statement. He was practically blushing up to his ears. And once more, Bad chuckled quietly.

"Your doing so well Dream...So well." Bad continued on with the praises as he got up. This time stripping himself down completely before sitting again.

Dream eyed the man's cock like it was some artifact from a museum, pure curiosity and want practically shining from his eyes.

The blonde watched as the little soldier saluted at him.

Tho, Bad soon stood up and gently pushed Dream against the bed facing up.

"You doing okay Pretty Boy?" Bad asked, making sure he wasn't pushing him to far.

"Mhm.." Bad smiled at the man under him before he began to leave kisses all over his body. Soon

those kisses turned into nibbles and those nibbles turned into hickies.

“Bad...” Dream sounded utterly breathless as the top ran his large hands up Dreams thighs, squeezing ever so slightly as he spread them, quietly testing Dreams flexibility. And oh was he flexible.

Bad practically bent Dream in half yet the blonde looked like he was doing just fine.

“No wonder your so good at speed running~” Dream just hummed in response, shivering as he watched Bad slip two fingers into his mouth before pulling them out. A small string of saliva connecting the two.

“You ready Dream?” The blonde nodded slowly, getting slightly more nervous.

But Bad did as he said he would, he slowly pushed one finger past Dreams rims and waited for him to relax before commencing with the stretching.

And to both of there surprise, Dream took his finger surprising well.

“Hngh~... m-more~!” Dream whined, his back arching when Bad suddenly pressed against a certain bundle of nerves deep inside of him.

Bad raised a brow at the lewd reaction and continued to press down and massage that certain spot.

“What’s wrong Pretty boy, nothing else to say~?” Dream could only reach out for Bad and try to grab at the man’s cock, hopeful to line it up and finally getting it inside.

“Are you sure baby? I don’t wanna hurt—“

“Yes! Please Bad..I’m stretched!” The blonde pleaded to the demon, tho rather sounding bratty, Bad gave the younger what he wanted.

Bad lined his aching cock up with Dreams hole, soon to slip the tip past his tight rims, tho

stopping when he heard Dream let out a whimper.

“Sh...It’s okay baby just relax.” Bad gently kissed up Dreams chest, soon licking over one of his nipples before slipping it into his mouth.

“Mngh...” Dream let out small and quiet moans as Bad began to sink further into him.

It carried on like this for a small while until he was finally balls deep into the man. Bad still remained patient and waited for Dream to say he was ready for movement.

“B-Bad...it feels weird~!” Dream whined, squirming slightly at the feeling of being full.

“Does it feel good? Describe it to me..” Bad kissed up Dreams chest, slowly starting to shallowly thrust in.

“Hng... I-It’s starting to feel...re-really weird~!” Dream’s mouth hung open as Bad slammed into suddenly, causing a lewd moan to erupt from Dreams throat.

“A good weird..?” Bad suddenly bit down on Dreams neck, only pulling away when the metallic taste of blood corrupted his mouth.

“Yeesss!~ fuck!” Bad stopped abruptly, hands tight on Dreams waist.

“What was that.” Dream whined and squirmed under Bad’s gaze, wanting nothing more than to be ruined.

“...” Tho, the blonde remained stubborn. Trying to succumb to the desires of muffin-ing out.

“Dream.” Bad roughly thrust up into Dream before stopping once more, causing the sub to choke out a moan.

“I-I’m sorry!” Dream cried out, to his relief, Bad finally continued to fuck him into space.

“Good boy Dream~ S-So good...” Bad groaned into Dream's chest as he felt himself get closer and closer. Only to stop and flip Dream roughly.

“Bad..?” Bad pushed Dream down onto his chest by his shoulder blades, he held up Dream's hips as he quickly entered him once more.

Not giving the blonde a chance to process as he absolutely wrecked his insides.

Dream's jaw slacked as he let out a particularly loud moan, white ribbons splattering the sheets and Dream's stomach.

Bad kept fucking him into sheets, his eyes rolling back as Dream tightened around him. Soon filling the blonde to the brim with his cum.

The two were a panting, sweating mess against each other.

-

George, Sapnap and Sam sat behind the thin stone wall.

George and Sapnap quietly cursing Bad, he got to the blonde first. Damn it.

Sam on the other hand was trying to will down his hard-on, the little shit just won't stop saluting. What can you do?

In the end, they scratched the man-hunt and started over the next day.

Chapter End Notes

Hello reader! I hope you enjoyed this chapter, it has not been revised for grammar, I do apologize for any severe misspells, I was just trying to get this chapter out as fast as possible.

I have some requests I am working on, as well as 12 drafts I have procrastinated on.

Your comments have kept me going and I really really appreciate it! The reason I have not been posting as often is because I have been working on multiple chapters at one, I have yet to find the flow of writing. I think I might go back to writing one chapter at a time, idk.

But I thank you all for reading and commenting, your comments are my favorite thing to read! I love you all so so so much! Have an amazing day! ♥

Flowers - Small harem

Chapter Summary

I promise I only had one edible while writing this.

Only. One.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Flowers

Requested by *Anon* <3

-

Techno norm height: 6'5"

Sapnap norm height: 5'9"

Punz norm height: 5'8"

Dream height: 5'5"

-

kinda based off of twilight a tad bit 🐾🐾

-

Tw: DnB - DN - Pwt - Werewolf [shifters] - Lots of cock usage - mentions of depp vs heard case - primarily comedy - multiple part story - violence - threats - mentions of castration - mentions of BJ - no smut - not grammar checked -

-

-

“That’s bullshit! Arrows don’t come in flavors you dipshit!” Punz slammed his fist against the table, glaring at Sapnap.

“Oh yeah? Then lick this!” Punz chuckled an arrow at him. Proud of himself when it hit Sapnap square in the face.

“Im gonna fuck you up!” Sapnap reached over the table and grabbed the blondes collar, successfully starting a fight.

Techno rolled his eyes and rubbed the sides of his face. Clearly not in the mood for the twos antics.

“I SWEAR TO GOD SAP-“ Punz yelled but shut up when Techno slammed his fist on the table before quietly getting up and exiting the dining area.

“Your fault.” Sapnap muttered under his breath, unfortunately for him Punz heard.

The blonde reached over to a potatoe and threw at Sapnap, giving him a proper black eye.

“OW! FUCK YOU!”

“FUCK YOURSELF!”

-

Techno took a breath as he was finally outside. He took this time to strip himself out of his clothing, folded the clothe and then put on the porch before walking back out.

In the matter of seconds, the one infamous Techno was replaced by a 7’3”, dark brown muscle packed wolf.

The beast began to make its way away from the encampment. Soon breaking into a sprint.

-

The camp

-

“I’m bored.” Punz complained, soon slapping his feet on the table and leaning back in his chair.

“Then jerk off or something.” Sapnap retorted, looking at his phone.

“My dick, as amazing as it is, can only take so much.” Sapnap scoffed before finally shutting his phone off and giving Punz his attention.

“So...What do you wanna do then?” The brunette spoke up, crossing his arms at the blonde in front of him.

“We could follow Techno...!” Punz blurted out the risky concoction of an idea.

“Pft— very fucking funny.”

“No I’m serious!” Sapnap rolled his eyes and got up, walking over to the fridge and grabbing a beverage.

“Okay and? Why would you want to follow Technoblade? Of all people. If he finds us he’ll kick our asses and then kick yours twice when I tell him it was your idea.” Punz just yanked the drink from the younger.

“Come on...Or are you too pussy to handle it?” Now that got Sapnap’s attention.

“Okay first, fuck you. And second...let’s go.” Sapnap and Punz raced out of the house, giving zero regard to their clothing as they both shifted and immediately broke into a sprint.

Sapnap’s secondary form was a 6’7”, light beige wolf. Whereas Punz secondary form was a 6’9”, hazel brown wolf.

Techno put his nose to the forest floor after being hit with a rather odd scent. He began following the scent trail all the way to a small clearing, filled with flowers and a small stream going through the center.

‘How have I never been here?’

The Wolf continued to look around the clearing, only to see a figure lying amongst the flowers. It appeared to be human, and alive at that.

Techno watched as the human turned to its side, facing him. The human was a blonde man, looked rather skinny since Techno could see his ribs from his side.

The beast got closer, and closer to the sleeping man until he was only a foot away. He let his curiosity get the better of him as he dipped his nose down and sniffed at the man.

But, Techno had accidentally pressed his nose right against the blonde's chest, causing the man to wake up quickly, jolting up. Only to be met with the large wolf in front of him.

The blonde's breath hitched as he looked at Techno, fear, confusion and anxiety practically melting off of him in waves.

‘Fuck he's pretty...’

The two were so caught up in just staring at each other, that Techno didn't even realize the man was reaching up, mere inches from his face.

Tho for some odd reason, he couldn't find it in him to care. So, he let the blonde gently pet his face. Soon reaching up and scratching between his ears as the two got more comfortable.

Unfortunately, their little moment was ruined as loud thuds and the sound of barking rang out.

Techno turned his head abruptly and saw Punz and Sapnap running at them.

When he looked back, the blonde had quickly shot up and shifted into a 6'6", deep red fox with black tips on his ears and black socks.

The fox bared its teeth at the two wolves as they slid to a stop and looked at the fox as if it were some kind of alien.

Techno found himself growling maliciously at the two, causing them to back up rather quickly.

When he turned around, the fox was nowhere to be seen. Causing a small pang of sadness to corrupt Techno's heart. Then that turned into anger.

-

30 minutes of violence later

-

Techno walked back to camp, still pissed at the two beat up wolves behind him.

'I can't fucking believe they scared him off... I also can't believe he can turn into a fox... '

The man's mind was filled with thoughts of the blonde and the fox. So many questions swirling around his mind as he finally reached the camp.

Techno stopped and shifted back to his primary form, getting dressed and sitting on the rocking chair on the porch.

He glared at Sapnap and Punz as they shifted and ran inside. Cupping their dicks, trying not to be completely seen, even if they were stark naked.

'He looked so skinny...'

Once more, Techno's mind went back to the blonde. It was just nothing he had ever seen or felt before...

-

An hour of daydreaming later

-

Techno finally got off of his ass and walked inside, tho he stopped at the oddly quiet house. It was never this quiet, even at night.

Tho, the peace quickly stopped when he opened the sound proofed dining room.

It was sound proofed in case one of the team members were doing loud shit, for example, arguing, fighting, raging, etc. and those who were outside didn't have to hear it.

Anyways.

Techno was met with an arrow almost hitting his face, thank god for those heightened senses tho.

Sapnap and Punz froze upon seeing the blood god in all his glory.

“What the actual fuck are you two dip shits doing?!” Techno yelled out, there were mash-patatoe's everywhere, and a clip of Johnny depp saying “Aquamannnnn” on repeat.

“...”

“...”

“Five seconds to explain before I revoke your porn privillage's.” Techno pulled a chair out from under the table and sat down before his countdown began.

“5...”

“4...” Punz glared at Sapnap, threatening him quietly.

“3...”

“2– I can hear the WiFi shutting down already..” Sapnap looked at Techno desperately.

“FUCK FINE!” Sapnap yelled out, letting a heavy breath as Punz slammed his hands down dramatically on the table.

“DAMN IT SAPNAP!” Punz yelled at the younger.

“WHAT?! I CANT LIVE WITHOUT PORN! I NEED TO JERK OFF AT LEAST ONCE A DAY!” Punz scoffed and flipped the brunette off, then slowly dipped his hand in his pocket before quickly pulling out another birdie.

“Oh haha very fuckin’ funny,” Sapnap flicked some mashed patatoe’s at him. “Don’t act like you don’t get off to femboy’s daily.”

Punz flushed a deep red and looked the other direction.

“Ahem.” Techno coughed, clearing his throat as the room went silent.

“We we were trying to make a mash patatoe castle with little depp flags on little-mutated ants running around on a patatoe track with him saying “Aquamannn”...” The two managed to say in unison.

Techno opened his mouth, only to have no words. The man’s mouth promptly closed.

“...”

“...”

“...”

“...right ok..” Techno just huffed man spread himself out on the chair.

“I’m going out tomorrow,” Just as Techno relaxed, he tensed back up and sat up, “I want to make myself very clear.”

Punz and Sappnap sat down, there undivided attention directed at Sappnap.

“Do not follow me. If I find you following me I will personally castrate the both of you.” The two froze up quickly, a bit of sweat building on there foreheads at the threat.

“Right...” Punz and Sappnap audibly gulped at the damning threat.

The oldest got up and quietly exited the room, his point having been made crystal clear.

“It’s your fault he’s pissed.” Sappnap glared at Punz, only to receive a sock being thrown in his face.

“Fuck you.”

-

8 hours later

-

Today is the day. Today is the day Techno will talk to the mystery shifter and get to know him.
Or...so he hoped.

The man was going to remain hopeful and was going to find his way to the blonde he had gotten so tripped up over.

He was going to have some form of relationship with him. He had made up his mind right as he

looked down at the ungodly morning wood he had received.

“Fuck.” Techno cursed quietly, quickly stripping off the sheets and going to the bathroom before he could get any... substances on anything.

-

1 hour later

-

Now was the time.

Now was the time to go and find the blonde that Techno desired so much.

‘I’m not a pervert.’

The thought replayed in his mind as he tried to convince himself.

‘I’m not as bad as Sapnap..or punz. I know that.’

Speaking of, it was time for part two of there punishment.

Techno got dressed and made his way to the WiFi center hidden in his room. It was convenient to have the power of everything in your own room. That’s for sure.

He began to switch not only the internet off, but also changed the password, and turned the cold water off. No escape.

Just as he shut everything down, he could hear the screams of his victims.

“NO! FUCK I WAS ABOUT TO FUCKING FINISH!” Punz screamed out, a loud bang sounding through the hallway.

Techno sighed, dusting off his hands and patting his back. Mentally rewarding himself with his accomplishment.

“Noooww it’s time to go find fox boy.” Techno huffed as he walked out of his room, locking it and slipping the key under his door.

Just before he could reach the front door, he was interrupted by Sapnap and Punz. Both staring angrily at the older.

“Turn it back on.”

“No.”

“I need the internet!!” Punz and Sapnap whined in unison, there hard ons saluting whatever porn they were watching before it was abruptly snatched away.

“Just get Sapnap to suck you off or something like you did last time.” Sapnap gagged quietly and turned away.

“He’s horrible at blow jobs! The only reason I got to cum last time is cause I got the mental image of— well— you know!” Sapnap gasped in offense, soon spitting on him in Canadian.

“Fuck you! It would be easier to suck you off if your dick wasn’t so fucking SMALL!” It was Punz’s turn to gasp in offense, followed by spitting on Sapnap in Russian.

“Oh my god.” Techno rolled his eyes before leaving the two to fight each other.

The door slammed shut, leaving Punz and Sapnap to commence in the cock wars.

“I WILL FUCK YOU UP!” Punz yelled out, the two now stark naked with there cocks out and flipping the other one off.

“NO YOU WON’T! YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGER TO EVEN JERK OFF LIKE HELL YOU CAN DEFEAT ME!” Sarnap yelled at the top of his lungs, getting in his fighting stance.

“Try me you run over pussy!”

It began.

The DEADLIEST and most VIOLENT cock war had began.

Dun

Dun

Dun.

-

Techno broke into a fast sprint as he dogged the trees, nose to the ground as he tried to find the scent from yesterday.

Good thing the all mighty Author was in his favor, he had found himself in the same flower field as before.

The beast quickly began his search as he looked around the field, his heart practically jumping out from his esophagus when he saw the same blonde haired man as before.

Only this time the boy was awake, sitting with his thighs spread as he picked up a yellow flower, then a pink and began to weave the stems together, creating a crown in no time.

Techno slowly stalked towards the blonde, keeping quiet and making sure no one was following him as his little band of horn dogs did last time.

Just as Techno took another step, he was stopped in his tracks when the blonde looked up.

The two were locked up in another moment, silently sending messages through that scattered eye contact.

Soon, Techno shifted back, now standing butt naked in front of the blonde.

No shame as he just sat down, loosely cross legged in front of him.

“Hello..” Techno finally spoke, breaking the silence.

He watched as the blonde brushed a lock of hair behind his ear as he looked up at him.

“Hi...” The blonde brought his knees to his chest and rested his chin on his knee caps. A light pink flushing cheeks as he looked down.

“My names Techno...yours?”

The blonde bit his lip for a moment in debate. Then released it and took a breath.

“Um...’m names Dream.” Techno grinned at Dream, finding his lil debate rather entertaining.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this! There will be another part(s), this first chapter ... moving on.

I hope this made you laugh at least, the next one will be better and I promise it will have as requested.

If you have any other requests please comment and I will get to it!

I love you all!!!

Explanation - A/N

Chapter Summary

Please read this, It's important and your answers will determine the fate of this book.

Hello my lovelies!

im so sorry for neglecting you and failing to produce the chapters I said I would.

when I tell you I have bunches of chapters and prompts in my drafts I mean it. There are so many and I just have not been writing as much.

mainly because I am not as into the fandom as I used to be, I guess I'm a bit burnt out of the DSMP. Now, I still love and cherish everyone in the Dsmp, but writing about it doesn't hold my interest anymore.

im currently trying to find a new fandom or something interesting to write on.

currently I'm loving Seven deadly sins and I may or may not start writing a book about that. But, guys I just have no motivation to write Bottom Dream anymore.

Im not completely discontinuing this book, Im just putting it on a long Hiatus.

-

However, I am discontinuing Flowers, I don't know where to go with the part two. I have 1235 Words on it, but I just am at a loss of where to go.

-

Anyways, let me explain my whole writing process with this book and my writing the dsmp.

I use the notes app, and have more than 39 folders used for my fan fictions. Each belonging to different ships and fandoms.

now, for this book I have a folder that is called drafts, published, and requests.

I have 15+ drafts

23 published

and 5 requests.

but I have an entirely different set of folders for the writing that doesn't even reach the drafts. These are mostly in that lil section because I wrote them when I was bored or way before I started this book. It consists of poor grammar, bad prompts, dark topics, and is over all just for my Bordem.

I legit go back and read them when I'm bored and every time I do I go back.

they don't all consist of bottom Dream, I have top Dream, Bottom Karl, Bottom Bad, And just more shit.

all of those together chocks up to be 121 fan fics.

I have been thinking of maybe going over some of them and just fixing them up and posting them, but I'm scared you guys will hate the prompts and stuff.

That said, I have 127 prompts that haven't been used yet.

I have a lot of stuff that I could put into this book but I don't know if you guys will like that content.

So I guess what I'm asking is for you to give me feed back on if I should or should not post the stuff that hasn't seen the light of the internet yet.

-

Please think about this, I know that this book may not mean a lot to you, but it is important to me. I have spent hours writing this chapters and then hours scratching them, restarting, editing, making new ones, etc. I just put a lot of work into it

love you guys, have a great day!

May he Rest In Peace

Today I went on Tiktok, not expecting to see that my favorite steamer, my life line, had passed away.

Technoblade has passed away from cancer. It hurts me to right this so much, I wasn't ready. It doesn't feel real.

I have watched him and supported him for years, it feels like a nightmare.

But even tho he has passed, his legacy and his moments he shared with us and the fandom, will never go away.

I know he's in a better place watching us all from wherever he may be.

This being said, I will no longer be writing fabrications that involve Technoblade. It just feels wrong...

He was my comfort streamer, and even tho he didn't know me, he helped me in so many ways. Rest In Peace, we all love you Techno.

Fuck guys it just hurts so damn much.. I watched Techno religiously, and every time I saw a notification I lunged for it. But now that he's gone I cannot wrap my mind around it.

I'm back bitches.

I have recovered.

And I'm as bitchy and horny for bottom Dream as ever.

I will be posting ALL MY SHIT

I just need to finish some up and force myself to finish up the fluffy shit.

But I'm getting there.

And I'm not tryna be any of those lil shits that never post actual chapters! I'm getting there I swear!

You just wait! Your favorite fucking pineapple will be back. And better than ever.

A promise - ??

Chapter Summary

Guys I just went through seven emotions.

I went to see a movie with my dad that had some gay shit in it, and let me say he was PISSED. So I had to hear about and was fuming on the inside but I'm good at keeping a straight face

Then I got home and went straight cleaning and crying.

Then had to take a shit. After said shit I went to wipe my ass and I got a glimpse of toilet paper drenched in blood. I'm not on my period and felt no pain.

But my dad said fuck all and don't worry about it. So I won't.

Then wen back to my room and saw a roach. Cried again.

I think I have flees in my room. I wanna commit arson.

Fuck my life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A promise

-

Tw: Dreambur - Angst - blood - self deprecation - fluff - Cursing - Dreamnap? - depression - Anxiety - slightly obsession - Possible part two -

-

Dream thanked the florist for the bouquet and began his walk to his crushes house.

Today was the day he would confess, he had planned it, cried over it, had anxiety over it, looked for to it. Today was the day he would confess his love for Wilbur Soot. His unconditional love for

the brit.

No matter the negative thoughts that flood his love sick mind, he was going to go through with it. He was going to finally put his feelings first.

Dream smiled and waved at everyone he knew as he walked down the prime path. Secretly chewing the inside of his lip raw.

The closer he got the more he began to sweat, the more his heart began to race, the more his mouth felt like paste.

‘What if he says no? What if he doesn’t like me because of my looks or or my height or my body type or my personality or my actions or what if-‘

Before Dream could think another unspeakably negative thought, he had arrived at the destination. The final destination.

The blonde took a breath and squeezed the flowers combined stems as he knocked on the brunettes door. His plans sweating up a storm as he chewed a bit harder on his lip.

“Hello? W-Wilbur?” Dream took a sharp inhale when a short woman, probably 5’4, blonde with red tips answered the door.

“Who are you?” The woman questioned rather harshly. Almost as if upon first glance she already hated Dream.

“I’m Dream...Wilbur’s friend- Uhm is he,” just before Dream could finish his sentence the brunette came from behind the woman, shirtless, bite marks and hickies riddling his once beautiful untainted skin, “...here..”

Dream felt the taste of blood flow into his mouth, he had chewed through the inner skin of his mouth, it wouldn’t stop bleeding, some even pooling and spilling from his lips.

But the blonde could only look at Wilbur, his eyes threatening to spill tears.

Wilbur knew that look, all too well. Desperation. Want and sheer need. And most importantly betrayal.

Dream looked down at the woman, his heart sinking lower and lower as he processed everything.

“Shit- your bleeding! Come inside do you need-“

“It’s fine.” Dream mumbled, just as he spoke more blood spilled from the corners of his lips.

Wilbur looked at him rather shocked, his eyes slightly widening more as Dream just placed the flowers on the ground and began to walk away.

“Wait- Dream!” Wilbur ran out from the house and grabbed Dream’s arm, spinning himself round so he was facing him.

“Were you...I-...” Wilbur was at loss for words. What could you say in this situation.

“Remember to throw the flowers away so they don’t break and wilt all over your front porch...” Dream muttered, gently removing the Brit’s hand from his arm.

“That’s not- no I don’t care about that...Dream why are you here?” He knew. He knew exactly why Dream was there.

“If only could,” Dream wrapped his own arms around himself, slowly backing up, “I’d make a deal with God, and I’d get him to swap out places.”

The blonde looked back at the woman, small tears finally falling from his eyes as he looked back at Wilbur.

“Dream I-I...” The brunette closed his mouth and tried to swallow the lump in his throat as he watched Dream crumble.

“Have fun Wil...” Dream began walking away, empty handed.

‘I knew it. We knew it. It was never going to happen. He’s too good. We’re not worthy, we don’t deserve him. This is okay. He will be happy like this. At least he is enjoying his life with the woman. But we’re dying inside. It’s okay tho.’

Dream’s thoughts swarmed, battling each other. Inevitably, the self deprecation won.

He had made up his mind.

He was not good enough.

He was not attractive enough.

He was not nice enough.

He was wrong in every way possible.

The tears poured from his eyes, the world blurring as he sped up, soon breaking into a sprint as he got away from the scene.

It hurt so much, to know that he will never be enough for the one he loved and held so dearly.

Dream ran so far, he managed to end up at his best friend’s house. Collapsing at the front door, his head hitting the door as he sobbed out.

Only for Sapnap to answer and look down, there he was, breaking down on his door step.

“Shit Dream! What happened?!” Sapnap helped the blonde up and brought him inside, wiping his tears away as he led him to the couch and wrapping his arms around him. Rocking slowly as he whispered sweet words into his sensitive ears.

“H-He has someone... *sniffle* else...” Dream buried his face into the man’s neck, his hands balling up his shirt weakly.

The inside of his mouth ached every time he opened it. Especially when he let out a cough, blood splattering his green hoodie as he began to cry harder.

Sapnap's eyes widened at the sight of the red liquid and looked at Dream closely.

"Dream are you okay? Why is your mouth bleeding? Don't tell me you started biting again..." Dream only let out a weak whine. He was in pain, not just physically. That was obvious.

It felt like his heart was rotting away, like he breaking from the inside out. He had never been so attached to someone.

Wilbur was his light, his joy, his purpose, his life line. But without him what was he to do?

Sapnap got up and grabbed some hot water and salt before coming back to Dream.

"Swirl this around in your mouth, I know it'll hurt but you need to do it. Mum said it helped." Sapnap sighed as he watched Dream do as he said.

The blonde quickly spit it out, blood contaminating the once salty-clear water. He covered his mouth as tears pricked up in his eyes. It burned.

Sapnap didn't know what to do. He had never been so deeply in love that nothing else mattered. He couldn't say he understood because he hadn't experienced it.

"Dream what can I do.." Sapnap kept him in his strong hold. His warmth tempting Dream to relax into the protective grip.

"I should have never tried to do it in the first place... he's obviously happy with the woman." Dream rested his head on Sapnap's chest, staring at the wall as silent tears rolled down his already tear stained cheeks.

"When I rang the doorbell, she answered. Then he came behind her, shirtless. His once beautiful clear skin was covered in red marks and bruises... He seemed happy. They seemed happy. Who am I to get in the way?" Dream let it out, all while his mind played it on repeat in his head.

“He probably thinks I’m a freak now...I even let blood get on his porch. Fuck I’m an idiot.” Sapnap’s brows furrowed as he looked down at Dream.

How could someone so beautiful, smart, cunning, kind, brave, funny, and strong think of themselves that way?

Dream was absolutely perfect in Sapnap’s eyes. No imperfection lie on the blondes body or mind.

Sapnap just couldn’t understand. How? How could he not see it?

“Dream your not an idi-“

“I am...I thought I would be good enough, I thought he would have feelings for me to, I thought his kindness was love for me when in reality he was just a kind person. I’m insufferable.” Dream closed his eyes and took a deep breath, but despite his efforts, tears began to flow once more.

“And I can’t stop fucking crying.” Dream glared at the wall, mentally degrading himself to nothing.

“Dream. Look at me.” Sapnap spoke with a harsh and stern tone. And when Dream didn’t look at the brunette, he snatched Dreams chin and forced him to look him in the eye.

“You are perfect to me. Your not stupid, if anything your the smartest person I know. Your not insufferable, your a joy to be around. You light up everyone’s day. You even go out of your way to make others feel better in spite of your own feelings. It hurts me to hear you say utter lies to yourself.” Dream looked shocked, his mouth agape as he took in an uneven breath.

“B-But—“

“Shut the fuck up.” Sapnap glared at Dream before turning him around and completely facing the blonde, who was now situated on his lap.

“I don’t want to hear anything you have to say about yourself because it is utter bullshit. Dream your amazing. And I will make you realize that whether you like it or not.” Sapnap huffed, calming down a little when he saw dream’s soft smile.

“Don’t say things you don’t mean...” Dream sniffled and rubbed the tears off of his eyes.

“I mean it. With all my goddamn heart.” Dream grinned at him.

“Language.” Sapnap scoffed, rolling his eyes at the blonde.

“Don’t you dare pull a badboyhalo on me.”

“What you gonna do about it, muffin~?” Sapnap glared at Dream playfully before tackling him.

“That’s it!” Sapnap began his attack, his hands quickly shooting up his hoodie. A tickling war began.

And as the two laughed and cried with each other, a promise was made.

A very important promise. One that Sapnap intended to keep.

-

Hey guys. I know this isn’t in the notes but I just needed to make sure you guys read this.

I will be putting this book on Wattpad. My friends are ganging up on me and saying that I should add it to wattpad so they can read because they don’t trust this site. So I’m gonna try it out...

My wattpad Name/Account: SarifxNotfound

Book name:bottom Dream

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Sorry it’s been a while! And sorry it’s angst- I

couldn't force myself to write smut rn.

If you have any requests then pls comment.

Love you <3

Fruity all around - Cream

Chapter Summary

I have so many goddamn chapters and prompts just ready to be posted but my lazy ass won't finish them.

Have patience with me my lovely's. <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fruity all round.

-

TW: CWT - DNF - Angst - Cheating - Revenge - Pet names - Walking desserts - No mask Dream - 5'9 Dre ; 6'4 Corpse - Hand kink - praise kink - Choking - Hair pulling - biting - nipple play - power bottom Dream - public sex - scar appreciation -

-

-

George's eyes closed shut as he wrapped his arms around her waist, bringing her close.

Her hands running up his chest, her nails digging into his skin. That's gotta hurt.

The sound of music, drunken yelling and singing, and utter chaos surrounding Dream as he just stared.

Just stared at his boyfriend as he defied Dreams trust in ways he promised he wouldn't.

The poor man didn't know whether to cry, cry at the fact that his boyfriend for three years was cheating on him with his 'best fiend'. Or to laugh at how his face flashed with pain every time she dug her ugly neon yellow nails into his skin.

Either way, it hurt. The burn in his throat especially hurt, it was like he was drowning. Completely zoning out on the two of them. At a loss for actions, words, and feelings.

What should he do?

Go up to the conniving couple and give them a piece of his mind, and in the process embarrass himself. Or be the slut for revenge he secretly is.

Tho, when he felt a large hand on his arm, that decision was made for him.

As Dream turned from the sad sight, his eyes fell upon a tall, rather muscular half masked man.

He had black fluffy hair that framed his face perfectly, pale clear skin, except for some of the dark scars that painted his skin. Only one eye was visible, it was a bright red, with some orange-brown tones to it. He had a purple bunny mask, or so it appeared at least. It would look scary if Dream didn't find it so damn attractive.

The black haired man wore a plain white button up, the sleeves folded up to his elbow, revealing the large and numerous veins that complemented his large hands.

He also wore black ripped jeans with converse.

Damn his feet were big.

'If what they say about shoe size is true...damn.'

Dream shook his head, so many emotions running threw, and apparently the two he decided to tap into were revenge and horny. Beautiful emotions really.

"That your boyfriend?" The raven haired man spoke...and oh fuck.

Dream could feel his eyes practically roll back at the sound of the deep tone. The fact that his voice was that sexy now made him even more curious to what it sounded like when...you know.

The heat radiating on Dreams cheeks couldn't help but deepen into an obvious red.

'Why am I of all people getting fucking shy?...'

"Ex. Ex boyfriend." Dream's lips danced with a dangerous grin, his eyes flicking from the man's eye to his hand for a split second.

Rather erotic thoughts filling his mind for a moment. Only to be zoned back in when the fucking tart spoke.

"Ex huh... Happen recently or..?" Dream looked up quickly, mentally bitch slapping himself for the thoughts that plagued him.

"Uh- well...about four minuets recent." Dream looked back to see George glaring at the woman's nails. Causing a snort to leave blondes the throat.

It was amusing really.

It was also amusing how Dream could do an emotional 180 from sad and depressed to out for revenge.

"Same.." The blondes head shot back to the man, obviously surprised.

"Is that your girl-?" Dream pointed to the whore hanging off George's shoulders.

Dream couldn't help but feel disappointed. And unfortunately it showed on his face.

"Ex girlfriend...and don't look so sad, it's completely over." The man grinned from behind his mask, a small blush radiating on his own cheeks as he looked down at Dream.

“O-Oh... um- I didn’t- I wasn’t-... Fuck.” Dream muttered under his breath. Crossing his arms as a pout graced his full lips.

“Names Corpse...yours?” The tart spoke up once more, snapping Dream out of his sexual fantasies once more.

“Oh- I’m Dream..nice to meet you.” Dream held out his hand for Corpse to shake, only for it be grabbed and pulled so Dream would fall into the walking dessert.

“Pleasure is all mine Angel.” Dream’s eyes widened for a split second, tho his jaw couldn’t recover as it remained slack.

“Fuck your hot...” Dream managed to mumble, not realizing he spoke out loud as he had to look up at Corpse.

“Why thank you..” Corpse wrapped a strong around around Dreams waist. The other hand resting on the blondes hip.

Dream blinked in confusion until realization set upon him.

“Shit.” Another mumble leaving those full lips as Dream let his head fall into Corpes’ chest.

“Hey Angel...Wanna do somethin’ fun?” Dream looked up at the man in front of him, head tilted as he nodded slightly.

“Trust me alright?” Dream was about to ask a question when the man tilted his mask up to his lips, until Corpse’s lips were smashed against the blondes.

It took Dream by surprise, but not for long as he kissed back with as much for as Corpse, if not more.

Dream wasn’t about to get dominated immediately, oh no.

Our best boy is a power bottom.

The blonde wrapped his arms around Corpse's neck loosely, tho he had to get on his toes.

As much as he loved tall guys, it was pissing him off.

So he did the next best thing; Dream pulled away from Corpse's lips, his hands slowly sliding down his chest as looked up into the one eye before turning around. His entire body pressed against corpse as he began to sway with the beat of the song.

Getting the idea, the sex on legs grabbed at Dreams hips, one knee making its way in between Dreams as they started to grind against each other.

Everything seemed to slow down as Dream looked back, his arm up and against his chest as his hand cupped Corpse's neck.

It was hot to say the least. And I'm not even there .

Corpse's brows furrowed as the sexual tension rose. The music blasting in there ears, the lights flashing from red all the way across the rainbow and back.

The raven haired man has never been in this situation, he was with his girlfriend, she was always uptight and stingy. Always complaining about random shit.

But with Dream, he felt like he could let loose, and for once in four years, he was enjoying himself.

And his boner was proof of that.

His hands squeezed at Dreams hips, one slowly going down his thigh and up.

Unfortunately, the breath taking moment was cut into pieces when a woman yanked Dream away.

The blonde fell face first into someone's chest, two arms wrapping around him in a tight hold almost immediately.

When Dream looked up he saw George, an angry look on his once attractive face.

"The fuck are you doing Dream?!" He practically yelled at the poor blonde.

"I WAS having fun until you fucked it up!" George looked betrayed, hurt, and pissed. Tho, Dream didn't care, "What? You don't get to be upset, we're not together anymore."

"What do you mean? When was this decision decided!" Dream tilted his head and looked up at him with innocent eyes, flashing his lashes at him.

"Well..When you decided to make out with her." His voice dropping from the innocent high pitch to a menacing one.

"I...Still! You don't get to just go with another guy!" George's hole loosened for a second, big mistake.

"God your such an ick." Dream pushed George away by his chest and turned back to see Corpse getting yelled at by the short bitch.

Oh hell no, no one gets to yell at the god sent living dessert when Dreams around.

Dream walked up to the girl and pulled her back by her shirt rather gently, not wanting a lawsuit, and stood in front of Corpse.

"Oh it's you, the slut." The woman rested a claw wielding hand on her hip.

"I'm a slut for your ex yeah." Dream spoke like it was the most obvious thing in to world.

“Wha- Have you no shame?!” The blonde looked at his nails and sucked on his teeth.

“No..not really. But it seems you don’t either, you know, with you making out with my now ex boyfriend and all that.” The woman looked dumbfounded.

Dream jumped when he felt two familiarly strong arms wrap around him, his back met with a muscular chest and torso.

The woman turned and looked at George, “You said you were single!”

“And so did you!” The British man yelled back.

Dream grinned and leaned his head back on the warm being behind him, his hands sliding up his forearm and resting there.

“Dream let’s go, we’re leaving” George yelled, reaching out for the blonde.

“No, fuck you I’m comfortable.” Dream huffed, smiling as said arms wrapped around his waist in a rather possessive manner.

George grumbled before looking up, all eyes were on them. Interesting.

Even the woman seemed to shrink into herself.

As the intense stares continued, the two finally broke and left the party. Leaving Dream and Corpse to continue there night.

“Mm...My place?” Corpse whispered, surprisingly enough, he was still equipped with a hard on that was big enough to intimidate even Dream.

“Oh~? Take me to dinner first at least pretty boy..” Dream joked, completely fine with getting bent over then and there if the tart behind him wanted to.

“Alright.” Corpse grabbed Dreams hand, leading him out of the party and to a large black Ram.

Who knew a guy with a large truck and big hands was attractive all on there own.

“Hop in.” Corpse opened the passenger side door for Dream, holding it open for the blonde.

“Oh~ A gentlemen..” Dream traced a hand across Corpse’s chest before getting in. He was a tease and he knew it.

Corpse got in, his jaw clenched as the tent in his pants twitched. But he took a breath and calmed down.

“Where’d you wanna eat?” Corpse looked over at Dream who looked at him with bright eyes.

“McDonalds!” The blonde said cheerfully.

Corpse snorted and looked at him rather surprised, he thought he would have picked somewhere more...expensive.

“You sure you don’t wanna go to somewhere...I don’t know...fancy?” Dream’s eyes narrowed as he tilted Corpse’s chin down towards him.

“You think McDonalds isn’t expensive enough?” Corpse looked down at Dreams lips, remaining quiet, “I can choose somewhere more expensive..like Wendy’s. Or Chick-fil-A.” Corpse let out a small laugh before shaking his head.

“No no- please not Wendy’s, it’s much to expensive and tasteful for me. McDonalds it is.” Dream grinned in satisfaction, leaning back in his seat and buckling himself up.

“Good boy.” Dream praised the driver, only to tense slightly when he felt a large hand practically engulf his thigh.

Corpse drove with one hand, a satisfied grin on his lips under his mask as he held Dreams thigh. Squeezing it slightly before releasing and running up the inside.

Loving the way Dream would tense or the way his breath would hitch.

Before they knew it, they were in the driveway making there order.

“I want a *insert cheeseburger with three things of large fries, a large coke and a large Oreo McFlurry*” Dream once more sat in his seat, a happy grin on his face as he practically bounced up and down waiting for the food.

Corpse let out a hearty laugh as he watched the blondes excitement for the food.

“Your so Fuckin’ cute.” Corpse grinned as he looked ahead, soon paying and grabbing the food and handing it to Dream.

“Thank you~!” Dream immediately grabbed a fry, and ate it. Licking the salt from his lips and slowly licking the salt from his finger tips. Primarily because corpse was watching him.

“Mkay! Now go to the beach, if you go down this road and then take a right you should make it to a private little area. I know the owner so it’s fine.” Corpse cocked a brow at him before nodding and driving to said destination.

Dream grabbed the food and was about to hop out, only for Corpse to slam the door shut, causing Dream to jump.

“Huh?” Dream looked at Corpse through the window, smiling softly when he opened the door for him.

“Oh...you really a proper gentlemen huh~?” Corpse chuckled as Dream hopped out and grabbed the man by the hand, dragging him over to a table by the beach side.

There only light was the moon above them, and it did it’s job well enough.

“Ok, so you got *insert nuggets and order*” Dream handed him the food and then grabbed his own, diving into the fries almost immediately.

“You really like McDonalds huh?” Dream looked up, four fries sticking half way out his mouth as he just hummed in response.

Corpse couldn’t help but grin at the sight, then it dawned upon him.

Was he really falling for someone he met 1..2...3 hours ago?

Perhaps.

Dream finished gulping down the bites of fries with coke before turning to Corpse, a rather determined look on his face.

“What’s your favorite microwaveable dinner.” Dream asked, well no..it was more like a demand.

“Uh- I don’t know?” Corpse cocked a brow at Dreams visibly disappointed face.

“Wha-“

“Noo.” Dream whined and grabbed Corpse’s hand, his phone in the other as he began to search something up.

Corpse looked down at his hand in Dreams, watching as the blonde fiddled with his fingers and mindlessly traced each vein.

It made his heart beat 2x faster than it usually would. Just what was Dream doing to him?

“Have you ever had dinosaur chicken nuggets?” Dream finally looked up at the masked man in front of him.

“No?” At that, Dream looked betrayed.

“Noooo!” Dream whined once more, a tint of desperation sweeping through his voice.

“You have to try them, there so fucking good.” Dream declared before pulling his hand away from Corpse and giving his McFlurry some attention.

Only to choke on it slightly when he felt a familiar hand on his thigh once more.

Butterflies soon erupting in stomach as he close his legs, shifting in his seat slightly. Beckoning his mind to listen to his command as to not get a hard on just from a hand touching his thigh.

But as he looked down, he couldn’t but get all hot and bothered at the sight. Corpses hands were just so Fuckin’ sexy.

“As much as I love your sexy ass hands all over me, at least lemme finish my food,” Corpse only squeezed his thigh harder. “Without having a hard on.” Dream added.

Corpse sighed and nodded, his patience running thin. Everything the blonde did was just...sexy.

After engulfing all of there food, the two were sat on the small picnic table. Laid out and staring at the stairs above them. Sitting in a comfortable yet tension filled silence.

“Hey Corpse?”

“Hm?”

“Can I ask you a serious question...?” Dream rolled over and looked at the man. Propping himself up on his elbows.

“Yeah...sure.” Corpse confirmed, looking over at the blonde with a rather curious look painted on

his features.

“Ok...let me know if I’m overstepping okay?” Dream looked serious, which managed to instill a nervous touch into Corpse’s demeanor.

“What is...” Dream took a dramatic breath, building up the atmosphere. “Favorite animal.” Only for said atmosphere to crash and burn.

“Pft- seriously?” Corpse rolled his eyes at Dream’s antics, looking back up at the sky.

“What? It’s a serious question!”

“Oh yes of course, of course it is.” Corpse scoffed, but jumped a little when Dream suddenly placed himself on Corpse’s laps. His hands resting on the dom’s muscle packed stomach.

“Come on baby... You can answer right~?” Dream leaned down, his hands running Corpse’s chest teasingly until he was laid on top of him.

“Fuck..” Corpse cursed quietly, his cheeks burning a deep red. Unfortunately for Dream, the man’s mask covered up his sweet reaction.

The blonde cupped Corpse’s neck in his hands, leaning up and placing open mouth kisses and bites all along his neck. Focusing more on his Adam’s apple than anything.

“I-I like parrots...” Corpse finally sputtered out, only for Dream to pull away quickly and look at him oddly, yet unimpressed.

“Parrots..?” Dream huffed and crossed his arms, looking away.

Corpse grinned and sat up, making Dream lose his balance for a moment before re-establishing his dominance over gravity.

“You got a problem with parrots?” Corpse rested his hands on Dream’s waist, squeezing and feeling

around his perfect curves.

“YeS! Capybara’s are obviously better and m-“ A rough hand wrapped around Dreams throat, closing off his air for a few seconds before returning the blondes air.

Dream’s eyes crossed as his face burned a deep red at the action. He bit his lip, squirming and getting some amount of friction along the way.

“C-Corpse...are you trying t-to get me hard or something?” Dream whined, cursing himself mentally for fucking up his sentence.

“Maybe.” Dream shuddered at the rough voice, his hands balling up into Corpses shirt as the dark brunette placed his lips against Dreams; who surprisingly kissed by with an amount of force that threw even Corpse off.

Soon Dream pulled away and gave Corpse a stern yet playful glare.

“I think your confused on who wears the pants in this relations- Ah!” Dream was suddenly overturned, now on his back with his hands held roughly and securely above his head.

“Dream your being such a bad boy...I think you need a punishment.” Corpse once more wrapped his hand around dreams neck, a little more forcefully.

Dream’s eyes rolled back ever so slightly as Corpse towered over him.

“Mm..” Dream let out a pathetic whimper as he tried to get friction.

“Oh? So now you drop the bratty attitude huh?” Corpse tightened his grip on Dreams neck, only to let go and slam his lips against Dreams. Which the blonde gladly complied to.

Dream wrapped his legs around Corpse’s waist, his thighs bringing him closer so he could easily grind against the others crotch.

“Dream are you ok with th-“

“Shut the hell up and fuck me already before I do it myself.” Dream huffed, light heartedly glaring at Corpse who was frozen at the comment. His patience wearing thin.

Dream rolled his eyes before swapping positions, now situated on Corpse’s tent. He reached down and pulled his own pants off, including the boxers.

Corpse rested his hands on Dream’s bare thighs, squeezing before sliding up to Dream’s ass. The feeling of his skin was like a drug, he couldn’t get enough of the blonde. So he did his best to soak but every bit of the blonde while he still could.

Dream fumbled with corpse’s belt, but soon rid the man of the object before moving on to the fly. The process was quick, even with Dream slipping up with the buttons and zipper.

But soon enough, Corpse’s cock was free and standing tall all on its own.

Dream bit his lip at the size, his mind swarming with how long or wide it is. Or how far it would go into him or if it would break him. Curious.

Tho, his thoughts were interrupted when he felt a finger a certain pair of long fingers poke at his entrance.

“Mm...” Dream hummed at the sudden intrusion, his eyes fluttering at the feeling he loved so much.

Corpse cocked a brow at Dream, expecting to feel constricting tightness but was instead met with a slightly loose hole.

“W-was watching wrestling— and—“ Dream moaned out softly as Corpse continued to spread him open, even chancing upon his prostate a few times. “abs really are to fucking attractive..” Dream finished his broken sentence with a mumble.

“Your such a Fuckin’ slut.” Corpse gasped quietly as Dream grabbed his cock, setting a painfully

slow pace as he jerked him off.

“Y-Your slut...fuck~!” Dream let out a particularly loud moan as Corpse rubbed against Dream’s prostate harshly.

“My slut huh..?” Dream nodded quickly, rocking back on Corpse’s fingers as he felt himself get close.

“You gonna cum just from my fingers?” Corpse sat up, snatching Dream’s chin and forcing him to look at him.

“Mmhm!” Dream only hummed out in response, his hands grabbing Corpse’s shoulder’s as he pushed back against his hand. But much to his dismay, the fingers were removed and the pleasure with it.

“Wh-Why?” Dream whined and buried his face in the others shoulder. ‘Secretly’ leaving kisses and bites under jaw line and ear.

“Because,” Corpse moaned lowly as Dream bit into his neck, only pulling away when a certain metallic taste graced his senses. But all while Dream continued with his little marking session, Corpse was secretly lining his cock up with Dream’s hole. “I want to do this...!”

Corpse slammed his cock up into Dream, pulling his hips down at the same time as pushing his up. Meeting together in perfect timing.

“Hngh~! F-Fuck you!” Dream moaned out, his nails digging into Corpse’s shirt, fighting to not slip into sub space.

“But Dream~ You already are.” Corpse grinned, panting slightly as Dream tightened and loosened around him, trying to adjust to the stretch.

“Y-You son of a b-bitch...” Dream’s mouth hung open, taking in sharp breaths as he tried to calm himself. The urge to beg for more becoming more and more potent.

Corpse let Dream stay still, but he wasn't going to let him rest. No, the man slipped his hands under Dream's hoodie. Tracing his curves before sliding a thumb over his nipple. Grinning as the sensitive bud hardened.

"Don't y-you fucking da- Hngh~!" Dream's back arched into Corpse as the man pinched his nipple, before releasing and rubbing over it again.

"Wow Dream, your really sensitive huh?" Corpse chuckled when he only received curses in response. But that didn't stop him. He slipped Dream's hoodie up and off of him despite Dream's struggle.

"What's wrong love, scared to feel good from here~?" Corpse teased the blonde before bringing him closer, eye level with his nipples. And what a sight it was.

Corpse kissed all over Dreams chest, and just as Dream was about to open his mouth to give protest, he licked over the blondes nipple, soon sucking down on it. Groaning when he felt Dream tighten up around him.

Dream's jaw slacked as the painfully good feeling shot through him. Moans slipping past his full pink lips. As retaliation, he grabbed a chunk of Corpse's hair and yanked it back, only to receive a groan and a bite to his nipple.

"F-Fuck!" Dream's eyes rolled slightly as he felt his climax hit him. When he felt Corpse freeze, he knew he fucked up.

"Dream...did you just cum from me biting your ni- FuCK~!" Dream suddenly sat down completely on Corpse's cock, roughly bouncing on it a few more times before sitting still.

"Y-You little shit..." Corpse closed his eyes at the sensation. The sudden urge to rail him into oblivion coming at him strong. Might as well indulge it, right?

And so he did.

Corpse grabbed Dreams hips, holding him in an iron grip before picking him up, leaving on the head in before slamming back down, ripping a loud moan from Dream.

“W-Wait~! Not S-So rOUGH~!” Dream moaned out, biting his lip and wrapping his arms around Corpse’s neck. But only received a bite to his nipple instead.

Corpse closed his eyes and groaned, indulging in the pleasurable feeling.

“Fuck Dream you feel so fucking good... Hng~” Corpse continued to play with Dream’s tits as well as fuck him silly.

“I-If you keep— Ah~! F-Fucking with my nipples I’ll cum!” Dream panted, tugging on Corpse’s hair as the man abused dreams poor prostate like a big red button.

“Then cum. Be a good slut dream and cum for me.” Corpse demanded, biting harshly onto Dream’s nipple, causing the blonde’s climax to come faster than he originally wanted.

“Good boy...” Corpse praised, giving Dream a short break before fucking into him once more.

“Hngh~! T-To much!” Dream cried out, hot tears streaming down his red cheeks. Even if he was being painfully overstimulated, he still loved it.

“H-Hang on...almost— fuck!” Corpse bit into Dream’s neck, drawing blood as he came inside of the blonde.

Both were panting as sweat rolled off there bodies, there hearts running a mile an hour.

Dream rested his forehead on Corpse’s, closing his eyes and catching his breath as he loosely wrapped his arms round the others shoulders.

“Give me...your phone.” Dream demanded quietly, his voice soft and slightly broken. But his demand was met with obedience as Corpse presented his phone in front of the blonde.

“Unlock it...” After hearing the phone unlock, he went straight into the contact app, adding his number and address.

“Address?” Corpse cocked a brow at the blonde.

“Obviously. How else who you know where to pick me up on our next date?” Dream looked Corpse dead in the eye, his hands gently cupping the man’s cheeks. And now that he had taken the time to take in the older’s face, he noticed the large amount of scars on his pale skin.

Corpse felt himself become insecure at Dreams staring. Finding himself looking away, his gut feeling nerves all over again.

“Ah Ah Ah. Come back.” Dream tilted Corpse’s chin back towards him. This time looking him in the eyes, all while his thumb ran across his scarred cheeks.

“Let me continue admiring you.” Dream pouted, soon leaving a bunch of butterfly kisses all over Corpse’s face. Grinning when he received a groan.

“Your so handsome~” Dream cooed, looking down at him before leaving a chaste kiss on his lips.

“Hn.” Corpse just gave a short hum of response, to caught up in soaking up all of his blondes attention.

“Can you do me a favor?” Dream tilted his head at the man under him.

Corpse only nodded.

“Drive me home.”

And with that, the two began there journey of bonding and getting close to one another. In ways them and there ex’s never did.

True soulmates they were.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

If you have any requests, as always comment down below and I will put them in my drafts!

Love you guys! <3

Ahah— hiatus?

Heyyyyy—

So like.

I have band camp.

And. The music is FUCKING RIDICULOUS. Pisses me off.

Anyways.

Band camp is from 7 am to 9 pm and it's a lot. So I don't have time to write chapters. If I do I will send some out! But it'll be a bit I think before I can write again.

I'm sorry my loves I know I just in hiatus-ed myself.

I'll make it up to you!!!

Don't give up - Dundy

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the long wait!!

Band camp is over and I have some chapters ready to go! I just need to finish them and they will be posted!

Love you guys!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Don't give up.

-

Tw: Dundy - Fluff - Short - Introverted Fundy - Extroverted Dream - Social anxiety - cute lil tiktok prompt -

-

-

Dream sighed as he sat his bag down beside his new seat. It was his senior year and he was tired of everything. Though he was happy with his seating arrangement. He sat next to the quiet kid, Fundy. He was a ginger fox hybrid. He looked sweet, but also undeniably attractive for some odd reason.

Dream had never gotten to interact with the boy, so this year was going to be different.

He looked over at Fundy, and smiled before finally opening his mouth.

"Hello! I'm Dream, your Fundy right?" No response.

"W-well...um... do you like this class?" Again no response.

Jeez this guy was quiet.

No matter. Dream had his mind set on getting him to talk to him.

So for the next two hours, he really said “fuck all” with his studies and tried to start up a conversation with the ginger the entire time. Only to receive silence.

Okay. There’s always tomorrow.

Dream thought as the bell rang, and before he could say anything else, Fundy was gone.

-

Day two

-

Today's the day.

Dream grinned as he sat down, eagerly waiting for the ginger to sit down as well.

And almost as if on cue, Dream started to talk to him. Trying everything ranging from “How you doing’s” to “how was your day?” to “you like anyone” to dad jokes to favorite colors, foods, tv shows, drama... everything.

Dream sighed, about to try one more thing before the painfully familiar bell rang once more.

It’s okay tho,

Tomorrow will be the day.

Dream grabbed his bags and slung them over his shoulder before walking to his car. His mind focused on the ginger.

-

Day three

-

The process repeated. An overly excited Dream, bouncing around in his seat before talking to Fundy, or rather, at.

Dream didn't know why he wanted to talk to the boy so badly, he had never wanted to socialize with someone more than he did with Fundy. Something about him was different. And it wasn't just appearances either. Dream was genuinely interested.

So he began talking to him, this time just ranting about stuff, hoping to either piss him off and get him to say something, or to peak his interest and get him to start joining in the conversation.

But, it was the same. He got no response.

Dream was getting a bit more disappointed. As much as he liked talking, he didn't want the ginger to hate him, or think he was annoying. It was a gut feeling really. Fundy just seemed lonely, even the aura around him had the lonely vibes.

The blonde wanted, no, needy to talk to him. Not just for Fundy's sake, but for his. It was eating him up inside as he began to think it was his fault the ginger didn't talk to him.

Was he go ugly?

Did he smell bad?

Did he dress weird?

Did he talk too much?

Was his personality just not it?

Was it him?

-

Day four

-

It's been four days since he's began his little quest to get Fundy to talk to him. But his confidence was crumbling and so was his drive.

He was starting to give up and it was showing.

But he did the same routine and spent the entire class period trying to talk to him. Only to receive no response.

What was he to do?

Give up?

Continue trying?

Let his insecurities get the best of him?

Dream didn't quite know. Even some of his friends were a little weirded out by how much the blonde wanted to talk to Fundy.

-

Day five

-

It's Friday. Dreams spent an entire week trying to talk to the ginger and nothing was working. His existence was thoroughly ignored and it was getting painful.

If he didn't get a response today, he was going to be done.

"So...how was your day yesterday?" Dream mumbled, hoping, praying for some sort of recognition, but he received nothing. Nothing at all. Not even a nod or a sound or anything.

That was it.

Dream sighed and looked towards the bored, resting his face in his palm.

He felt like crawling inside a hole and dying. Doing this for a week really fucked his confidence over.

The blonde had completely given up, he wouldn't try again. He was probably just annoying the ginger after all. Maybe Fundy really did just not want to talk to him at all.

That's okay, Dream shouldn't have been so pushy. Maybe things would have turned out diff-

"Don't give up on me...I'm trying..." Fundy mumbled, his leg bouncing rapidly as he looked at Dream.

And when I say Dream looked at him so fast his head bout fell from his neck I mean it really did.

They stared at each other for a while before it finally clicked with Dream and his expression softened up.

He gave Fundy a sweet smile before nodding.

"Of course... but," Dream held out his pinky with a cheeky little grin, "promise to try your

hardest.”

Fundy’s cheeks flushed a bright red before smiling slightly, soon twining there pinky’s together as they made there promise.

But instead of pulling away, he just rested his still twined pinky on Dreams thigh, feeling more and more comfortable.

Dream couldn’t be happier

He did it, he finally did it.

And he wasn’t going to ever give up now.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

If you have Any requests please comment down below!

Love you guys! <3

Expressions - DN

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Your expressions.

-

Tw: Dreamnap - Smut - Mega simp Dream - Vein kink - Biting - Hair pulling - obsession? - Slightly sadistic Sapnap - nipple play - Praise kink -

-

Hey guys.. so it's me. I'm so sorry for the late update. I know I've been pulling out excuses, but I keep procrastinating.

Anyways, so I was in the urgent care while writing this, that's why there's such an abrupt end. If you guys really don't like it, I'll write a new one when i get better. I either have Covid or strep.

I can't swallow or turn my head. It's bad. But, as always I love you guys, and if I die from whatever I have, remember, you are important and you are worthy of all the love in the world.

- sincerely with love,

Pinneape

-

His eyes...his lips.. His jawline, his neck, his shoulders, his collar bone, his torso, his thighs, his arms and legs, his hands, his hair... everything. Everything about him is perfect..

"Dream? Earth to Dream." The blonde flushed a bright red and looked away, realizing he had zoned out on the man in front of him once more.

"O-Oh! Yeah sorry...what were you saying Sapnap?" Dream muttered quietly, looking down at his hands as he fiddled with them. Growing all shy and vulnerable under the stare of the Texan.

"You okay Dream?" Sapnap slowly reached a hand out and cupped the blonde's cheek, checking his temperature. Which only seemed to heat up more along with his cheeks as Sapnap caressed the

soft skin gently.

'Stop..your gonna make my heart explode.'

Dream's felt his heart begin to skip beats, this was to much. He wasn't used to being touched by his life long crush... What was he to do?

The older could only hope Sapnap didn't notice his nervous and shy state. But, his hopes were shot down when he looked up at saw the brunette smirking at him.

'Oh fuck why does he look so good...'

Dream's thighs squeezed together as an attempt to stop the blood rushing to his cock.

If he pitched a tent from just being near or being touched by the brunette; how was he going to survive living with him?

Dream caught himself staring at the man's lips, his eyes fluttering as the hand on his cheek moved slowly to his ear, then back.

RINGGGG

Dream's phone suddenly erupted with the obnoxious default ringtone. Snapping him out of the trance he was in.

The blonde looked down and saw the name 'George'. He smiled slightly and picked up the phone, putting it to his ear to only smile more at the jealous British voice that came from the other line.

"Dream why did you decide to live with Sapnap of all people instead of ME?" Dream chuckled lightly and sat back in his seat, his thoughts being taken away from the man in front of him.

"Because I don't want to live in the U.K just as you don't want to live in Florida." George scoffed and looked at his nails annoyed.

"You want to stream bedwars later?" The blonde nodded, even tho the man on the other line couldn't see him.

"Sounds good Georgie." The brunette made chuckled before quickly ending the call, receiving another one.

"So...You and George are gonna stream later?" Dream looked up at Sapnap then looked right back down and nodded.

'Why is it so hard to not try and kiss him...'

"Hm." Sapnap hummed in response, his face twisting in that of an unreadable poker face. But his eyes seemed give it away as he just glared at the phone.

Dream looked up and followed Sapnap's eyes to his phone. Then something clicked and oh.

"Did you wanna join the call panda's?" Dream titled his head at the man in front of him. His heart seeming to calm down just a tad until those dark brown eyes met his.

'Fuck.'

"You sure you want me to join, Dream?" Sapnap knew what he was doing. He knew what a little touch to his body would do to him. He knew how he affected Dream and how sensitive the blonde got. It made him rather proud to know that he felt that way towards him and no one else.

Especially George.

Sapnap was happy he finally got to live with the blonde but now it's almost worse. He has to hear all of the flirty comments with George and he can't help but be jealous.

That's okay tho, he planned to make Dream his and only his.

"Sap? You there?" Dream looked up at the man in front of him, a little worried he was being to boring.

The brunette looked down at Dream, slightly surprised at first but then he just grinned at the blonde. His eyes narrowing as watched Dream fall apart in front of him.

"Let's watch a movie." Sapnap got up and grabbed dreams hand, leading him over to the living room and sitting him down beside him. Rather closely beside him.

The two were shoulder to shoulder, there thighs pressed against each other and everything. Which surprised Dream because it was a big couch.

"Which movie do you want to watch?" Dream reached forward and grabbed the remote from the coffee table, sitting back on to feel an arm around his waist and settling on his hip.

Dream flushed a deep red and looked down, not mentally prepared to be held by Sapnap yet. His mind was going a 60 miles an hour at this point.

"How about we watch...a scary movie." Dream felt shivers rack up his spine as Sapnap whispered in his ear. His hot breath fanning his neck.

"S-sounds good.." Dream sounded breathless, his heart pounding in his chest as Sapnap lingered near his neck for a few moments.

Sapnap bit the inside of his lip, he would never admit it but the blonde made him want to devour him. Why was he so possessive? Who knows.

The brunette slowly pulled away from his neck before turning on the T.V and switching to Netflix. Soon turning on some horror flick.

He didn't plan on watching it, no, he had something else in mind.

Half way through the movie

-

Dream wasn't too invested in the movie, not when Sapnap kept squeezing and stroking his hip and thigh.

The blonde pressed his thighs together and covered the bulge in his pants with the shirt he was wearing. Internally screaming when Sapnap dipped his hand between Dream's thigh.

Dream tried to squeeze his thighs together so Sapnap couldn't get through and feel his...problem, but somehow he managed to.

Sapnap chuckled lowly as he squeezed the middle of Dream's thigh, soon sliding up and palming his boner.

"W-Wait..." Dream felt his breath quicken as he tilted his head back slightly.

"What's wrong Dream...Do I make you nervous?" Sapnap tilted Dream's chin towards him, his eyes glued to Dream's nervous ones. He watched as Dream kept looking down at his lips but caught himself and looked back up again, only to repeat the same process.

'That's cute.'

Dream's breath hitched when Sapnap brushed their lips together, teasingly looking down at Dream's lips.

The blonde's eyebrows were knitted together in slight frustration as he continued to tease him.

'Fuck he looks so pretty like this...'

Sapnap groaned lowly before finally closing the gap between them and smashing his lips against Dream's.

Dream wasted no time and kissed him back, trying to take over the kiss by licking Sapnap's lower lip, and slipping his tongue in. But that may have been a mistake and Sapnap immediately deepened the kiss, slowly pushing the blonde down on the couch and pinning his arms above his head.

"Mmn..." Dream whined quietly and pulled away, a small string of saliva connecting their lips.

Sapnap sat up, now sitting on his knees over the blonde and looking down at him with a grin.

"Did I-" Dream's eyes widened when he watched Sapnap strip off his shirt.

'Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.'

Dream sat up and looked up at him, quietly asking permission, and when he received a nod he began gently running his hands along the man's chest, then down to his v-line. Who knew v-lines could have veins?

The blonde bit his lip as he ran his fingers along the veins.

God how could one man be this beautiful?

Sapnap felt power surge through him as he watched Dream look over his stomach. The way the blonde looked at him, listened to him...He was so fucking perfect.

The Texan finally came back down and reconnected their lips, setting a rough and deep pace as they ripped the rest of each other's clothes off.

Soon leaving each other completely naked. Both were completely entranced by the other.

Dream closed his eyes and let out a small moan when he felt Sapnap kiss his neck, soon biting down before leaving open mouth kisses. It drove Dream mad.

"F-Fuck...Sapnap!" Dream whined and grinded up into Sapnap, weaving his hands into Sapnap's

hair and tugging slightly.

Sapnap groaned into his neck, rocking his hips with Dream as they both got off on each other.

But after what felt like a short eternity, they pulled away. Panting and staring into each others eyes.

"S-So...Safeword?" Dream mumbled, lashes fluttering as Sapnap ran his hands along Dreams curves.

"How about...Pinneappes?" Sapnap cocked an eyebrow at the blonde, a cheeky grin spreading across his lips.

"Seriously? The writers user?" Dream rolled his eyes, only to jolt when he felt a harsh slap to his thigh.

"Mm?!" Dream whined, squirming at the stinging pain that soon faded away as Sapnap rubbed the area.

"Such a good boy for me Dream...So good." Sapnap leaned down once and left kissed all along Dreams jaw line; a trail of hickies following.

"Prep or no prep?" Sapnap soon kissed down Dreams chest before zeroing in on his nipple; promptly biting down around it before sucking down.

"Hng~... N-No prep..." Dream squirmed at the odd sense of pleasure. Never having had his nipples played with before. Odd really.

Sapnap finally pulled away and reached over 'n into the nightstand, pulling out a half empty bottle of lube. Soon squirting a generous amount on his cock and some on dreams entrance.

"Ready love~?" Dream felt butterflies beat around in his stomach at the nickname, soon nodding and wrapping his arms around Sapnap's neck.

"Remember the safe word?" Dream nodded again, tho not expecting the sudden penetration.

Sapnap had thrust in randomly, bottoming out almost immediately. Leaving Dream's thighs shaking and twitching.

"F-Fuck!" Dream closed his eyes tightly and buried his face in Sapnap's neck, trying to ignore the searing pain in his ass.

"Your doing so good Baby...So fucking good for me." Sapnap mumbled into Dreams ear as he gently rubbed circles in Dream's thigh. Occasionally leaving kisses on his shoulder.

After a few moments filled with praise and kisses, Dream was ready for Sapnap to move.

"Sap...You can move.." Dream's breath caught in his throat as Sapnap immediately slammed back into Dream, pulling a choked moan from the man.

"O-Oh fuck~!" Dream bit down on Sapnap's shoulder, suddenly causing a jolt in his hips, then, the surprising sensation of being filled.

Dream snapped his eyes opened and looked up at Sapnap, blinking slightly before letting out a hard wheeze.

"Y-YoU! YoU fInIsHeD eArLy!!" Dream cried, laughing his ass off as Sapnap looked away and huffed.

When Sapnap finally had enough (and gave his cock time to rejuvenate), he delivered a hard thrust straight to Dream's prostate. The blonde now seeing stars and he death gripped onto Sapnap again.

"W-Wai- Hngh~!" Dream cried out when Sapnap began jerking him off at the same time, surprised by the sudden pleasure, Dream felt himself get closer and closer.

All it took to tip him over the edge was...

"Take it you Fuckin' slut!" Sapnap suddenly yelled out...And Dream came on the spot.

Sapnap looked down at the bottom with a cocked eyebrow before grinning.

"Who's laughing now?"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter.



Tiktok prompts

Chapter Summary

Legit just a few prompts, they will have part twos

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tiktok prompts:

Tw: Pream - Dreambur - Dreamnap - FWT - smut - angst - prt 1's

All are part ones.

-

Weakness - Pream

Dream sighed as he finished cooking dinner, waiting for his husband, Punz to arrive from work. Punz never told him where he worked so Dream just never asked. Thought it would be best to keep some privacy in the relationship.

But when Dream heard the front door open and shut, he grinned and walked out to his husband, smiling up brightly at him.

“Hello babes! How was work?” Dream was like a beam of sunshine, he was so excited to hold his lover. He really did love him.

But Punz didn't say anything. No, instead he had pulled out a thick copy of paper with lots of text on it.

“Babes...what's that?” Dreams brows furrowed, only to jump when the papers were thrown at him.

“Divorce papers.” Punz spoke plainly, looking rather irritated that Dream wasn’t moving quick enough.

“What the fuck punz?! I’m not si-“ Dream was caught by Punz pulling out a pistol and aiming it at his face, clicking the safety off.

“Sign them. Now.” Punz huffed, glaring daggers at his “husband”

“...fine.” Dream got on his knees, wincing when a pen was chucked at him. But he began reading through and signing.

“So...What did I do to deserve this.” The blonde mumbled, tears slowly streaming down his face. Some getting on the paper, but Dream finished signing one the less.

And as he stood up, he yanked off his rings, throwing them hard at Punz’s face, that was definitely going to leave a mark.

Dream reached into his backpack and began dialing a number in his phone.

“Dinners in the kitchen. Hope you choke on it.” Dream glared at Punz through his watery eyes, but sighed when he heard a certain British voice through the other end.

“Dreamie? What’s up?”

“Hey Wil...Can I crash at your place? My ex is getting rid of me. Probably knocked a bitch up.” Dream completely ignored Punz’s existence as he continued talking to Wilbur. Not caring if Punz heard the hurtful things he was saying.

“I’m probably gonna keep the lingerie...it’s such a cute set. I was going to use it today but plans change I suppose.” Dream passed Punz as he reached down into a drawer, pulling out a large butcher knife, and other items before putting them into a plastic bag and chucking the into his duffel bag.

“Since I’m single again I’ll start up work again, not like I have anyone to be loyal to.” Dream made sure to keep the jabs going. He was going to rub this shit in as much as he could.

Mean time, Punz just stood there, fist clenched, knuckles white and jaw nailed shut as he listened to the things Dream was saying.

But he had to do this. He couldn’t have Dream as a weakness anymore.

Punz watched as Dream stopped and looked at the rings before humming and picking them up.

“How much do you think the rings he gave me will sell for? They look kind of nice.” Dream slipped them into a baggie before putting it into his suit case.

“Well...if you look at it this way, I’ll be able to make good money again. Don’t get me wrong, playing house wife was fun, but I miss the stage.” Dream sighed as he walked into the kitchen, opening the pantry and chucking some of the glass on the ground so he could get to the back of the cupboard. And there lie a small box, and Dream quickly grabbed and placed it on the counter.

He opened it and pulled out multiple envelopes chocked full of wads of cash.

“Hey Wil, I’ll call you back okay love? Okay see you when I meet you.” Dream hummed, keeping busy so he doesn’t think about the pain.

“Dream. Where did you get all that money?” Punz’s eyes widened slightly at the mass amounts.

“None of your damn business. I have no relation to you anymore, so why should I tell you my financial affairs?” Dream glared back at Punz before stuffing the money back into his duffel bag.

He had everything packed now. He was ready to go. Tho as he walked out, he was stopped by Punz, grabbing his wrist.

“Dream I-“

“That reminds me,” Dream turned around, but not before ripping his hand from Punz’s. “Next time you point a gun to my head, I’ll skin you alive and feed you to your dead beat mother.” Dream scoffed at Punz’s offended reaction before actually leaving.

Time to start a new.

-

A strangers bedroom - Dreambur

Dream rubbed the sides of his temples, groaning as the loud party music blasted all around him.

Why did he come to this party again?

Oh yeah. George wanted to go.

The blonde popped his neck before snagging a drink and walking up the stairs aimlessly. Primarily looking for an empty room.

In all fairness, it was a big house and he had never been there.

Dream found a door at the end of the hallway, he didn’t bother knocking, assuming it would be empty since there is a literal party happening down stairs. As he opened the door, the first thing he saw was his enemy’s head rolled back as he moaned out quietly. Pushing a girls head down on his cock as she sucked him off.

Wilbur fucking Soot.

Dream’s jaw fell open, he should have looked away immediately, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it.

He would never admit this to anyone, but he found Wilbur just about irresistible. He was fucking obsessed with the brunette, but he could never let anyone know.

Dream's cheeks were a deep red, and just before he could leave, Wilbur opened his eyes and side-eyed Dream. His lips being pulled into a stupidly handsome smirk.

“Good boy~ just like that..” Wilbur moaned, but the girl was about to pull off at that, obviously confused as to why he called her a boy.

But Wilbur didn't let up and bobbed her head up and down, finally hitting his climax as he heard Dream let out a whimper.

Before the girl could open her eyes, Dream had ran off. God what would he have done if anyone knew he got a boner from watching his enemy getting sucked off?

...

Wilbur sighed and put his cock back in his pants, only to look down at a clearly pissed off girl in front of him.

“What?”

“Don't what me! What the fuck was that? Why'd you say “good boy”?!” Wilbur sighed, but soon bit his lip in memory of watching Dream get hard from just two measly words.

“My bad, my bad.”

-

A drunken state of mind? - Dreamnap

It was 3 am and Dream was about to go to bed. He had stayed up all night binging Elite and after an emotional break down decided it was time for bedtime.

Just as the blonde was snuggled up in his sheets and was drifting off, his phone rang.

“What the fuck...” Dream groaned and sat up, snatching his phone from the nightstand and answering the call without thinking.

“What the fuck do y-“

“Hey babyyy...” Dream froze at the sound a very familiar voice, his cheeks being clouded with light pink.

“Sapnap? Are you drunk?”

“Maybe?” Dream sighed, running his hand through his hair.

“Where are you?”

“*insert some dubious location*” Sapnap spoke from the other line, his voice oddly guttural and as country as ever.

“Okay... just hang tight and I’ll be there in 5...” Dream huffed and ended the call, rubbing his eyes before getting out of bed and throwing on a hoodie.

He grabbed his keys and wallet before heading out the door, locking his apartment and quickly zooming off to find his Texan in distress.

Once he arrived, he was met with the sight of the brunette sitting on a bench, eyes closed as he leaned back.

Dream bit his lip and pulled up beside him, put his car in park before hopping out and walking over to him.

“Come on Sapnap let’s g-!!” Dream was yanked into Sapnap’s lap, the Texans hands squeezing his waist roughly as he brought him impossibly close.

“Took you long enough...missed you so fucking much.” Sapnap groaned into Dream’s neck, soon kissing up to his ear.

“Y-Your drunk Sapnap...stop..” Dream tried to pull away, only to have two strong arms wrap completely around his waist, Sapnap’s arms now overlapping each other.

“Never said I was drunk..” Dream’s brows furrowed, but gasped when Sapnap yanked his chin down.

“Dream. Look at me.” Sapnap demanded in a deep tone, sending shivers down dreams spine.

“I- you- Why’re your holding me li-“

“Because I want you.” Dream’s jaw dropped, his cheeks beet red as Sapnap brushed his lips against dreams lightly.

“What?...”

“I want you Dream. I want to be with you. I want to be yours..” He leaned up and bit Dream’s lightly before whispering,

“I want you to be mine.”

“I want to take you on dates...” Sapnap ran his hand down Dream’s spine, slowly going down and grabbing his ass.

“I want to spoil you and give you all attention in the world...” Dream gulped, soon letting out a shaky breath.

“I want to pin you against the wall and make you moan my name all night long.” Sapnap kissed down to Dream’s collar bone, looking up and locking eyes with Dream.

“I-I...Sapnap..” The brunettes eyes flicked down to Dreams lips.

“Say it again Dream...come on you can do it...say my name.” Dream’s heart was thundering in his chest as Sapnap ran his hands around Dreams thighs, in between and then sliding back to his ass.

“Sapnap..” Dream sounded utterly breathless, a frog caught in his throat as Sapnap continued to hold eye contact with him.

“Do you want me.” Sapnap asked, no, demanded quickly. Eager to know the answer, fixing his posture and sitting up so he could properly tear down dreams walls with his stare. It was amazing how much he could do with just a little eye contest.

“Yes....,” Dream wrapped his arms around Sapnap’s neck, his fingers weaving through his thick brown hair. “Please..”

Sapnap bit his lip, grinning as he inches closer to Dream. The blondes back arched into Sapnap, there bodies pressed against each other.

But just as they were about to kiss, they were a cough and there heads shot up. A 16, 5’8 brunette girl was standing there with her mouth slacked open.

Dreams face changed to a deeper more inhuman red as he quickly got up and yanked Sapnap to his truck. Pushing sapnap towards the passengers seat as he got in the drivers.

Soon driving off.

It was ten minuets back to the house...and the way sapnap was squeezing his thigh, Dream wouldn’t be able to last. So, he pulled into an old park and parked in the shade, covered by the trees from anyone.

“Drea-...” the blonde had crawled over the seat after turning the truck off. Now situated in Sapnap’s lap.

Sapnap flushed a bright red, his hands going back to their rightful spot on his waist.

“Please...I need you.” Dream whined, grinding down on Sapnap’s hard on, all while pathetically trying to suppress his own.

“Someone’s getting brave.” Sapnap ran his down Dreams...

-

The local 7/11? - FWT

(No prt 2 unless requested)

Dream raced to his car with, wheezing as Foolish shrieked at the rain, screaming “I’m melting”.

But finally, they were sat in the car and Dream sighed in relief. Cranking the car up and quickly pulling out of the parking lot.

“Fuck that took forever.” Dream got no response other than a hum. But as much as he wanted to look over at foolish, he didn’t trust himself to look away from the road.

After about 3 minuets, Dream saw the local 7/11 and pulled up. Parking before sighing and finally looking over, only to blush profusely.

All he was doing was staring. Straight at Dreams chest. He wasn’t a girl so why would foolish be so interesting in his chest? Well because it was a white shirt and you could see his skin now that it was soaked, and Dream had recently gotten nipple piercings, without telling his fiancé.

“When did you get those...” Foolish mumbled, his hands twitching at his sides as he started at Dreams nipples.

“Uhm about a month ag-“

“A MONTH?!“ foolish finally looked up, shocked that he had kept this secret from him.

“Is that why you would only suck me off and not let me touch you...” Dream couldn’t help but smile at the dirty but soft comment.

“Yes... but anyways, let’s go! I want a snack!” Dream was about to get out but didn’t hear Foolish reply and looked back.

“Why aren’t you coming?”

“I can’t.” Foolish huffed, crossing his very muscular arms.

“Why?”

“‘Cause I’m hard.” Dream nearly choked on his own spit.

“What?!”

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed please comment! Love reading y’all’s stuff!!

Im pissed.

Hey guys.

So.

Sorry for the long hiatus and shit

I HAD. A chapter with two different smut plots in it and I was going through and editing them, when I clicked select all instead of select and I accidentally deleted the whole fucking thing. So instead of getting four chapters, I'm just gonna upload two for now and when I get the patience to right one again, I'll dish out like 5 or so chapters.

In all honesty, my uploading will be irregular. I have a lot going on right now and I can't promise an upload schedule (not that I had one in the first place)

Please have patience with me and I am very sorry for the long wait.

I love you all and I hope you have had an amazing year, week, whatever the fuck, and I also hope you have an amazing rest of the week and year ! <3

Pinneappes out



(Took me four minuets to find the damn pineapple emoji. Fuck literally everything. Except you, love you guys <33)

Gods and guns - Drenapbur

Chapter Summary

This is part one

And guys, in all honesty this chapters plot got away from me.

Hope you like it anyway- sorry there's no fucking in it.

Love youuu <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Gods and guns.

-

Tw: Dreamnapbur - God/Demon AU - Violence - blood - LaNgUaGe - angst - guns - death - no smut but flirting - pt. 1 cause 'm lazy - idk where this chapter went— anyways -

-

Fire. Fire everywhere. It burned through the villages, through the forests, through the jungle... Through L'Manburg.

But the fire wasn't alone, for it was accompanied by gunfire. Shots fired left and right, in a constant state of warfare. Intent to kill radiating for miles.

It was a mistake, a mistake to learn of the weapons. The guns were originally meant as a more modern form of protection against the mobs, but as time went on, it began to have a different meaning. An intent for bloodlust and to bring death. It was truly, a mistake.

But, that leads to where we are now. One man, an M4 Carbine, and a madness that corrupted his very being.

Wilbur soot. One of the few men left alive from the mass war that had began in L'Manburg. His father, son, brothers, all gone. He was left now standing in front of Quackity. His M4 Carbine pointed at the Mexican.

"It's your fault." Wilbur muttered, the smoke from fire surrounding them, the smell mixing with the intoxicating smell of gunpowder.

"Oh? My fault?!" Quackity yelled, suddenly angered by the words the crazed brunette spoke. But his anger was only fueled as a sickening grin stretched across Wilbur's face.

"Who else's could it have b-." A sudden shot was fired, blood splattering the ground as the bullet pierced the skin.

"Fuck you." Quackity huffed, lowering his M14. He watched as Wilbur spit up blood, the thick red liquid running down his chin.

"That...was a dirty move." Wilbur mumbled, his last words as he fell backwards, the life draining from him as he stared up at the sky. And a thought crossed his mind.

'What next?'

It was a good thought, which probably should have been thought of before the battle. Tho, Wilbur was always great at procrastination.

Too late tho. The world began to fade, his body stilled and his heart stopped beating. The bold words floating "Wilbur Soot was slain by Quackity" two meters above the dead man's body.

"Shame." Quackity sighed and looked around him, he was surrounded by fire, there were no exit points. His vision was beginning to grow impaired as the smoke began to settle in.

-

Darkness, only darkness. Wilbur felt nothing, other than peace. His mind wasn't running, he wasn't in pain. He was just calm. It was nice. He wouldn't mind spending eternity like this.

Tho, a door seemingly made out of white shined in the distance. Now that got the brain running again.

Wilbur cocked a brow at the passage.

He was dead wasn't he?

Why was there a door?

Why?

Curiosity killed the cat.

Irony, truly ironic.

Wilbur didn't care tho, he began to make his way to the door, and as he made his way over, the air was getting heavier and heavier.

But it was over just as it had begun, Wilbur had walked through and was now in a room of white. Only, there was a figure a few feet away.

It was a male, or as far as Wilbur could tell. He had two large white wings; he was wearing a white dress? That had a large thigh gap, and an open back. He had golden chains on his ankles, brackets on his wrists and some jewelry that went along his wings, thighs and neck. It was elegant to say the least. Or as some would say (you), Seggsay.

The man also had fluffy blonde hair, it was long enough to cover his eyes, and it looked very fluffy. The urge to run his fingers through it was strong.

"Welcome." A soft-ish male voice rang out from the man in front of him. Tho he stayed facing away from Wilbur.

“Hello..” The brunettes British voice answered back, curiosity eminent in his words.

“Where are we?” Wilbur asked softly, slowly taking steps towards the figure.

“The afterlife.” The man spoke again, this time tho, he turned around. Causing Wilbur to stop with his movements, breath caught in his throat as he looked at the man in front of him.

He was gorgeous.

Godly. It looked like Aphrodite didn’t hold a candle to him.

Wilbur could see those piercing emerald green eyes from under his blonde hair. He was also happy that he was taller than the blonde, his chest swelled with slight pride.

Almost as if his thoughts were read, the blonde scoffed and rolled his eyes. Crossing his arms and glaring at Wilbur.

“Your not taller. Your just longer.” The man looked away, clearly upset about the height difference.

“You can read my thoughts?” Wilbur leaned forward a bit, curiosity rolling off of him in waves as the conversation continued on. If you could even call it that.

“Of course I can. I’m a god after all. I can do a lot more than just read your mind.” Wilbur’s brows furrowed, his mind trying to wrap around the fact that he was in the presence of a god.

“Then—...Then can you tell what I’m feeling?” Wilbur rubbed the back of his neck, he didn’t know what to do with his hands.

“Your mind is having trouble with the fact that I am a god, a being that holds many powers, some your little mind can’t even comprehend. And yet at the same time you are very attracted to me. Fucking horndog.” The god rolled his eyes once more, clearly unimpressed, yet amused somehow.

“I..” Wilbur’s cheeks flushed a light pink, a tad bit of embarrassment sinking in.

“My name is Dream.” The blonde, or now known as Dream, spoke up. This time around walking closer to Wilbur. Ignoring personal space completely and running his fingers along Wilbur’s broad shoulders, tho he stopped in front of the brunette. Clearly pissed he had to crane his neck up in order to have eye contact.

“Who the fuck decided to make you so goddamn tall.” Dream grumbled, his wings twitching as he glared at the brunette.

“Wow- didn’t expect a little thing like you to use such strong language.” Dreams eye twitched at that.

Suddenly the blonde was no longer 5’10”, but he has groan into a good 17’2”, completely towering over the mere mortal in front of him. The blonde snatched the now tiny mortal in front of him, squeezing him slightly.

“Don’t fuck with me.” Dream glared down at him, huffing as dropped the mortal down on the ground.

Much surprise to Wilbur, he wasn’t injured, it didn’t even hurt. He stood up without a scratch and watched as Dream shrank down to the normal size.

“So...what now?” Wilbur mumbled, trying to hold in a psychotic laugh.

“I figure out what the fuck I want to do to you. I could send you back, turn you into a frog. I could send you down to hell, so Bad could whip you around and say “LaNgUaGe” 24/7. I could send you to heaven to become an Angel, or I could just get rid of you.” Dream looked down at his nails, sucking on his teeth. Grinning as felt Wilbur’s nervousness.

“Right...um. So do you live here?” Wilbur walked up closer to the god, getting a bit more comfortable, oddly enough.

“Yes and no.” Dream gave him a half assed response, not quite interested.

Suddenly another presence entered the surrounding area. And beside Dream, appeared Quackity.

“What the fuck are y-“

“Down to hell. Bad will have fun with you.” Dream snapped his fingers, his eyes glowing a bright white for a second before fading into the natural toxic green color.

Wilbur’s mouth opened then closed. A few moments of silence before the British man burst into laughter.

Dream’s brows furrowed as he watched the man in front of him die from laughter. The brunette had already managed to fall to the ground, holding his stomach as he cried with laughs.

“The fuck.” It took Wilbur a good minuet or so to calm down before he could actually talk again.

“You- *small laugh* Just killed the motherfucker that killed me!” Wilbur had a sadistic grin stretching across his lips.

“I didn’t ‘kill’ him, I just sent him down to hell.” Dream jumped a little when Wilbur grabbed onto his hips and pulled him close.

“Right..” Wilbur’s grin softened a bit as he looked down at Dream. The blonde was truly a beautiful being. It was difficult to not want to hold him.

“Are you seriously flirting with me right now? I could eat your soul and you would disappear entirely.” Dream glared at Wilbur, tho, the longer he felt the man’s warm skin against his, the more his severely touch starved brain wanted more.

“That’s so fucking hot.” Wilbur sounded slightly breathless, his large hands engulfing dreams hips. The two sat there in silence for a good while. Stealing glances at each other’s lips every one in a while.

“F—...Fuck off! Your just trying to make me not want to get rid of you.” Dream huffed and pulled away, his wings pushing Wilbur away. Only to have the man walk right back up and yank Dream

back into his chest. This time his grip was tight and hard. Making sure he couldn't pull away.

"You can read my mind right? You can see my intentions." Dream stared up at him for what felt like an eternity before finally sighing and looking away.

"Fuck you." Dream mumbled, his hands resting on Wilbur's forearms as he gave into the warm touch.

"Damn Dream, take me out to dinner fir-" Before the flirt could even finish his sentence, he was slapped harshly up the head, knocking him off balance.

"Idiot." Dream turned around and crossed his arms before starting to walk away. Not saying anything nor slowing down for the brunette.

"Hey wait!" Wilbur ran after him, panting slightly when he finally caught up.

"Where are we going?" He walked with the god beside him, sneakily getting a few glances in.

"My 'home'." And with that they fell silent. The silence was comfortable tho, it was nice.

...

It's been thirty minuets since they began walking, and they were still surrounded by white. It was starting to make the brunette anxious.

"When are we gonna be there?" He looked over fully at Dream.

"Well, i we continue walking, probably 76 hours, but if I teleport us then .50 seconds." Dream hummed out, his face plain.

"The fuck- please teleport us!" Wilbur whined, his arms falling at his sides.

“Ugh fine. Fucking mortals.” Dream rolled his eyes, before grabbing Wilbur’s hand, a wing wrapping around the man as well.

“Shut your thoughts up.” Dream glared at Wilbur before closing his eyes. And when he opened them, they were on a beach, the sun was setting and the sky was a purple-pink, fading into a deep red-orange.

“You live on the beach?” Wilbur looked over at Dream, head tilted as he walked closer to the water.

“Mhm.” Dream watched as Wilbur looked around for a moment, before turning around. Only to be met with a MASSIVE house. It was insanely big.

“Stop gawking at the entrance and come on.” Dream grabbed Wilbur’s hand, intertwining their fingers as he walked on. A small blush gracing his cheeks.

Wilbur grinned and cocked a brow at Dream, a small pink dusting over his own face.

“Shut up, I just don’t want you to run off.” Dream huffed, the blush darkening immensely as the embarrassment settled in.

“Ookkaaayy. Sure.” Wilbur smiled as the blonde began ranting about how he was just trying to make sure Wilbur didn’t run off. At times getting mixed up and stuttering quite a bit.

The two finally made it inside and passed the opening of the estate.

Dream quickly let go of the man’s hand and whistled, then a massive demon towering over the two appeared. The demon’s skin was the color of charcoal, and he had around...9 arms? Only two were actually attached to his overly muscular torso. He also had wings, horns, and a tail. All of it was completed with a thick collar around his neck.

“Welcome back Dre-...Mind explaining why you have a mortal with you?” The demon walked close to Dream, tilting his chin up so the blonde would look at him.

“Don’t worry Sap...he probably won’t be here for long. I’ve been trying to decide what to do with him...” Sapnap nodded, the two attached arms wrapped around Dreams waist, soon the demon practically deflated and melted into Dream, now shorter than the blonde, but somehow those muscles just got larger.

Wilbur glared at there position. He felt like an angry side bitch...

“I missed you...” Sapnap huffed into his chest, his arms tightening into a protective hold.

Dream just smiled at the demon in front of him, Sapnap was warm...

“Sorry I was gone for so long...apparently the mortals had some stupid war and it took me a while...”

“Dream it took you 4 months!” Sapnap whined, pushing his face deep in between dreams man tiddies, practically trying to melt into him. (I would to...tbh.)

“I’m sorry..but you know it’s my j-“

Suddenly Dream was snatched away by a jealous Wilbur, who’s arms now replaced Sapnap’s.

“The fuck! Dream get your little pet to get the fuck off of you!” Sapnap let out a deep, angry growl. His sharp teeth baring through.

“Oh really? I’m the pet? Who’s wearing the coll-“ Before Wilbur could finish, a deep red and thick collar appeared on Wilbur’s neck. Properly owning him.

“You both are. Sapnap used to be a mortal, but then bad wanted to hang out with him and he ended up being a demon.” Dream said in a matter of fact tone. Feeling rather proud of himself for his handy dandy work.

“Dream get this got damn collar off of me!” Wilbur glared down at Dream, only to lift that glare and glare at Sapnap as the demon cackled.

“Suck it bitch! “Who’s got the collar now”?!” Sapnap cooed sarcastically for a second before continuing to cackle.

Dream grinned and walked over to Sapnap tilting his chin up. Properly silencing the brunette.

“What’s wrong baby...do you not like it...?” Dream frowned, a sad pout slapping it’s way onto Dreams face as he played with the collar.

Sapnap gulped and quickly shook his head, his arms wrapping around Dreams waist.

“No no! I’m sorry- no I love it Dream. It’s great.” Dream looked up at him through his lashes, smiling a little.

“Promise?” Sapnap nodded quickly. Eager to please the god in front of him.

“Pft- *psychopathic skinny penis cackle* your so whi-“

Suddenly Wilbur was surrounded by fire, the ground was made of solidified lava and the sky was a dark black.

And in front of him was a 7’3 demon scolding Quackity for saying bad words.

“Come on bad say! Call me big daddy you bottom fuck!” Bad flushed a deep red and looked away quickly.

“LANGUAGE! And n- oh hello!” Bad walked over to Wilbur completely disregarding the angry jealous Mexican behind him.

“What the fuck...” Bad’s brows knitted together and a look over anger to over his face.

“LANGUAGE!” Bad pimp slapped Wilbur into the wall, making a hole in the rock like in

cartoons.

“Oh shi-,” quackity looked up at Bad and smiled nervously, “iiishh- anyways— what’s that prick doing here?!” Quackity glared at Wilbur as he popped out of the rock. Only to disappear and re appear beside Dream.

The blonde grinned at Wilbur as he looked around quickly, taking a sigh of relief.

“Laugh at him again and see what happens next.” Dream looked over at Wilbur with a blank face, tho it was dusted with some pink on the cheeks as Sapnap rested his face on Dreams neck.

“I won’t- just don’t send me back there...” Wilbur got chills and shook them off quickly.

“Mm...good boy.” Dream smiled at Wilbur. Which in turn made both of the simps freeze and look at Dreams smile.

Sapnap flushed a deep red and kissed dreams cheek, “your so pretty Dream..”

The blonde only tried to hide his smile but only ended up smiling harder. Fuck.

Wilbur grinned and tilted Dreams chin up, “he’s right you know~”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

If you have any requests or questions please comment down below or talk to me on wattpad cause I'm there now! <3

Also, I need to have a name for y'all- I can't keep calling you my lovelies, unless you like it idk— anyways—

Love you <3

Face reveal - Drearlfound

Chapter Summary

I hope you enjoy this chapter, sorry if it's bad! <3

Face reveal

-

Tw: Dream x George x Karl - Touch deprivation - Biting - Hand kink - mildly vanilla - smut - George, Dream, Karl meetup - power bottom Dream-ish Dream - Bj - Deep threat - fluffeth aftethcare -

-

“Chat guess what-!” Karl giggled out excitedly, standing on his chair and cupping his hands as he clapped.

KarlWasTaken: TELL US FATHER KARL

Dnf_Simp giver: OH WHAT IS IT

“I’m meeting up with Dream and George!” Karl jumped down on his chair, bouncing a bit. And soon a certain discord call sound rang out.

“Karlll~!” Dream spoke into his mic happily. Grinning when Karl giggled nervously.

“Dream!” Karl looked at the discord, some reason hoping Dream would do a face reveal. Bad habit.

“Hello!” Dream smiled, flicking onto Karl’s stream. The chat going wild.

Dmsp_Lover: Where's George?!

Amanda_Wastaken: KarlxDream?

“George should be getting to the call soon...Anyways! Dream are you excited?”

“Yes! Karl we can cuddle!” Karl laughed, his face flushing a light red as he looked away from the camera.

“Dream I'm gonna paint your fingernailsss!” Dream snickered and grinned, his smile being evident through his voice alone.

“I'm down to do a hand cam or maybe even a last minute face reveal. ” Karl whipped out a bunch of nail polish, but not before freezing slightly. Tho he brushed it off as a joke.

“Ooh- I like the green on-“

“Dreeaaaaam! Karl!!” A certain British voice rang out in the call, George had arrived.

“George!”

“George.” Dream and Karl spoke at the same time. Karl sounding a tad bit annoyed.

—

The day of the meet up

—

Karl waited in the living room, his leg bouncing as he nibbled on his nails. Scolding himself mentally at the nail biting as he was soon going to paint them. His mind plagued with thoughts of

Dreams face, body type, hair, looks..Anything and everything managing to throw him off.

Insert obnoxious ring

Karl shot up quickly, sprinting to the door and opening it quickly. He froze upon opening it when he saw a rather short, fluffy blonde haired man. His hair covered his eyes as he looked up at Karl. A big smile on his face.

“Dream?” Karl flushed slightly, his eyes looking down at his surprisingly attractive figure.

‘Fuck he has great thighs...’

Karl looked back at up when Dream tilted his head.

“Its so good to see you!!” Dream jumped up and hugged him, having to be on his tip toes as he hugged him.

Karl was shocked, was it a possibility that Dream liked affection just as much as he did?

Dream pulled back a bit, sitting back on his heels, his hands sliding down as his hands pressed against Karl’s chest lightly.

“What’s wrong? Am I not what you were expecting?” Dream looked down a bit. He couldn’t help feeling disappointed that the taller wouldn’t reciprocate his affection.

“No no! You just surprised me that’s all!” Karl smiled at him and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him into a hug.

Dream wheezed slightly, hugging him back and smiling into his chest.

“Ok! I wanna go inside and look around!” Dream pulled away and grabbed his bag that had fallen on the ground.

Karl giggled and opened the door for Dream, smiling at him. Just happy to be in his presence.

“Oh wow...Karl it's so nice in here!” Dream put his bag down and began to explore the living room.

Karl watched him closely, still trying to wrap his mind around how Dream looked so...Attractive? Cute? Hot? Undeniably and utterly sexy? Maybe all of the above..who knows?

Suddenly the doorbell rang once more, making Dream jump a bit but look over to the door. Following Karl as he walked towards the door and opened it.

“George!” George smiled at Karl and gave him a brief hug, not noticing Dream just yet.

“George?” Dream popped out behind Karl, looking at him and smiling.

George froze and looked at Dream, his face clearly filled with surprise.

“Dream?” Dream nodded and got a hair tie from his pocket, tying his hair up and looking up at George and Karl.

The two of them stared down at him dumbfounded, their mouth dropped slightly.

“Do I get no hug?” Dream cocked a brow at George, a evil little grin dancing across his lips.

“I- um- yes yeah.. It's great to see you Dream!” George smiled at Dream, pulling the shorter man into a hug.

Dream hugged him back, but kept it brief. He knew George wasn't too fond of long touches.

“Hey Karl can we get settled in the rooms? I know you said you only had one spare room so I guess I can sleep on the couch...I don't think Georgie wants to share a bed with me.” Dream

looked at his phone, turning off the notifications before sliding it into his back pockets.

“No it’s fine, you can just sleep with me.” Dream looked up at Karl and nodded, letting him then lead them to the rooms.

“George your on the left.” George nodded hesitantly, giving Dream one last glance before going inside.

“You have a really nice room Karl” Dream set his bags down in the corner and started to look around. Picking up pictures and looking around the room.

“Y-Yeah...uh so do you want to wait to get ready for the stream?” Karl coughed slightly as Dream laid down on his bed. Slipping his shoes off.

“Yeah that sounds good, I wanna eat before...” Dream rolled over and buried his face in one of the pillows. His back arching as he popped it, stretching and yawning.

“...” Karl completely zoned out on Dream, lewd thoughts of the blonde in front of him corrupting his mind.

“Karl can you order some pizza? I’ll go and ask George about it, k?” Dream got off of the bed, his feet thumping on the ground as he passed Karl and went across the hallway to George’s room.

“George?” Dream knocked twice before opening the door, walking in and closing the door halfway.

“Yeah Dream?” George looked up from his phone, sitting up and looking over to Dream.

“Karl is gonna order pizza what kind do you want?” Dream stuffed his hands in his hoodie pockets, watching as George got up and walked over to him.

“Georgie?” Dream looked up at George, who had gotten mighty close to his front.

George just looked down at him with a concentrated look on his face.

Dream jumped a bit whenever he felt George lightly touch his shoulder. His brows furrowed as he looked up at George.

Suddenly Karl came in quickly but froze when he saw the two.

“Oh- Karl did you order the pizza?” Dream turned around and went towards Karl, looking at his phone.

“Yeah...I just got the cheese and pepperoni ..” Dream smiled up at him and nodded, giving Karl the phone back.

“So I think that we should do hand cams when we do the stream! Because then the chat could see our actual hands! And I still haven’t decided on whether I wanna show my face yet or not.”

“Makes sense.” George hummed in agreement, his gaze turning back to Dream.

“I’m kind of tired and the pizza is gonna take an hour to get here so I think I’m gonna go and take a nap.” Dream passed Karl and went back into the man’s room, gently closing the door half way and laying down on the bed. Almost immediately drifting off to sleep.

Karl sighed and looked back at George, who hopefully just had jet lag and wasn’t actually this cranky.

-

Hour later

-

Karl got up and walked to the door once he heard a familiar doorbell ring. He opened the door and paid the man with the two pizzas, closing the door and setting them down.

“George! Dream! The pizza’s are ready!” Karl yelled out, waiting a moment or so, George finally

appeared from the hallway.

“Is Dream up?” George shrugged, getting a piece of pizza and nomming on it.

“I’ll go get him and we can watch a movie.” Karl passed George, their shoulders bumping slightly.

George turned his head a little and looked at Karl accusingly before sighing and shrugging.

~

“Dream?” Karl opened the door to his room and looked at the sleeping figure on the bed. He had one leg raised up and one leg straight, his face was stuffed inside a pillow, his arms wrapped around said pillow.

Karl smiled slightly, giggling quietly at how cute Dream looked.

“Dream get up the pizza is here..” Karl shook Dream by the shoulder slightly, but didn’t get the reaction he was hoping for.

“Mm...Please Karl..Five more minutes~?” Dream stretched, some of his bones popping as his back made a lovely little arch.

The blonde poked his head out of the pillow, his hair was down again and covering his eyes.

Karl looked at him with an open mouth as he tried to figure out what to say after watching the shorter do something like that and not even know the effect it had on other people.

“Come on Dream it’ll get...cold” Dream got up and walked to Karl, his head flopping down onto Karl’s chest as he groaned tiredly.

“I think I might have some jet lag Karl..” Dream closed his eyes slowly, that same feeling of temptation to go back to bed tugging at him.

“I’m sure pizza will wake you up, plus the pizza took a bit longer than expected and we still have to stream.” Dream whined at that and grabbed a fist of Karl’s shirt, his face hitting his chest again at a weak attempt at a head slam.

“Can’t we do the stream tomorrow...?” Dream looked up at Karl, his lashes setting a rather nice shadow on his face.

“...I-I guess so..but we have to watch a movie then.” Dream nodded and grabbed Karl’s hand softly, pulling him into the living room then into the kitchen.

“Fuck- I forgot how pizza smelled so good.” Dream opened a box and got a slice, immediately stuffing his face and eating to his hearts content.

“Don’t eat to much Dream you’ll get sick-“ George commented with a cheeky grin.

“I think I already am..” After eating three large slices of pizza in 2-3 minuets, he probably was.

“Am I the only one that likes cold pizza? Like a day after you ordered it?” Dream wiped his mouth, looking over at at George and Karl who were just laughing at him.

Dream glared at them and wiped his face clean before going to the couch, grabbing a pillow and curling up with it.

“Let’s watch a movie!” Karl smiled at the two, going to the couch and sitting by Dream. George did the same, except, Dream put his head on Karl’s lap, and put his thighs/legs on George’s lap.

“You pick it...’m still tired.” Dream mumbled, turned slightly as he got comfortable.

Karl gulped slightly looking down at Dream before looking over at George. Speaking of, the brunette had his hands on Dreams thighs, squeezing ever so slightly, trying to be slick.

“Let’s watch a horror.” George spoke up abruptly, a rather odd idea striking him. Cliche if

anything.

“No! I’m gonna wake up at the worst part and it’s gone scare me. George you know I can’t handle horror..” Dream whined, looking over at George with a glare.

“You’ll be fine Dream..” George grinned at Dream, grabbing the remote and turning on the conjuring. His hands still holding onto Dreams thighs, sometimes sliding around.

“Whatever..” Dream huffed and rested his head back on Karl’s lap. His hair falling onto the sides of his face.

-

40 minuets into the movie

-

Dream woke up to the sound of a demonic noise. Which wasn’t the best wake up call for the blonde. Dream shot up quickly, taking a breathe before sitting up right and slightly holding onto the men on each sides of him.

George looked at Dream with a smug grin, the blonde was holding onto his forearm with a shaky grip, the same with Karl.

“I told you!” Dream sighed, not looking at the tv any longer. Seeing as that he was now fully awake, he pulled out his phone, checking the time.

“It’s only 6:00pm...We can do a afternoon stream?” Dream looked at Karl, who was just looking at Dreams arm which was wrapped around Karl’s.

“Karl?” Dream pulled away from the two and focused on Karl. Cocking a brow at the taller.

“Yea- Yeah. No that sounds like a good idea dream.” Dream smiled at Karl and hopped up,

stretching and quickly turning off the tv.

“So, your room right?” Dream looked back at Karl, giving him a cheeky smile.

“Yes!” George rolled his eyes, a grin stretching on his lips as he heard Dream rant about nail polish.

-

Stream

-

“Hello!” Karl waved to the camera, George by his side giving the camera a bright smile.

“Dream do the cute hi thing.” George looked to his left, looking at Dream who just looked at George confused.

“Wha?” George scoffed and looked at Karl for assistance.

“Just say hi like you usually do Dream” Dream nodded at the two.

“Hi!” Karl giggled and grabbed the nail polish, setting up the hand cam.

“Okay- guys...So we’re gonna do hand ca-“

“Karl...George...I think I wanna do my face reveal.” Karl froze, George on the other hand looked at Dream so fast it would have given him whiplash.

“Dream are you sure?” George looked at Dream, rather concerned that right now, during this meetup, that this wouldn’t be the best time.

“Yeah...I think I’m ready!” Dream smiled at George before sitting in between them, looking at the

camera, his hair falling over his eyes.

“Hello!” Chat went wild.

Soph_Wastaken: OMFG IS THAT DREAM? HES ADORABLE, HOT, SEGSY, SLAY KING SLAY

Dnf...Hater: DREAM YOUR DOING YOUR FACE REVEAL WITHOUT SAPNAP?!

Quackity: Kiss to break the silence

Karl shook his head and chuckled, Dream giggling along with him.

“Anyways! Are we gonna play the game first or the nails?” Dream looked over at Karl then at George, waiting for the response.

Sapnap: Dream answer your phone [10+ subs]

“I don’t know...if you donate 5 more subs I’ll do it.” Dream grinned at the camera, but cocked a brow when he heard the dono.

Sapnap: Open your fucking phone you damn bottom. [5 Subs]

“Oh that’s rich coming from you Pandas. Real rich.” Dream rolled his eyes and opened his phone, only to see the 10 missed calls from Sapnap.

The blonde clicked on the face time and plopped the phone on the desk, leaving it face up.

“Dream how dare you do your face reveal when I’m not there. I’m offended.” Karl giggled and George just made his weird noises as he read out the chat.

“Sapnap you see my face everyday.” Sapnap glared at the camera and huffed.

“And?” Dream picked up his phone and looked down at the camera, a shit eating grin pulling on his lips.

“And I’m hanging up now.”

“don’t you fucking dar-“ And with that Dream hang up abruptly, chucking his phone on the bed.

“I dare.” Dream brushed a few strands of his hair behind his ear as he crossed his legs and looked over at Karl, who happened to be just staring at him.

“Well? What’re we doing first?” George picked up the controller and side eyed Dream.

“Let’s do the game first, that way we can get Dream all scared.” Dream looked at George, his jaw slacked slightly.

“We just watched a horror- I thought we were playing some my little pony bullshit that would save humanity.” George scoffed and shook his head. But soon Karl stepped in.

“Let’s do the nails first so Dream can mentally prepare.” Dream nodded quickly and looked over into Karl’s lap. Looking at the different polishes.

The blonde leaned over and picked up the polishes from Karl’s lap, scraping his thighs and fumbling slightly.

“Ok- I wanna hold them.” Dream grinned proudly and sat them in his lap, his thighs spreading so he could make room for them.

“Your such a brat.” George grinned at Dream playfully poking jabs at the blonde.

“Shut up and give me your hands. You lost color picking privellage’s. I’ve taken your rights.” Karl giggled and looked at the chat, his face flushing a light pink as he watched the shipping wars

commence.

“Chat, Georgie needs a punishment...” Dream grinned and looked over at the chat, Karl looking over at George who was looking at Dream with light pink tinted cheeks.

“What color should he have for punishment guys?” Dream looked over at the colors and began to sort through them.

“What if I mixed one-“ George glared at the chat and went to close it.

“George you can’t escape the punishment.” Dream wheezed out as George groaned and fell back.

“Fine fine I’ll do Karl’s nails and let you ‘mentally prepare’.” George lightly kicked Dreams foot and sat up. Pouting slightly.

“Karl gimme your hands, and what color do you want.” Dream scooted over to Karl and rested his thighs around Karl’s waist, practically sitting in the man’s lap as he began the color consultation.

Karl looked down at there position and gulped slightly, his mind drifting to rather...inappropriate places.

“Karl? Stop zoning out or else I’ll start calling you badboyhalo swears.” George moved over and sat beside the two. Looking down at them with a little hint of jealousy.

“Oh- I’m so threatened.” Karl grinned at Dream who just scoffed and rolled his eyes before grabbing red and black.

“Fine. I’m picking them then.” Karl just smiled at the blonde, getting lost in Dreams eyes as the man worked on his nails.

George was reading off chat, ignoring the aching feeling up jealousy bubbling up inside.

Dream began painting Karl’s nails black, then let one hand dry and went on with the other. Once he

was done with that hand, he went back to the other hand and gave Karl red tips, same with the other.

“Wow Dream- your pretty good at this.” George mumbled, looking down at Karl’s nails for once.

“I know.” (The sass) George rolled his eyes. Dream gently placed Karl’s hands on his thighs, letting the nails dry as he turned a little towards George.

“Hands.” George gave Dream his fingers, resting them on Dreams thighs like Karl’s hands.

Dream grinned, pulling out a piss yellow.

“Dream. No.”

“Yes. Ohhh yes.” Dream bit his lip and grinned, already beginning the process of painting George’s nails piss yellow.

And like Karl’s, he moved onto George’s other hand and then when they were both dry, went in with the black and wrote simp on each nail, then on the other hand wrote ‘for’ on the thumb and then spelled out Dream on the other four fingers.

“Wow Dream. Just. Wow.” Dream wheezed and set the brunettes hands down on his thigh. Moving his focus back over to Karl and smiling at him.

“What’s wrong?” Dream tilted his head slightly towards the other. A little concerned.

“Oh- nothing. Sorry zoned out again.” That only made Dream frown more. But decided to press him about it a little more at the end of the stream.

“Chat what should we do now!?” Dream gave a devilish grin to the camera. Knowing damn well he looked so fucking fine like that.

And chat. Went. Wild.

(Istg I'm such a simp for all of them ☹ [not the minors obv])

YourMother_iSuckedHer_off: 10 subs to whoever gets Dream to blush.

Georges_IndexFinegr: Kiss Dream!

Karl_WasTaken: Dream flirt with Karl!

Author_: Like and follow my wattpad and Ao3-

“Shut the fuck up author.” Dream rolled his eyes at the comment.

Author_: bitch I will get them to ass fuck you aggressively for a week.

“Your mother,” Dream’s eyes widened when he saw the next comment from the author.

Author_: Okay. Horse. Hybrid. Sam. You. Him. 10 hours.

“Your mother is probably a beautiful woman. I love the author tbh. Every go follow her wattpad and like this book! Same with her Ao3- ahah...”

Author_: what I thought bitch boy what I thought.

Dream glared at the chat before huffing and looking at the rest of the chat.

“God this chat is horny.” George grinned before tilting Dream’s chin up towards him, looking down into his eyes.

“But Dream...” George leaned in, stopped a few inches from Dream’s lips. Causing the blondes

breath to hitch.

Karl wrapped a hand around Dreams thigh, sliding up his inner thigh, before leaning down and kissing his neck.

“Come on baby...” Dream gulped down a moan, shocked by all the sudden attention he was getting.

“G-George...Karl—“

“Whats wrong baby, can’t handle it~?” George leaned down closer, there lips brushing against each other’s.

Dream huffed, before pulling away from Karl and pushing George down harshly onto the ground, sitting on his lap and yanking Karl over.

“You little Fuckin’ sluts think you can do that to me and get away with it?” Karl and George flushed a deep red. George looked away whereas Karl just looked at Dream, jaw dropped.

“That’s what I fucking thought. Now behave. Anyways. Back to the steam.” Dream smiled at the camera, all while knowing full well that that was going to get clipped.

-

The stream continued on for an hour or so; the boys ended the stream after they finished the horror game they played.

-

Dream sighed and stood up, popping his back before looking around the room.

George looked over at Karl, noticing how quiet the brunette had gotten after Dream properly put them in there place.

“That was a pretty good stream, yeah?” Dream over at the two, scratching his arm before walking

out of the room. Soon coming back in with sodas.

“Karl you go-“ George had placed himself directly in front of Dream. Snatching his chin and forcing him to look at him.

The blonde gulped quietly, feeling his dominant demeanor from before melting away as he felt Karl behind him.

“I think your confused on who the slut is.” George yanked Dreams hair back, causing a whine to slip past dreams lips.

Karl wrapped his arms around Dreams waist, holding him close against his chest.

“I-I...”

“You what Dream? What is it.” George glared at Dream, his eyes challenging the blonde to say something.

“Fuck...” Dream mumbled as Karl ran a hand over his crotch, feeling rather sensitive between the two men.

George grinned and got closer to Dream, only an inch or so away from his lips.

Dream leaned forward slightly, only to have George tilt his head up a little. Causing a groan from Dream.

Karl leaned down and kissed Dreams neck gently, but as time went began leaving bites and hickeys.

“You want something Dream?,” Dream nodded, his hands resting on George’s chest as he tried to get a kiss from the brunette, “Say it.”

“Please...” Dream whined, getting on his tip toes trying to reach for him. Only receive a glare in

response.

“Dream. Say it.”

“Please touch me...a-and kiss me..” Dream felt lil bugs of embarrassment float around in his stomach. But he quickly flushed as George smashed his lips against Dreams.

Karl on the other hand was sneaking his hands up Dreams hoodie. His fingertips brushing against his nipples before promptly squeezing the sensitive buds.

“Mm!~” Dream bit into his lip, pushing back into Karl a bit more.

“Wow Dream...your pretty sensitive.” Karl pinched down hard on dreams nipple, grinning when he heard Dream cry out, his hips stuttering.

George pulled away, looking down into his eyes all while his fingers were working at Dreams jeans.

“Your so pretty Dream...” Karl mumbled into Dreams neck, leaving kisses and bites all long his neck.

“Mm...K-Karl..” Dream tilted his head and looked behind him, locking eyes with Karl.

Tho, the moment only last a short while when George suddenly grabbed at Dream cock, squeezing at the base causing Dream jump.

“George-!” Dream glared at George who was just grinning at him like an idiot.

“Your hands are cold!” Dream whined, squirming around as George wrapped his hand around the head before finally giving Dream a good stroke. Causing a small whine to come from him.

“Dream are you gonna be good for us? Are you gonna take what we give you?” George glared down into Dream, his eyes narrowing as he watched the blonde crumble.

After a few moments, Karl bit down hard into Dream's neck, soon kissing over the bite mark.

"Answer him baby." Karl continued leaving marks all along Dream.

"Yes..." George softened up for a bit before leaning down and mumbling,

"You know the traffic system yes?" Dream nodded, mumbling a yes after.

"And you know you can always tell us to stop." Dream smiled softly at George kissing his cheek and nodding.

But just as quickly as that soft side of George came, it left. The brunette yanked Dream into him roughly, signaling Karl to move over to the bed (magic).

Once Karl was on the bed, only in his boxers with his cock about to break out the fabric, George backed Dream up and pushed him down and against Karl.

Dream flushed a deep red when he felt Karl grind into his ass, his eyes fluttering at the feeling.

George stripped his clothes off, a magic bottle of lube and a condom in his hands.

The blonde gulped, a little surprised by George's size. If anything, he was shocked at Karl's.

The Brit crawled in between Dream's legs, leaning down and pressing his lips against Dream's as he slipped off the bottom's boxers.

As soon as they were off, Karl spit in his hand before wrapping his fingers around the base of Dream's cock. Causing a grunt to slip out of the blonde.

Dream pulled away and looked down, his mind racing at the feeling of Karl and George, not only that but the visual stimulation was insane. Now, George was by no means ripped, but he did have

some muscle on him. In addition to the tart in front of Dream, the fact that Karl's veiny hand was wrapped around his cock was driving him insane.

George opened the bottle of lube before pouring a gracious amount onto his middle and ring finger, then some onto Dreams hole.

"Mm..., it's cold." Dream whined, leaning his head back. Only to arch his back when he felt George slip his fingers in.

"You think everything's cold." George chuckled, leaning forward and kissing up Dreams stomach, then kissing his calves and thighs.

Karl on the other hand decided to take his lips in a rather rough kiss.

Dream moaned into the kiss, his shaky hands grabbing back and onto Karl's hoodie.

"Fuck! Why are your fingers long!" Dream gave George a watery glare, only to fall deeper into the madness of pleasure when he felt George curl both fingers into his prostate.

"I'll take that a compliment." George grinned, soaking in the sight of Dream squirming and burying his face into Karl's neck as he finger fucked the blonde.

Tho as beautiful as the sight was, George was getting impatient. And so he did what he presumed smart (dumb fuck), he flipped the blonde quickly so his face was on Karl's cock and George had access to his ass.

"Remember the safe word.." Dream nodded his head and looked back at George, only to have his head tilted back towards Karl, this time being met with a cock in his face.

Dream gulped, his eyes fluttering at the size.

"Come on baby...I've been so patient waiting for you~" Karl cooed quietly, slipping his thumb past dreams lips, prodding at his tongue and testing his gag reflex.

“Mmngh~!” Dreams mouth hung open as he let out a moan. George had gotten a ‘tad’ bit jealous. And bottomed out right away.

Karl glared up at George, but only received a grin instead.

George began to slowly rock back and forth, starting out shallow but soon deepening.

Mean while back at the ranch, Karl slipped his cock past Dreams lips, slowly lowering his head down.

“Mnngh~” Dreams eyes rolled back as he fucked from ends. Choking slightly every other time Karl hit the back of his throat.

It hurt his throat, no doubt, but fuck did he love it.

George grabbed onto Dreams hips, his nails digging into his skin as he fucked his faster.

“O-Oh fuck...Dream your so Fuckin’ right~” George’s head rolled back as his climax began to get closer and closer.

Karl bit his lip and grabbed a fist full of Dreams hair and the blonde began to deep throat Karl.

Dreams arms began to give out and his front fell onto the sheets, his head now being held up by Karl as he fucked into the bed.

“Shit- Dream ‘m gonna cum~!” George moaned out, biting down his lip hard as he delivered a few more thrusts before he finally came.

Karl, had cum not to long after George did. Except, he pulled out and decided to cum on Dreams face. Taking millions of mental pictures as Dream rested his head on Karl’s thigh. Panting like a bitch.

George leaned down and placed kisses all along Dreams back, kissing he cheek before pulling out. Watching as the cum slowly spilled out.

Dreams thighs and lower body were shaking from overstimulation. Poor man had cum a while back.

“You did so good baby...,” Karl rubbed Dreams hair out of his face, as well as the sweat. “So fucking good.” George chimed in and continued giving the blonde praise.

Eventually, George got up and grabbed a warm damp towel and cleaned Dream up. Not caring to put clothes on or properly out the towel up. Instead he settled for chucking the towel far across the room and laid down with Dream. An arm wrapped around his waist.

Karl was on the other side, his hands cupping dreams face as he buried his face in Karl’s chest.

What a great face reveal.

Here we go again. !!

Chapter Summary

This is a controversial topic. It is heavy and it is not a joke.

Tw: grooming, cp

You may hate me for I had to say on this. I don't care.

You may hate me for how I feel about this and which side I take. I don't fucking care.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

TW: Claims of Grooming, CP

go to my wattpad account to see the screen shots.

I will be picking this entire thing apart. Buckle up.

You may not agree with any of the points I make in this. I don't care. You don't have to, just click off. In the nutshell, i have my opinion on the matter and you have yours.

You probably must have heard about the claims against Dream.

I just want to say right now, if you believe these claims, and have removed yourself from the fandom, along with contributing to the mass hate of DreamWasTaken. I ask you to get off this book and remove me from your thoughts, and from anything else surrounding you.

If you have Twitter, Tiktok, Snapchat or Instagram, you know there are DM's. If you are an editor or someone who does photo shop, or online art you also know how simple it is to edit something.

You could screen shot a Snapchat chat without the person seeing it with hacks, or with another device.

You could edit said screenshot or picture using IbisPaint, CapCut, KineMaster, procreate, and

many other applications that allow you to edit.

A young woman named Amanda, accused DreamWasTaken, or Clay of grooming. She made a Tiktok on the matter explaining her allegations against Dream and provided 'evidence'. I could not personally find the original Tiktok but there are clips of it on Tiktok and Twitter.

In the video, Amanda begins by saying, "Hi, I am not happy to be making this video. But I'm Amanda, and you might know me as one of the girls that was groomed by Dream." She then continued with, "I do not blame anyone for not believing me, I wouldn't believe it either. I was a Dream Stan."

For multiple reasons I believe the intro already has multiple red flags.

And in case you did not understand I am going this, I whole heartedly believe this young women is lying. I believe she is manipulating people on the internet. I believe she is trying to get attention from Dream or other members of the DreamSMP. Because what other flashy, and scandalous topic, than being groomed.

Allow me to start with some basic definitions and other things.

What is a manipulator and what tools do they use to make you believe them?

Manipulation is when a person uses controlling and harmful behaviors to avoid responsibility, conceal their true intentions, or cause doubt and confusion.

A Manipulator has multiple tools and different ways to get you to believe them or be on there side. They lie, gaslight, guilt trip, use flattery, projection, change there expectations last minuet. Those are just some of the many other tactics a manipulator has.

Amanda, in the beginning, started off with "Hi, I am not happy to be making this video."

That catches your attention. Why is she not happy? Did something happen?

She begins with something that will pull you in and make you curious enough to hear her out.

The next thing she says is, "But, I'm Amanda and you might know me as one of the girls that was groomed by Dream." Then continued onto say, "I do not blame anyone for not believing me, I wouldn't believe me either. I was a Dream Stan."

Guys, I said "I don't blame you for not believing me." Last week when I didn't turn in my homework and lied to my teacher saying that I dropped it in water and it got ruined. She believed me.

It makes her seem genuine, and like she holds no malice to the community.

Then she goes onto say "I was a Dream Stan, and this is why this happened."

She probably still is.

I believe that she wanted clout. Attention. I believe she wanted attention from Dream. From the community and from the members of the SMP.

At the same time tho, I also believe she wanted to cause a negative light on Dream, possibly she was jealous of his fame and fortune. She wanted him to be the one that was thrown in the mud and she receive all of the sympathy, and praise. I believe this because at the end of the intro she says "and that is why this happened."

How could she edit it? How could she scroll through it on camera?

In todays world, there are dragons, vampires, werewolves, magic and more on T.V. today.

If I really wanted to, I could either use a good green screen and pre edit the video to make it have the information I want it to.

In her video she then goes to Snapchat and shows us there conversations. She goes from beginning to end.

You can see her sending him videos, them going back and fourth. Then goes to say that he's sent her nudes, pictures of his penis and him nutting. And that they had been sexting.

She stopped scrolling through the conversation, she didn't give any other proof or evidence other than the beginning of the conversation.

She gave no proof of sexting, nudes, or any other. She could have blurred it out and censored it, instead she chose to just leave that in the dark. The only thing she showed us was the Instagram DM's and the beginning of the Snapchat DM's.

Guys, I also don't really think this is his Snapchat. For one it's gone, I can't find anyone by this name. She could have very well made another account or go her friends to. I myself have created two separate accounts before. Or could have messaged a fake account. There's tons.

If you look up Claydream, Dream Clay or Clay Dream on Snapchat, none of them show up as the same.

There's fakers everywhere.

This is a screen shot of the video, I got this from a clip on Twitter. I'm not crediting the cunt who spread the video. I don't care.

She also put #georgenotfound and #sapnap on the video.

Why? Why would you put that in a video about you coming out as a victim of grooming?

I tried to put the video in here but it will not let me.

As I have written this I've realized how messy it might have become. Ngl I'm pissed the fuck off.

There are other girl's who came out with bullshit stories that don't make sense and get tangled and fucked.

In the very end of the video she talked about meeting up with him and them going to have sex.

My question is, why would she let it get this far? Why would she continue talking to him if she was a minor and he was clearly trying to get in her pants?

She literally was sexting with him. She said in the video herself.

She didn't go into detail about whether it was one sided or it was both. And that is why I believe it was both. She left out important and vital details.

It's reminding me of the amber heard and Johnny depp case.

I hope Dream sues her ass.

Guys allegations like these could send him to jail. People need to understand that once you say something you can't take it back. People are permanently ruining Dream and his reputation. For something he probably, most likely (entirely), didn't do.

People accused Manatreed for domestic abuse and violence. He was bullied off the internet and he did nothing wrong.

Hell even sapnap was accused of the same thing.

Stop spreading false shit and slander. You could ruin someone's entire life.

People hate Dream just to hate him. They hate him because he is tall and handsome. They hate him because he is successful and popular. They hate him for his laugh, his voice. They hate him for existing.

I'm not surprised people started to do this just when he did a face reveal. They did it when he was most popular, they also did when he was already getting hate.

People will not want to become streamers, or do face reveals because of the fandom. Because of people who have nothing better to do than lie and bring someone down.

I am Dream supporter and Stan. And I will be till the day I die. Because that Ray of fucking sunshine does not deserve the way people treat him.

I think about him everyday, I think about how much hate he's been going through, I think about how many threats, how many lies he's got to go through. I think about what his family is going through. I think about how everyone around his acting or treating him.

All I want, is to give him a hug and to say it will be okay.

What if his family believes these lies? Do you know how much it hurts to be accused and slandered upon and then have your own family believe it?

Props to him for not giving up on the people who support and love him. He is stronger than I could ever be. He has walked away from all of the hate like it was a slap on the wrist.

I fully support Dream.

If you don't, fuck off.

I will not stop writing Mcyt Fan fictions. Just except me to make Dream beloved and fucking badass because he is.

Chapter End Notes

You may hate me for I had to say on this. I don't care.

You may hate me for how I feel about this and which side I take. I don't fucking care.

A gods possession - HD x Dre

Chapter Summary

So, if you go to my wattpad, you can see the pictures I posted w this. <3

This is a shit chapter-

If you want- there could be p2 <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A gods possession

-

Tw: Quaream - HD x Dream - power bottom Dream - a bit ooc Dream - V HD - biting - Bj -

Unhealthy obsession - possessive HD - ass eating - masochism - riding - praise kink - Possible pt. 2

-

-

Notes at the end of chapter. Please read.

-

"God Quackity! Just fucking forget it!" Dream slammed the door, rushing out the house he once shared with Quackity. That is, before the man accused him of cheating 4x.

Dream stormed off, his mind clouded over with anger.

How could he not believe him? All because of what some jealous bitch at the bar said?

It was around 6pm when Dream left, he had been walking for two hours. He ended up in an unknown biome.

It wasn't until Dream wiped his eyes of tears, did he noticed he had no idea where he was.

Dream felt a lump in his throat build up as he looked around. Large dark spruce? trees standing tall over him. The grass was a pastel color, and oddly soft. Small yellow and blue flowers sprinkling the ground with a few mushrooms here and there.

The weather was nice when Dream left, but it was slowly turning grey. Bad weather was apparently soon to down upon the blonde.

"Well fuck." Dream frowned as he began walking around, there were no animals, no birds, not even any insects. It was like a dead zone for animals, which was crazy. How could there be so many flowers, when there's no bees to work with the flowers?

Dream sighed and just sat down, leaning against the tree. Absent mindedly fucking around with flowers.

-

"Dream?!" Quackity yelled out, rushing after him. Tho, it was as if the blonde couldn't hear him. It was soon that Quackity lost Dream completely.

"God damn it..." The hybrid rubbed his face in frustration.

-

It had been an hour and it was dark by now. Dream was still as lost as ever, slightly panicking by now.

He had managed to climb a tree, hiding away from the mobs that he could hear but not see.

Dream tucked his face in his knees, taking a deep breath. It wasn't until he heard a grunt from behind him did he snap his head up.

He quickly, but quietly, crawled to the edge of the tree and looked down, his eyes widening when he didn't see anything.

"...what the fuck.." Dream looked under the tree, relying on his knees to keep him up. It was a bad bet tho, seeing as he fell almost immediately. Landing with a thud and a groan.

"Ow." Dream mumbled, rubbing his back as he sat up, his eyes snapping up when he heard slow clapping in front of him.

But his eyes widened at what he saw. (Still has mask on- king is mysterious)

A man?, standing at 6'9 before him. He had large white wings, with golden jewelry falling from the bone at the top. Along with long elvish ear with piercings running down the ear (helix, industrial, conch, etc.) He was wearing a loin cloth, and nothing else. Other than a thin gold chain across his stomach. His muscular torso was out and about (strut king👑).

Dream gasped at the sight. He quickly backed up, but ended up hitting the tree he fell from.

"What-...what are you?" Dream mumbled out, his heart racing at the god like creature in front of him.

"A god." The brunette responded, while walking closer to him.

"What the hell are you doing here then?!" Dream sassed back, glaring at the man (god) through his mask.

"This is my biome, Dream." Dreams eyes widened at that. His fists clenching the grass.

"Now how the fuck do you know my name?"

"Because I've been keeping an eye on you for some time~" The god tilted Dreams chin up with his index finger. His two multicolor eyes piercing through Dream.

"So you've been stalking me." Dream snatched his chin away, standing up. Still having to crane his neck up to keep eye contact.

"...I suppose you could put like tha-

"What do you want from me? Alright- I'm dealing with a gambling addict, cunt of a boyfriend— a dipshit mercenary, a best friend with a problem of a boyfriend, and now y-" Dream began listing off his problems, only to be stopped by a certain god snatching his chin back up.

"I want you." Dream's jaw dropped, he couldn't understand. The man was flabbergasted.

"What-?"

"It's simple. I want you to be mine. To belong to me, to be with me and live with me," the god pulled Dream in by the waist "I will give you everything you could ever want."

Dream gulped as he ran his hands along his torso, his nails lightly running across his skin.

"Wait!" Dream pushed the god back, his mask covering the fact that his face was beet red.

"I don't even know your name and your confessing to me that you want me to basically be your pet."

A small, awkward silence followed.

...

cricket choking noises

(YuriMidnight in that one thread)

...

"I'm HD," Dream was once more yanked forth by the now known HD "Now you know my name."

The blonde just glared at HD in disbelief.

This bitch.

"I don't know anything about you."

"Then get to know me over a month. Live with me for a month and get to know me."

(HD) Even if you don't like me, I'll chain you up and keep you with me. Mine.

"Bitch be fr."

anyways

"Fine." Dream huffed, in his mind, he was already lost. And was talking to a literal winged god. How bad could it be?

"Where is your base- or ho—?!" Dream was suddenly picked up, his thighs wrapped around HD's torso.

"Hold on tight."

"What the hell- wh-!! FUCK!" Dream screamed as HD suddenly launched in the air. His powerful wings flapping as they made there way quickly across the still unknown biome.

2 minuets later

They slowly landed, and when they did Dream could hear his own heartbeat. He was still holding on tight to HD, not daring to let go after that.

It wasn't until HD rested his hands on his ass did Dream look up. He flushed a deep red as the god squeezed at him shamelessly.

"H-Hey! Let me down!" Dream squirmed out of his hands, only ending up grinding on the man.

But, HD did comply, happy with the little time he had to cop a feel.

Dream dusted himself off, glaring up at HD.

"Well then, let's go." HD had a smug grin on his face as he guided Dream inside the seemingly small base.

But when they went inside, it was massive, it looked like a mansion.

In disbelief, Dream pushed his way back outside, saw that the small house was still there before walking back inside. Only to be greeted with the fancy furnishings and such.

"Okay then..." Dream watched as HD closed the door, now it was explore time.

"Do you...eat?" Dream looked at HD who was staring at him intensely.

HD walked closer to Dream, backing him up to the wall. Trapping him with his arms as he lowered down to look at him. Their lips rather close, and Dream noticed it very quickly.

"I could..." HD bit his lip, one hand sliding to Dream's ass again, pulling him against him again "eat you if you wanted~"

Dreams breath caught in his throat, blinked a few times before scoffing.

"Real fuckin' smooth. I'll look myself." Dream pushed past HD and walked into the kitchen. He walked past the island and went straight to the fridge.

It had mushrooms of all colors, and a few drinks.

"The fuck." Dreams brows furrowed before looking in the freezer. He took a breath when he saw the (hopefully) beef and pork.

"You thought all I ate were mushrooms?" Dream nodded, jolting when he felt breath on his neck.

"Holy fuck!—" Dream moved away from HD who only stared at him intensely.

"Alright- you- you fucking horndog. We need some ground rules if you want me to stay here with you!" Dream sat on the island in the middle of the large kitchen.

"First of all- no pervy touchin-"

"What if I wanna touch you tho." HD was about to make his way in between Dreams thighs but the blonde put his foot to HD's chest. Keeping distance.

What he didn't expect the o so powerful god to do was start running his hand down his inner thigh, all while kissing his ankle gently.

"You-"

"What's wrong Dream, can you just not handle me is that~?" HD walked closer, making Dreams leg stretch over his shoulder. Good thing the blonde was flexible.

"I can't handle you, hm? Is that so because," Dream ran his fingers through HD's hair, pulling his face close. His other hand grazing over the gods clothed cock. HD gulped, his eyes flicking down towards Dreams lips, "I can smell the virgin off of you."

Dream pushed HD away from him with his other foot. Now standing on both feet.

The blonde grinned, his bright green eyes showing through his mask, "you'll have to earn intimacy with me, virgin."

HD groaned, a little baffled at how he was able to tell the god had no sexual experience once o ever. He was going off of some stupid wattpad story.

"Do you have a change of clothes?" Dream looked back at HD, who was still all red from before.

"Huh- yeah. Come on." Dream followed HD upstairs, still amazed by the house.

"Here, clothes are in the drawer, bathrooms over there." HD pointed to the bathroom with his wing before heading back downstairs.

"Woow okay flex your wings then why don't you. Pigeon." Dream locked the door before beginning to change. Taking his mask off and rubbing his face.

Once he put on HD's clothes, he truly realized how much of a size difference there was. His shirts went passed mid thigh. And his shorts- he didn't even bother.

-

Lol time skip—

—

4 weeks later

—

It's been a few weeks, Dream and HD have become comfortable around each other. Now knowing how to act around each other and such. Sometimes HD would still 'assert dominance' with flirting and such.

HD wasn't as godly as he had first come out to be, he was more of an idiot with ethereal looks, abs, and god powers along with wings.

And here we are now, Dream laying down on HD's bed, just a shirt and boxers, no mask. He had been reading Unrully_Pinneappe's trashed drafts for an hour. Sometimes flicking back to stupid little threads on her books <3.

But HD soon opened the door, because fuck knocking.

Tho, he was frozen in his tracks when he saw Dream's side profile.

"You need something?" Dream sat up, putting the book of drafts down. Now his attention was completely on HD.

"Your not wearing...your mask." Dream just looked at HD, a blank look on his face.

"Okay- and?" Dream tilted his head, not really bothering with the mask anymore.

"I thought you didn't want anyone to see your face..." HD walked closer to the foot of the bed.

"I'm in the buttfuck of nowhere. And you aren't in touch with L'manburg politics sooo what's the point? It's so much work keeping the mask thing going when I don't have to." Dream deadpanned, only to close his mouth when HD began crawling above him.

"What..?" The blonde hesitantly mumbled.

"Your so pretty..." HD just stared at the man underneath him. How his hair was laid out, how his hands made little balls. How his cheeks flushed a deep red.

"I want you." HD rested his face in Dream's neck, taking in his scent and touch.

"Admit your a lil' ol' virgin god and maybe I'll consider it~" Dream teased, grinning as HD just grumbled.

"I'm a virgin...and I want you to take it from me." HD very hesitantly admitted, his hands running down Dream's thighs.

"Ah. Hands to yourself." Dream popped HD's hands away, only before flipping them.

"Wha- but I said what you wanted me to say!" HD snapped back, his wings flapping in frustration.

"I'll give you what you want," Dream slowly crawled down down HD's body, keeping eye contact the entire time, "eventually~"

HD gulped at the sight of Dream between his legs. His lips so close to his crotch.

"All you need to do is be good...Keep your hands to yourself and I'll give you a reward." Dream slowly pressed kisses all along HD's growing bulge.

"Mmmhm.." HD hummed in response, craning his neck to look down.

Dream eventually took HD's cock out of the shorts. A bit taken back by his size. But none the less pressed kisses and small licks along the side up to the tip. Purposely avoiding the head.

"Dreamm!" HD was squirming around restless. His want for Dream only growing.

The blonde only glared at HD, but soon caved and took him into his mouth.

His tongue flattened around the bottom as he took in as much as he could. Mind you, HD was in fact very big.

HD's legs raised, small grunts and groans escaping his lips. Dream was giving him pleasure he had never felt before, and it was incredible.

Dream gagged as he went down further, loosening his throat as he began to deep throat him.

"Oh fuck- D-Dream..." HD moaned out lowly, his head tilting back. His hands twitching at his sides, the urge to run his fingers through the blondes hair was great.

Dream could feel HD twitch in his mouth as he began to bob his head faster. Tightening his throat around the gods cock.

It didn't take long for HD to cum inside of Dreams throat.

"Wai- Fuck!" HD gripped onto the sheets, his nails digging through them. The veins in his hands and arms bulging through the skin as he let his load out inside of Dreams mouth.

Dream coughed as he pulled off, small dribbles of cum slipping past his lips and down his chin.

HD flushed a deep red and took a breath, not before sitting up and pulling Dream up and into his lap.

"HD are you being bad?" HD grinned, after seeing Dream struggle with his cock down his throat, he felt a new found confidence.

"I am." HD whispered in Dreams ear, biting at the shell before kissing down his neck. Using a certain technique in the authors drafts.

"Mmm..." Dreams bit down on his lip, his back straightening at HD's movements.

"Dream..I thought you were going to punish me. What happened Hm~?" HD bit down hard into the middle of Dreams shoulder, teeth marks being left behind as Dream cried out.

HD savored the feeling of Dreams body in his hands. Finally, he was holding the thing he had been wanting for so long. He had Dream, and now, he was never going to let the blonde go.

Dream rested his hands on HD's shoulders, his confident had slipped past return as HD had his way. The god was grabbing his thighs, sliding his hands up the inner thigh.

"Why don't we take these off," just as HD said that, he had ripped Dreams jeans in half, the fabric somehow disappearing when HD let them go.

"Hey! HD what the he-...mmh.." Dream was silenced with a break taking kiss. HD's inexperience shown through the kiss, but nonetheless managed to catch on with the rhythm as he kissed the air out of his blonde.

HD slid his hands around Dreams bear skin, digging his nails into his ass before grabbing his ass in his large hands.

Now...the main problem, was that HD didn't what the fuck to do next. So how could he proceed without looking like a dumbass?

"Dream, prep yourself. In front of me, with your legs spread." Dreams breath caught in his throat.

"But that's embarrassing..." Dream mumbled, only to be quieted by the serious look in Hd's face.

So, like the good obedient boy he is, Dream scooted away from HD and spread his legs. He licked two fingers before slipping them into his ass.

HD felt himself grow hard at the sight.

Dream stretched himself out, with his other hand he bit down on his knuckle to silence himself.

He hadn't done this in quite some time, with living with HD and all now he's had no privacy to.

It had been only a few minuets, but HD found it unbearable.

HD pushed Dream down, yanking him up by his thighs so his face was inches away from Dreams ass.

"HD— wha- Wait! D... F-Fuck.." Dreams eyes rolled back as HD took upon himself to stick his face into Dreams ass. His tongue reaching into Dream as he held him roughly by the thighs.

Dream made fists into the sheets as he squirmed in pleasure.

"HD! Wai...t- it's dirty th-there!" Dream fussed, trying to get out of his grip, but he only received a bite to his ass instead.

HD was lost in Dream, it was amazing making Dream feel so good. He wanted make the blonde feel even better.

The god lowered Dream down, letting him catch his breath. Before lining his own cock up to the unsuspecting man underneath him.

"Dream... who do you belong to." HD caressed Dreams thigh gently, all while looking deep into Dreams blissed out eyes.

"I... no one— HNG~!" Dreams practically cried out as HD thrust himself half way in, no warning given as Dream struggled to catch his breath.

It was just so much.

"Come on Dream. Say it." Dream panted as he looked down where Hd and Dream were connected. His face becoming a deeper red.

HD suddenly delivered a hard slap to dreams thigh. Leaving a big red hand print in his skin.

Dream whimpered at the pain, he was a pathetic sight indeed. And HD loved it. He was the only one that would ever be able to see Dream like this. No one else.

"You! I belong to you!" HD's face softened as well as his grip on Dream.

"Good boy..." HD slowly pushed further into Dream, moaning lowly as he felt Dream squeeze

around his cock in a pattern. Trying to get used to the large object inside of him.

When it was finally all in, Dream was in tears, his eyes half lidded as sweat rolled down his body.

HD buried his face in Dreams neck. The pleasure was becoming to great, but he wanted to sit still so he could sure Dream was okay.

"Tell me when I can move..." HD felt Dream nod. All that could he heard was there shared breathes and the occasional whimper.

"You—you can move..." Dream mumbled, wrapping his arms around HD's neck. What he didn't expect, was for HD to start pounding him right away.

Dream was left a moaning mess as HD continued to drill into him.

"Your so beautiful Dream...god it's so fucking warm inside you.." HD moaned into Dreams neck, biting and sucking marks into his skin as well as pressing kisses to his cheek and jaw line.

"Mm! 'M gonna cum-" Dream suddenly cried out, but HD stopped immediately. He himself was surprised he had the restraint to do that. But he wanted to see Dream cum on his cock, riding him for his first time (HD's).

"Wha-! H-HD!" Dream squirmed. Gasping when he was sat upright on HD's lap. His cock sliding in between Dreams ass cheeks.

"Ride me." Was all Hd said. It was all he had to say. Dream was desperate enough to put up no fight as he slid himself down on Hd's cock once more.

"Fuck..." Dream threw his head back in pleasure, his mouth opening with moans.

HD ran his fingers over Dreams stomach, an obvious bulge appearing.

"That's so fucking hot...your so perfect Dream. Doing so well..." HD was using all the kinks author

had in her drafts. Sneaky little shit he is.

Dream had tightened up at the praise, making HD's brows furrow at the sudden extra pleasure. He grabbed Dreams hips and began to slam Dream down faster and faster.

"M gonna cum! (x3)" Dream cried out, but HD whispered into his ear, "cum with me."

And HD began to pump Dreams cock mercilessly, soon causing dreams hips to stutter, his ass tightening up and cum to erupt from him.

HD followed in suit quickly, filling Dream up to the very brim.

"You feel way to good Dream..." The blonde could only whine in response, letting his head rest in Hd's chest as he caught his breath.

...

...

...

"Round two?"

Chapter End Notes

I cheated on my English project (rip) and I might get my phone snatched. Possibly looked through. If that happens- yah I'm prob gonna kms. I don't wanna deal with my father seeing the gay porn I write for you lovely lil horn dogs.

Anyways, keep the threads going if I do die. (L me)

Love you guys, I'll keep you updated <33

The end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Man...It sucks absolute ass to have to write this. Because a year before now I never thought I would have to.

But let me start out with my pathetic excuse and reasoning.

I'm a minor guys, (not that that has anything to do with preventing me to write porn.)

But my family hasn't checked my phone in a year. I think the fuckers we're letting it ALL build up. So then they snatched it and the first thing they did was go through my notes.

I have, oh my apologies, HAD 347 drafts, imagines, prompts, and more. With different fandoms and a lot of it was for the DreamSMP. But no, they didn't listen to my shitty made up pitty party of a reasoning, no they decided to delete it.

They didn't look through anything else. All they said to me and have said to me (I've been ignoring them.) is "deleting all of this, is punishment enough."

.....

So, all of my shit is deleted, including my part two's, my oneshots, my already completed shit I was editing and was going to mass spam yall with, which also included the things I had y'all vote on.

After a break down, a binge on magic mike and Wednesday, I have decided I am no longer going to be continuing this book.

I can't only blame it on my bastard family, because I have also had a fall out with the DSMP. I was there, balls deep in it all for a year or so, and then now, after writing, watching, drawing things that have to do with it, I've become burnt out and all I can't blame anyone for that.

I know I said (I think) I wasn't going to be one of those authors who's content is 60% personal shit and 30% actual writing about what the book is for, but here I am. I know it may seem like I'm overreacting and shit, but dude I tried to not be like them cause it pissed the fuck off when all I read was A/N after A/N.

I'm not saying this book is completely over. Maybe I'll have a come back, maybe I'll grow some balls and non laziness and write a new fuckin chapter. I don't know...

But, as shitty as what I'm about to say sounds, I'm moving my writing to Google docs and titling that shit schools assignments. I'm not done writing by any means, I'm just done writing Dream stuff. Full support to him, he's great and so are his Freinds. I hope the cunts who hate on him constantly for existing grow the fuck up and realize being an assface isnt funny or cool.

I won't be writing anymore Dream, I'm kind of passed that for the time being. But I'm balls deep in the new wednesday show and I really am fighting the urge to write something for it. Please give me some input if that's a shitty idea or a good one or just tell me to fuck off im fine with that one two.

Guys I really appreciate your support on this shit show of a book, I really do. Even if your comments can be real fucking weird and the threads get long enough to finish a monologue, I still love it. Thank y'all for not being shitty to me, even if my writing is shitty and cringey.

I love you guys, genuinely. Your amazing.

-

This will be the last chapter I post on this book for a long ass time. (I think)

So, thank you.



I love you guys so much, and again thank you for supporting me.

I'm sad I only got one "Kill yourself" but that's okay.

This may not be the end, but it very well may be. It's been one hell of a ride writing this shit kicker of a 'book'.

Goodbye my Lovelies.

End Notes

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!